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St. Francis Xavier

THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIES.

(1506-1552).

I.—Birth, Early Life, and Studies.

In every age men have been raised up by God, filled with His Holy Spirit, whose mission has been to spend their lives in working for souls. Hence it is not surprising that the sixteenth century, the era of countless heresies, should have been the time chosen for raising up the great Saint Francis Xavier—a man filled with holy zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls, mad with St. Paul's madness and drunk with the drunkenness of the Apostles at Pentecost.

This great Apostle was born on the 7th of April, 1506, at the castle of Xavier, distant about six leagues from the town of Pampeluna. His father was Don John Giasso, one of the chief counsellors of state to John III., King of Navarre, and his mother, Donna Maria d'Azpilqueta and Xavier, two of the most illustrious families in the kingdom. He was the youngest of his family, and unlike his brothers, who, following in the footsteps of their illustrious ancestors, all devoted themselves to a military career, he evinced in his early years an ardent desire of literary excellence. His parents wishing to give every encouragement to his literary taste, sent him after he had finished his course of Humanities

to the University of Paris, in hopes that he by his genius and talent might shed lustre on his family, as his brothers had done by their success in arms. Nor were they to be disappointed in their expectations. The arduous young student soon overcame the first difficulties of his higher studies, and success crowned his efforts on all sides. At the end of his course of philosophy he received the degree of Master of Arts, and began at once to teach, with great applause.

A brilliant career now lay open to Francis, whose natural vanity had been fostered by the success which had attended him throughout his studies. God certainly had endowed him with great prerogatives of soul and body, but in His own good time He intended turning them to the good of souls.

Many of the companions of Xavier in the University at this time were young men wholly given to the world, whose morals were far from pure, so much so that it seems little less than a miracle that Xavier should have kept his original innocence intact in the midst of them. One companion there was who never joined these, and to whose company Xavier was on that account drawn. This was Peter Faber, a Savoyard of lowly parentage, who from his tenderest years had devoted himself to God, living a life worthy of a religious in the midst of unbridled license and profligacy. The characters of the two friends formed a very marked contrast; the one, haughty, ambitious, eager for the praise of men, the other, humble, unassuming, seeking only God. But behind this humble exterior Xavier could see a mind endowed with extraordinary talent and intellectual gifts, such as Faber's after life showed him to have possessed.

But he who was chosen by God to work out the designs of providence in the soul of Xavier was St. Ignatius of Loyola, who a few years before had dedicated himself to the service of God. He came to the University in 1528 with a view to finishing his studies, and in hopes that there he would be able to collect a band of young men zealous enough to join him in his sublime enterprise in the service of God. Providence

so arranged that he became the fellow-lodger of Xavier and Faber in the College of St. Barbara. Ignatius was not slow to discern in both of them qualities which fitted them admirably for the work he had in view. Faber, as we have seen, was from his earliest years devoted to God, so that with him Ignatius had little difficulty; but Xavier, we shall find, did not prove so easy a prey.

II.—Conversion. Mission to the Indies.

Ignatius soon saw that, if he could succeed in turning the mind of Xavier to higher things, he would, by his genius, talent, and zeal, do great things for God, but, at the same time, he felt that such a conversion could not easily be effected in one whose eyes were dazzled by the splendour of his own success. He began by praying hard for Xavier's conversion, and subjected himself to many penances that he might gain this zealous soul to God; and he let no occasion slip of applying to him appropriate texts from the Scriptures. Xavier, on his side, thought it below him to allow himself to be influenced by one so meanly attired, or even to give ear to his advice. But Ignatius was not to be daunted by this. Seeing that Xavier was eager for intellectual display, and fond of the applause of men, he resolved to catch him in his own net.

Accordingly, Ignatius began to show the great interest he took in Xavier's success; congratulating him whenever an opportunity offered, procuring new scholars for him, and even going so far as to attend the lectures in person. Flattering as this was to the young professor, he could not fail to see that beneath that humble exterior there was a mind endowed with high intellectual gifts, and one that had learned how worthless were the things of earth. Ignatius, having once ingratiated himself with Xavier, determined now to gain him to God. No better weapon could he have to gain his conquest than the words of our Lord Himself: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" These words he was constantly whispering into the ears of Xavier, adding

when occasion permitted, some reflections of his own on this all-important matter of eternal salvation. For some time Xavier seemed to hesitate, but at length resistance was no longer possible. Grace must have its way at last, and Xavier and Ignatius became most intimate friends.

Ignatius had by this time gained over four other members of the University, all men of eminent virtue and great talent. He now proposed that they should all bind themselves to God by the vows of voluntary poverty and perpetual chastity, adding to these a third, namely, of repairing to the Holy Land, there to work for the salvation of souls. In the event of their not being able to go over to the Holy Land, it was agreed that after waiting a year in Venice they should then proceed to Rome and place themselves at the disposal of the Sovereign Pontiff. In November, 1536, they started for Venice, which they reached in January of the following year, after a journey made under the most trying circumstances. On their arrival Saint Ignatius appointed some of them to the hospital of Saints John and Paul, the others to that of the incurable. To this latter Xavier was sent, to his own great delight. When winter had passed, Ignatius sent his companions to Rome to present themselves to Pope Paul III., who granted them permission to go to the Holy Land, and for those who were not already priests to be ordained by any Bishop whatever. Xavier soon after his return to Venice was thus promoted to the priesthood.

Not long after this, God tried His faithful servant once more by a dangerous illness, brought on by self-inflicted austerities, and Ignatius ordered him to be conveyed to the hospital, where he had to share his bed with a poor fellow-sufferer, who was suffering, like himself, from intermittent fever; but with this difference, that while one was suffering with excess of heat, the other was shivering from excess of cold, so that at no time were the bedclothes anything but an increase of pain to our Saint, whose only care was to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-patient.

Before he had well recovered from this sickness he repaired to Bologna, where his untiring zeal found plenty of work in the hospital, until he was at last attacked by a quartan fever which did not leave him for months. This he considered a mere trifle, and would not allow it to interfere with his work, so that when summoned to Rome by St. Ignatius he was almost at death's door. Still he did not cease to work, but laboured on to satisfy his burning zeal, to which this new scene of labour seemed to give fresh impetus.

Often he was favoured with visions foreshadowing his future life and labours. The one we are going to mention was more familiar to him than any other. He seemed to have an Indian on his shoulders, whom he had to carry up steep mountains and over rough passes. Often he groaned so much under his heavy burden that he awoke his sick companion, Simon Rodriguez. He was now full of apostolic zeal; he could speak of nothing but the blindness of paganism, and the happiness of those who were allowed to give their lives for the Faith. Eagerly he longed for a mission in the East, but he thought himself unworthy of such an honour.

The time had now arrived for Ignatius to allot to his companions their different fields of labour. For India he chose Simon Rodriguez and Nicholas Bobadilla, both men of apostolic zeal: but neither of them ever left Europe; Providence had other work in view for them. Rodriguez was afterwards to begin the work of the Society in Portugal, whilst Bobadilla was destined to be the main support of Catholicity in Germany, where the Lutheran heresy had recently sprung up. Rodriguez and Bobadilla were now recalled; the former sailed at once towards Portugal, while the latter had no sooner reached Rome than he fell ill. As there were no signs of his recovery, Ignatius saw that Providence had destined some one else for the Indian Mission, and after taking council with God his choice fell on Francis Xavier. The joy of Francis was unbounded; the wishes of his heart were now to be realized: God was to show him "what great things he had to suffer for His name."

III.—Journey to the Indies.

Xavier's notice was very short; he had but one day to bid his friends good-bye and to receive the blessing of His Holiness Paul III. He left Rome on March 16th, to journey to Lisbon in company with the ambassador and his suite. They called at Loreto, where they remained about a week, and at Bologna, where they stayed about the same length of time. Everywhere Xavier's poverty was most edifying, and his charity endeared him to all. After crossing the Pyrenees he passed quite near to his own home, but he could not be persuaded to pay a visit, saying that he would rather defer seeing his friends till he could meet them in heaven, where instead of the meeting being transitory and almost useless, it would be everlasting in the perfect enjoyment of God Himself. Towards the end of June, he reached Lisbon, where he met Fr. Rodriguez, whom he cured completely from the quartan fever by a single embrace.

They were both now summoned to the court, where their influence for good was so great that the king thought seriously of retaining them for his own dominions. This was a heavy blow to those two who had so long yearned for the mission in the East; still if God were to ask the sacrifice they were ready to make it. Eventually it was agreed that Rodriguez was to be retained for Portugal, and Xavier was to go to the Indies.

Xavier now saw clearly that he was destined for the mission of the Indies, and on April 7, 1541, he went on board the flag-ship, the *Saint James*. With all our modern inventions and improvements, we can hardly conceive the amount of danger and hardships one had to meet with in a journey to the Indies in the time of Xavier. The voyage, if a favourable one, occupied about six months, but if not, as was the case when Xavier made it, it took much longer. In the present instance the food was of the poorest quality, and often they had barely sufficient to support life. To add to this, the journey by sea was most unpleasant: in one

place they were disturbed by the violent agitation of the waves, in another the air was hot as fire while crossing the equinoctial line; in the torrid zone their provisions putrefied and their fresh water became quite unfit for drinking. Languor, delirium, utter loss of appetite, followed, ulcers formed all over the bodies of many of them, till finally in the case of some death ensued.

Xavier's zeal supported him in the midst of all this. He spent his whole time in attending to others, some of whom died, but very few escaped a long and weary illness; he was their father, their comforter, their infirmarian and their servant, making himself "all things to all men that he might save all."

Towards the end of August, five months, that is, after their departure from Portugal, they reached Mozambique, on the east coast of Africa. By this time so many of the passengers were sick, and the winter was so near, that they felt themselves obliged to remain in Mozambique until spring, though the climate was most injurious to Europeans. Xavier carried his labours in the hospital there so far that at one time he was told by the physician that his own life was much more in danger than that of any one in the hospital; but even this was not enough to make him withdraw himself from his work.

On March 16, 1542, they embarked once more; and on May 16th, thirteen months after their departure from Lisbon, they reached the town of Goa, situate on the island of that name, on this side of the Ganges. Here religion had sunk to its lowest ebb. Everywhere idolatry, immorality, and wickedness in every shape and form prevailed. Xavier, in imitation of his Divine Master, after a hard day's work would retire to pray in private.

His first work was to attend to the sick in the hospitals, devoting himself especially to that of the lepers. In the afternoon he called all the children together by ringing a little bell, to instruct them in the principles of religion, feeling sure that Christianity could never be thoroughly revived in Goa unless they were instructed, so that they in their turn might be able to instruct others when they grew up. The marked change which came over the

children of the town prepared the way for the conversion of their parents. Xavier now turned to public preaching, when his words had a very powerful effect on even the most hardened sinners. Writing from Goa to Rome about this time he says: "Besides the sick, such numbers of other persons want me to hear their confessions, that if I could be in ten different places at once I should never lack penitents." In this way the whole people were converted to God, to the great joy of Xavier and their own greater peace and happiness.

Xavier's next mission was to the coast of the Pearl Fishery, where the people who were called Paravas, were Christians merely in name, from want of some one to instruct them. He set sail about the middle of October in the year 1542, accompanied by two young ecclesiastics of Goa who were acquainted with the language spoken along the Fishery Coast. On his arrival he soon fell in with a village of idolaters, on whom his words, expressed by the mouth of interpreters, had but little influence.

The fame of Xavier soon spread throughout the land. Everywhere God blessed his endeavours. Writing to the fathers at Rome he says that words fail him to describe the fervour of these new Christians. He goes on to say that the multitude of those who had received Baptism was so great that he could scarcely raise his hand, he was so tired. It is in time of sorrow that man goes to God; and to help the conversion of the people on the Fishery Coast, Providence seems to have added to their diseases, so that in spite of themselves they were drawn towards the Faith. As he himself could not be in different places at the same time, Xavier distributed among the Christian children his rosary, crucifix, reliquary, &c., that these might be applied to those who were sick.

One day whilst he was delivering an instruction in the open air, some one came to him to beg him to come to Manapar, as a person of distinction there was possessed by the devil. Not deeming it wise to break off his instruction, he called to him some of the children and gave them a cross which he wore on his breast, bidding

them take it and apply to the person who was possessed. At the first sight of the cross the pains seemed to increase, but on the man's kissing it, the devil at once departed. Many pagans who were present to witness this miracle were converted on the spot, and became devout Christians. Here, as elsewhere, we shall have to pass over many things which deserve our attention; all that we can do in this short history is to make a mere passing mention of the labours of so great an Apostle.

IV.—Labours at Meliapor and Malacca.

In the year 1545, our Saint journeyed to Meliapor to visit the shrine of the Apostle Saint Thomas, in whose footsteps he was following. Meliapor is one of the chief cities on the Coromandel coast, and seems to have risen from the ruins of Salamina, where, according to old traditions, the Apostle suffered martyrdom. At the shrine of this Apostle our Saint prayed night after night that God might enlighten him as to his future labours, feeling sure that He who gave the will would supply the grace to accomplish it. He completely reformed the morality and religion of the people, so that on his departure not one of them was known to be leading an unchristian life.

He reached Malacca towards the end of September of this same year. From a small town this had grown to be one of immense importance, owing to its convenient situation as a meeting-place for the merchandise of the two great divisions of the Eastern world. The climate is very mild throughout the year, the weather never being very cold nor yet very warm. The people were fond of pleasure, they lived in luxury, and, as a natural consequence, every kind of vice was indulged in. St. Francis did not go to Macarar, as he intended, but remained in Malacca at the suggestion of the Governor. His fame had already spread throughout the East, so that, in spite of the wickedness and utter forgetfulness of God that prevailed, the people came to meet him when the vessel arrived in port, everyone being anxious to catch the first sight of one who had wrought such

wonders. The children especially crowded around him in large numbers, or were presented to him by their mothers, and it was remarked that as he took each child in his arms and blessed it he called it by its right name. He retired to the hospital, as was his wont, and in the beginning devoted his days to the sick, while he passed his nights in prayer, barely allowing himself two or three hours' sleep. The hearts of the people were now hardened from their long continuance in sin, so that the only course left to Xavier was to begin by conciliating them and gaining their good will. As soon as he had won their hearts, his labours became very much easier; he could set to work to reform some of the most prevalent vices, and to restore the practice of confession, which was no longer in use. His plan of action was very much the same as he had used in Goa, but the soil was not so ready to receive the good seed. It was here that he seemed to strain to the utmost his condescending charity; it was here, too, that he worked more miracles than elsewhere, but some who, moved by the novelty and excitement, came to see him, turned a deaf ear to his instructions and warnings. "He wrought so many," says Bartoli, speaking of the miracles of the great Apostle, "that in the account given of them afterwards, in the sworn testimonies of that time, the miraculous cures are not counted one by one, or many together, but all in a mass, it being said that he healed all the sick people whom he touched, and that his hands were believed to be endowed by Heaven with universal virtue against every sort of malady.

One very conspicuous miracle was the recalling to life of a girl who had been buried three days. She was the daughter of a woman who had been quite recently baptized, but who had a very lively faith in the "holy father," as our Saint was called. During the girl's illness the mother had done her best to find out Father Xavier, but had not succeeded, so that to her great grief her child died while the holy man was away from the town. On his return she at once sought him out, threw herself at his feet and addressed him exactly

as Martha addressed our Lord, saying that if he had been there her daughter would not have died, but that if he would he could make her even yet return to life. The Saint was so moved by her great faith that he raised his eyes to heaven and prayed that her petition might be granted : then turning to her he said, "Go, your daughter is alive." Seeing that the Saint did not offer to go with her to the place of burial, she replied that her daughter had been three days buried. "It matters not," said the Saint, "go and open the grave and you shall find her alive." The mother hurried off to the church, and there, in the presence of a large concourse of people, ordered the stone to be removed, and found her child alive.

But the vengeance of God was to come down upon Malacca. The inhabitants, it is true, had reformed their manners during the time of Xavier, but their evil habits still remained, and before long they fell back into sin and debauchery. Xavier had come to them as a messenger from God ; he had given them every chance by his instructions and exhortations, his predictions of the wrath of God that was to come upon them, of the war and pestilence wherewith they were to be afflicted, and the utter desolation to which they should be reduced in punishment for their sins. But they heeded him not, and thought only of their ease and pleasure, so that the Apostle had to say of this city that he had not seen in all the Indies a more wicked town.

V.—The Moluccas. Return to India

On the first day of the following year, 1546, Saint Francis Xavier sailed from Malacca for the islands of the Eastern Archipelago.

He was now practically breaking off all correspondence with India or Europe, as he himself afterwards wrote to the fathers in Rome that a letter from there to the Moluccas could not possibly be answered in less than three years and nine months. Hence his own account of the work there is comparatively meagre—barely sufficient, in fact, to give us any idea of his immense

labours ; while the few facts supplied by others only serve to convince us that he was as zealous and self-sacrificing as before, or more so, if that were possible. On February 16th, he reached Amboyna, an island about 250 leagues distant from Malacca, and famous for the concourse of merchants who frequent it from all parts. In the island there were seven villages of Christians, who were without a priest. Xavier began to visit these villages, and baptized many children at the point of death, whom Providence seemed to have kept alive till they had the waters of regeneration poured on them by the hand of His chosen servant. Xavier next visited Baranura, where he spent a week preaching to the people, whence he proceeded to Rosalao, where his labours were accompanied with little fruit. To make up for this, great success awaited him in the island of Ulate, close to Amboyna. On reaching this island he found that the king was being besieged by Mussulmans, and was on the point of surrendering from want of water. The opportunity seemed favourable for gaining over a large number of souls for God. Accordingly Xavier made his way to the king, and promised him plenty of water if he would allow him to erect a cross in honour of God, and if the king and his subjects on receiving the water would embrace the faith. The king easily consented. The cross was raised, and, in the presence of a large number of people, Father Xavier prayed Almighty God not to deny a little water for the salvation of an idolatrous people. His prayer was heard : the rain fell in torrents, and the king and all his people received baptism from the hands of the great wonder-worker.

The next island visited by him was Ternate. On his way he once broke off a discourse to those on board to announce to them the death of one who had left Amboyna on a vessel which started at the same time as their own. On another occasion, when saying Mass, he announced to them at the *Orate Fratres* the death of a merchant in Amboyna. By the time he reached Ternate his name was well known among its people, who

revered him as a saint. These people were sunk deep in vice and debauchery, but Xavier totally reformed their manner of living, and even converted to the faith a princess in that island.

Xavier's next mission was in the Isles del Moro. The people of Ternate strove by every means in their power to restrain him from risking his life in such a land. But their arguments were of no avail. "If these isles," he said to them, "abounded in precious woods and mines of gold, the Christians would have the courage to go thither; and all the dangers in the world would not be able to deter them; they are base and timid because there are only souls to purchase. And shall it then be said that charity is less daring than avarice?" The inhabitants were savages, feeding on human flesh and living like beasts of the field, but Xavier's winning manner soon gained them over to him. His success here far surpassed all human expectations; the whole people were completely changed and embraced the Faith, to the great comfort and consolation of their Apostle.

He now resolved to return to Malacca. On his way he intended staying at Ternate a short time, but the people insisted on his remaining with them some months. He gave in to their request, and remained with them three months, hearing confessions, preaching, catechizing, and converting souls to God. His next call was at Amboyna, where he renewed the faith he had before planted amongst them, and erected several crosses, one of which became famous for a great miracle, which the whole town witnessed. He reached Malacca in July, 1547, where he remained four months, and in January of the next year landed at Cochin, where he was well received by his friend the Bishop of Goa, who was at that time engaged on his visitation. Taking advantage of a vessel sailing for Lisbon he wrote immediately after his arrival to King John III. He then paid a visit to his Paravas on the Fishery Coast, whom he found as faithful to their religion as when he had left them.

Early in April he returned to Goa, where, at the request of his friend, Don Joam de Castro, he spent the

winter months. Here he took occasion to apply himself to spiritual exercises so as to renew his fervour, without, however, altogether neglecting his neighbour. Often he left the delights of prayer and solitude to go and help the sick in the hospitals, following out exactly the principle of his holy Founder of leaving God to go to God. He again visited the Fishery Coast, and gave great consolation to the missioners who were carrying on the work he had begun. He returned by Cochin, where he spent two months in apostolic labours; after which he went to Bazain to ask the Deputy-Governor of the Indies for letters of recommendation to the Governor of Malacca so as to facilitate his intended passage to Japan.

VI.—Journey to Japan and Labours there.

As soon as the news of his intended voyage became known, two friends used every means in their power to deter him from so perilous an undertaking. They put before him the length of the journey, the dangers of meeting pirates, the dangers of winds and storms, the almost impossibility of gaining the ports of China whence the Portuguese had been expelled; and went as far as to say that even in the neighbourhood of Goa there were still islands of idolaters, where he could find plenty of scope for his zeal. Plausible though some of these reasons might seem to an ordinary man, to one so filled with zeal, so eager to spread the light of faith, and win souls to God, as Francis was, they were not sufficient. Before departing he arranged everything for the Indian missions. He warned superiors, recommended to them the poor and the imprisoned, instructed them how to deal with every class of men, penitents, obstinate sinners, converts and infidels, descending in his instructions to the minutest details.

In April, 1549, St. Francis Xavier embarked for Japan. The vessel on which he started was only to go as far as Cochin, where a ship was waiting to take him to Malacca. At Cochin the people wanted to detain de Castro, by whose preaching they were charmed; but Xavier had destined him for the Moluccas, where he

was afterwards to gain the crown of martyrdom. They left Cochin on the 25th of April, and arrived at Malacca on the last day of May. He was welcomed on all sides by the people, who remembered well his former labours.

News now arrived from Japan that one of the kings of that island had expressed his wish to have some preachers of the Christian Faith, as the Japanese were now disposed to receive the Gospel. Accordingly, Xavier and his companions set sail on the morning of June 25th from Malacca, on board a small vessel bound directly for Japan.

Amongst the Japanese at this time some few were atheists, others worshipped the sun and moon or the ancient kings, but by far the majority were idolaters, and believed the soul was mortal, or held the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. On the arrival of St. Francis and his companions they set to work to learn the first elements of the grammar. The fact of Xavier's having applied himself to this study does not mean much in his case. As we have seen before, the Holy Spirit assisted him in an extraordinary manner, so that the facility with which he made himself master of so many tongues was almost equivalent to a lasting gift of them. Hence we are not surprised to find that at the end of forty days he understood enough of the language to undertake the translation of the Apostles' Creed, and the explanation of it which he had composed in India.[1] Before, however, expounding doctrine in public, he deemed it necessary to present himself at the court, where he was well received. This inspired him with courage, and at once he began to expound to the people the first article of the Creed, or the existence of one God. To them this seemed a strange doctrine, in fact some laughed at the idea; others could not persuade themselves that a man could have the courage to undergo the many labours, trials, and hardships that a journey from a foreign country necessarily entailed, unless he had true doctrine to announce to them.

Numerous baptisms soon followed. His next step

[1] A translation of this has been published by C.T.S., price 1d.

was to try to conciliate the bonzes or priests, who were so given up to every kind of lust as to make open profession of it. The idea of men coming such a long and perilous journey simply to announce the Faith seemed to them very strange; but when they saw the wonderful effect of this new religion among the people they at once strove to oppose the work, as they saw that their own means of subsistence would be thereby taken away. The austere manner of life of Xavier, however, did much to conciliate the people, who gradually turned from the bonzes, saying, "If this doctrine be not true, point out where it is false."

The miracles which he now worked were almost as great as those at Malacca. We shall record only one, the raising to life of a young lady of rank. Her father was so fond of her that at her death he could not be consoled, and in fact was almost on the brink of despair, when, at the suggestion of two Christians who had come to see him before the burial of his daughter, he sought out St. Francis Xavier, threw himself at his feet, and implored him, with tears in his eyes, to raise up from death his only daughter. Xavier, moved as much by the faith as by the sorrow of the father, retired with his companion, Fernandez, to pray that God might restore the child to life. Before long he returned and bade the father go, his daughter was alive. At this the idolater was a little disappointed, as he had expected the Saint to accompany him to his home and there raise up his daughter; still he started on his return, and before he had gone very far one of his servants came running to him to announce that his daughter was alive. Before he reached home she herself came to meet him, and related to him how, as soon as her soul had parted from her body, it was seized by two fiends, who would have thrown her headlong into a lake of fire only that two persons unknown to her prevented them. The father in his joy took her to St. Francis Xavier to acknowledge this miraculous favour. As soon as she saw the Saint and his companion she cried out, "Those are my two deliverers!" As their annals recorded no event like to

this, it was thought that the raising from the dead must therefore be exclusively the work of the Christian God. The father and daughter received baptism, in company with many others, whose conversion, we may say, was due to this miracle.

Xavier reached Meaco in February, 1561, just at a time when the people were all heart and soul in the war that was then going on. Success did not favour his efforts here, but at least he laid the foundation of the future Church by his sufferings on its behalf. He now returned to Amauguchi, where he gained an audience with the king, to whom he took some presents—among which were a small striking clock, a music-box, and some toys, all of which his majesty valued highly, and in return offered him a large sum of money, which the Saint refused to accept. The king, far from being offended at this, only increased in admiration of the man of God who had come so far to spread the Christian faith among men. While here he was favoured by God with that gift of tongues which had been granted to him in the Indies, so that he was enabled to preach in the morning to the Chinese merchants at Amauguchi in their mother-tongue, and in the afternoon to the Japanese in their language, which he spoke with so much ease and fluency that he could not be taken for a foreigner. Numerous were the conversions which followed on his preaching, so that in spite of the opposition of some of the royal princes, and the calumnies of the bonzes, the progress of Christianity was so great that before many days had elapsed as many as three thousand fervent Christians were to be found in Amauguchi.

Our Saint left this city in September, 1551, for the kingdom of Bungo, where he was very well received by the king and all his court. He changed his shabby clothes for something more presentable before persons of such distinction, and on being admitted to an audience he went through all the ceremonies and formalities, even going as far as to prostrate himself before the king, and would, as the custom was, have touched his foot, only the king would not allow him.

This honour paid him by the king had very great influence on his labours afterwards. Amongst others, he converted a famous bonze, whose conversion helped to that of many of his followers. Those who had been left in Amauguchi by St. Francis suffered for the Faith during this time, as war had broken out, and the city was in a state of confusion and desolation. The king put an end to his own life, and was succeeded by the brother of the king of Bungo, who promised St. Francis to be favourable towards the Christians.

As the Portuguese vessels were now ready to sail for China, St. Francis went to take leave of the king of Bungo before departing. But before embarking he came into contact with some bonzes, with whom he was led into argument, without, however, effecting very much; though we may reasonably suppose that by these the seed was sown for those wonderful conversions which we hear of later on. On November 20th of this year he left Japan, after a stay of about two years and a half. They kept near the Japanese coast for some time, then struck across the open sea in the direction of China, when the moon changed, and the weather changed in consequence.

A terrible storm drove them into an unknown sea, where for five days they saw neither sun nor star. On the second night many of those on board were on the brink of perishing; all human hope seemed lost, they were ready to throw themselves into the sea, while Xavier was calmly praying to God in the cabin. Hearing the cries of grief and despair, he rushed on deck, raised his eyes towards heaven and prayed aloud, and at once the ship, which was already sinking, raised itself to the surface of the waves, the wind was in their favour, and they could pursue their course. After thirteen days' sailing he reached the island of Sancian, where he did not stay long; but at the suggestion of his friend, Diego Pereira, embarked almost immediately for Malacca.

VII.—Last Return to India. Death.

On their journey St. Francis communicated to Pereira his intention of going to China, after he had regulated the affairs of the Society in Goa. A storm arose which threatened the destruction of the vessel, but the Saint once more used his influence with God and they escaped in safety. At the same time he prophesied the destruction of another ship which put out to sea with them, and before long they beheld the bodies of those who had gone on board the other ship, floating on the waters.

At Malacca he was welcomed by those whom he had converted during his former labours there. He soon embarked for Cochin, which he reached towards the end of January, 1552. Here his stay was not long either, he pressed on towards Goa, which he reached early in February. Immediately he went to the hospital, then to the College of St. Paul (the house of the Society), to see if any were sick. He was at once taken to a dying man, whom the physicians had given up, and for whose funeral arrangements had already been made. He read the Gospel over him, and he at once recovered his spirits and was restored to health. To the great consolation of our Saint, religion had progressed more in Goa than elsewhere. Finding it in so flourishing a condition, he now turned his mind to supplying of more men for the Indian missions, as at present the priests were too hard worked; and when he had disposed of his men for the different missions he turned his whole attention to procuring an embassy for China.

St. Francis and his six companions left Goa on April 14, 1552. Their vessel was very heavily laden, so much so in fact that when a strong wind arose they agreed to throw the merchandise overboard, but were dissuaded by the Saint, who told them they would reach land before sunset, and whose word they had now ceased to doubt, so often had his predictions come true.

But as they neared Malacca towards evening it was noticed that St. Francis looked very sad, while the rest on board were rejoicing that they had land in sight. On being asked the reason of his sadness, he bade those on

board pray to God for the city of Malacca, which was visited with an epidemic. Immediately on landing he and his companions set to work to help the sick and the dying; and contagious though this disease was, not one of these apostolic men caught the infection. One young man, who had accidentally put into his mouth a poisoned arrow, he raised from the dead just as the funeral was about to take place.

But Xavier found the Governor of Malacca opposed to this intended embassy to China. He tried every means within reach to conciliate him, until at last the only course open to him is to threaten to excommunicate the Governor.

To the great grief of the Saint all chances of ever entering China seemed lost. However, he did not despair of preaching the Gospel to the Chinese, and he thought that if he could get over to an island near Canton he might thus gain entrance into the continent and possibly reach the court. He embarked for Sancian, and on this, as on every other journey, his great power with God drew down favours from heaven. While they were in mid-ocean the wind fell, the ship stopped as though she had cast anchor, and thus they remained for fourteen days. Some of those on board died from want of water, others were almost reduced to despair, when some one suggested they should beg St. Francis to intercede for them. He bade them recite the Litany on their knees, then retire, while he himself prayed, but to trust in God. After prayer he took a child with him into a boat, and asked him to taste the sea water and tell him if it was salt? On the child's answering that it was, he bade him taste it again, and this time the child said it was fresh. The Saint then ordered all the vessels to be filled, but some were too eager to taste and found the water salt. He then made the sign of the cross over it, and at once it lost its natural saltness. Those on board, Arabs as well as Christians, threw themselves at his feet, saying that it was to him they owed their lives; but the Saint told them that it was to God, not to such a sinner as he was, they should offer their thanks.

Twenty-three days after their departure from Malacca they reached the island of Sancian, where Almighty God worked some very striking miracles through the medium of His servant. He more than once made predictions which proved to be perfectly true in every detail. He raised the dead to life, and banished tigers from the island. The Portuguese on this island were delighted to have the holy father amongst them, but it was a great blow to them when they heard that he had only called there on his way to China. They did their best to dissuade him, but their entreaties were of no avail; he only told them that he felt he had been destined by Heaven for that mission.

Shortly after this he was struck by the fever, and at once these merchants told him that this was a sign from Heaven against his going to China. But on recovering he pursued his object with greater ardour than ever, rejoicing with himself at the idea of dispossessing the devil of the largest empire in the world. His only idea was that he might preach Christ crucified to the Chinese, and that he might be accounted worthy to suffer for God's name. In consequence of delay he was reduced to extreme want of all necessaries; he was abandoned by those whose lives he had saved by changing salt water into fresh. Nothing, however, could make him lose heart; his last plan was to go to Malacca, to join the King of Siam, who was preparing a magnificent embassy to the Emperor of China.

But God was pleased to try His faithful servant to the very last, and to treat him as He had treated Moses, who died in sight of the Land of Promise. On Sunday, November 20th, the fever again seized him, and at the same time he was forewarned of the day and hour of his death.

His only thoughts henceforward were of meeting his God. As the *Santa Cruz* was used as a common hospital he went on board, but finding that this interfered with his communings with God, he asked to be taken on shore again. He was left upon the sands, exposed to the open air, and would have died there had not a certain

Portuguese taken him into his own hut—which was really little better. The physician, a man of small experience, thought it advisable that Saint Francis should be bled; and he consented to it, although he knew full well that all human means were of no avail. After this a great nausea came on, and he remained in this state till the 28th, when the fever mounted to his head, and he became delirious for a time. He then lost his speech, but only for a short time, and when he regained it he used it only to make ejaculations to God and to His Blessed Mother, such as *Jesu Fili David, miserere mei*, and *Monstra te esse matrem*. He grew weaker and weaker, and for some days before his death he could eat no food.

At last, on Friday, December 2nd, with his eyes lovingly fixed upon his crucifix, while tears of heavenly joy poured from his eyes, he breathed his last, repeating the words: "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me not be confounded for ever." He was taken to Malacca, where both clergy and laity came with lighted tapers to receive the body, which was carried in triumph to the Church of Our Lady del Monte. At the time this city was visited by a plague, but no sooner did the body reach port than this scourge ceased, no new cases appeared, and all those at that time affected recovered without further recourse to human remedies. His body was then buried without any of the ordinary ceremonies, but when, six months later, it was exhumed, it was found to be still in a state of preservation, and a small napkin, which had been placed over the face when the body was interred, was found stained with fresh blood. James Pereira, the devoted friend of Xavier, who had helped to disinter the body, could not bear to see it so badly cared for. Malacca, too, he thought unworthy of such a treasure, so he ordered a handsome coffin to be made, in which the body was to be placed and taken care of until such time as it could be taken to Goa. During this delay a very striking miracle rewarded those who paid such honour to the great servant of God. A wax candle, which under ordinary circumstances would have lasted not more than

ten hours, continued burning for eighteen successive days and nights.

The vessel which was to take the remains of the Saint to Goa was one in which scarcely any one would think of risking his safety; but when it became known that the sacred body of the great Apostle of the Indies was to be transferred in it, at once crowds strove to secure a passage in that boat. On their journey they were more than once threatened with shipwreck; but Almighty God, who so often had stilled the tempest at the intercession of Xavier when alive, would not allow the vessel to be wrecked or damaged.

At Goa the Saint's body was received with honour, the people coming down to the beach to meet it, rejoicing that they should be so privileged as to be allowed to possess such a treasure. The blind, the lame, the deaf, and the dumb, and all who were suffering from bodily infirmity of any kind, were healed in the church where his body was deposited. Everyone who had come to do honour to the body of this great Saint had something marvellous to relate of him. The body retained its natural colour so well that some who saw it four years after death could hardly be convinced that he was dead.

We have been able to do little more than make a brief survey of the labours of this great Apostle during the ten years he spent in the Indies. The miracles he worked during life we have occasionally mentioned, but those with which God honoured His servant after death are almost innumerable. One thing cannot fail to strike us when we read of the honours paid to his remains after death—namely, how even the bitterest enemies of the Church loved him and respected him, and valued anything which he had used or laid hands on. His habit, vestments, breviary, beads, in fact everything belonging to him, was the cause of some miracle or other to those who used them devoutly, or applied them to those who were suffering or afflicted.

The heart of this great Saint was on fire with love for God, and with this, as a natural consequence, love for his neighbour went hand in hand. His miracles were

miracles of charity, as we see from the accounts of them that most were wrought to alleviate misery and suffering either in the case of whole towns, or in the case of private individuals. But the biographers of the Saint tell us that the greatest miracle in his life is not his effecting such remarkable cures, or his raising from the dead, but his continuing alive under labours which were so far beyond the powers of human nature. With his gentle, winning manner he easily adapted himself to others, and won their hearts; and his affability in dealing with others was the cause of many of his conversions.

One who reaped such a harvest of souls for Heaven must have great power with God. He has shown his power, and still shows it in our own day, so that we may with confidence address our prayers to him, for no more powerful intercessor can we have with God than the "Apostle of the Indies."

The Huguenots.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LOUGHNAN, S.J.

Of all the accusations brought against the Catholic Church few tell more powerfully with Protestants than the charge of intolerance. There is no escape from the impeachment, for facts, so we are confidently told, are all against us. Catholicism is incompatible with a spirit of toleration. Intolerance is so distinctive a mark of our religion that we should cease to be Catholics on the day we ceased to be intolerant and to persecute; for, though we have ourselves seen very hard times, and may yet see harder still, we are essentially a persecuting race. We were jealous of science, so we condemned Galileo; enemies to freedom of conscience, so we persecuted the poor Huguenots and harried them out of France. Therefore is it that the two historical facts, the condemnation of Galileo by the Inquisition and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, have long been regarded with peculiar favour as weapons of offence by our enemies in the press and on the platform. Of the two I should have thought the latter better adapted for general use, as requiring less of theological and scientific knowledge in him who resorts to it, and as affording a wider field for the flourishes of rhetoric and declamation. The reason of the preference shown, in our times at any rate, for the Galileo controversy lies perhaps in the belief that the condemnation of Galileo goes to the root of Papal Infallibility; though for that matter no less an authority than the late Dean Stanley, when preaching at St. Andrew's, August 25, 1872, flattered himself that he had found quite as unanswerable an argument against this capital dogma of our faith in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Be this as it may, the Galileo controversy does certainly postulate a little scientific equipment n him who would engage

in it without risk of a serious fall; whereas in the other purely historical question a very little lore can be made to go a very long way. A superficial familiarity with the innumerable anti-Catholic pamphlets which have appeared from time to time ever since the massacre, giving a false or garbled account of it, will furnish enough matter and to spare for a telling attack on the Catholic Church. In default of these there are the infidel Encyclopædists, with Voltaire at their head, to fall back upon, and Voltaire's tragedy of the *Henriade*, and the regicide Chénier's play of *Charles IX.*, and the libretto of Meyerbeer's popular opera of the *Huguenots*, with thrilling representations of wicked Cardinals and truculent friars blessing and distributing the poniards. Lastly, when everything else fails, abundance of material for piquant calumny and thrilling invective is always ready to hand in the files of our Protestant press. Where, for example, has the picture of Huguenot persecution at the hands of their Catholic fellow-countrymen been sketched more picturesquely, if a trifle more accurately, than in the following pathetic passage culled from a back number of a popular daily paper? "The most beautiful Protestant records perhaps," said the *Daily Telegraph* some years ago, "are to be found in the pathetic and awful annals of the Huguenots. France seemed about to become one of the most religious countries in the world. And then her rulers systematically tried to annihilate every particle of what was most sweet, noble, pure, devout, and manly amid the ranks of the people. They butchered the Huguenots, drowned them, burned them, banished them, sent them to the living death of the galleys. At least a million of the best men and women of France were thus driven into exile or murdered. In no other country in the world has the sword of persecution ever been let so wildly loose." The indictment against us, thus neatly put into a nutshell, has been endorsed, though in less sentimental terms, by one Dean of the Anglican Church, Dr. Kitchin, of Winchester, who, in an article contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, gravely informs his readers that "they (the Huguenots) have stood as much ill-usage as has befallen any branch of the Christian Church;" while another Dean, the late Dean Stanley, in the sermon already referred to, as if to anticipate a possible protest from the Catholic side that at worst the crime was the crime of the civil power, in which the Church had no

hand, boldly asserts that it was committed with the "express approbation" of the Pope. In full accord with the learned Dean wrote the *Times*, arguing on the occasion of the ter-centenary of the massacre just twenty years ago, that public opinion "will not bear to be told that an institution [the Church], with i s chiefs, senate, advisers, and administrators can plot, plan, glorify, and reward the most horrible crimes ever committed, and yet be an infallible authority in faith and morals."

No, the Protestant tradition "will not bear to be told" what does not square with its pious belief about us, of which it is so tenacious that, as Cardinal Newman long ago observed, it "had rather we should be guilty than that it should be mistaken." It is, therefore, idle to expect to disabuse our Protestant friends all at once on this subject, but something will have been gained if we do no more than awaken them to the fact that there is a version of the story which, though it differs *toto cælo* from their own, has not a little to recommend it. I am going to try and give that other version, from which I venture to hope to show that the crime, as heartily execrated by Catholics as by Protestants, cannot in fairness be set down to the Catholic Church, which, so far from instigating or approving, has never ceased to deplore and condemn it.

But as it usually takes time to fan the passions of men into a blaze of hellish rage; as the orderly and peaceable are not commonly betrayed all in a moment into a wholesale slaughtering of their fellow-men, it will be necessary first to have some idea of the religious and political situation of France at the time of the catastrophe, to inform ourselves about the Huguenots, and ascertain, if possible, what it was that made them obnoxious to the ruling powers, and infuriated the populace against them.

Who, then, and what were the French Huguenots? Were they Protestants? Certainly, of a kind, but not of the kind we are familiar with: not the quiet, orderly, and inoffensive citizens their descendants, the members of the Église Réformée, have since become in France, and not at all like the Protestants, Anglican or Nonconformist, with whom we live in amity here in England. There is no resemblance at all between the Protestants of the nineteenth century and the Huguenots of the sixteenth. These last belong rather to the fanatical

Lollard and Puritan type. They were emphatically heretics—I speak especially of the earlier and worst period of the Huguenot movement in France, that, namely, which preceded and led up to the great massacre—heretics in the strict technical sense of the word, formal heretics, apostates from the faith in which they had been bred from childhood, and which they believed in their conscience to be the faith of Christ, but on whose loose principles and easy morals the creed of Calvin, which does away with human responsibility, bore less heavily than the uncompromising Catholic faith. More than this; the French Calvinists or Huguenots were not content to be heretics themselves; they sought by every means to draw the French nation after them in their apostasy, or rather to force an obnoxious creed on a reluctant people. Now if Calvinism was by its very nature calculated to be a grave danger to the civil and religious constitution of the State; if it was a principle of upheaval and disruption; if ascendency was the object and freedom of conscience only a pretext with its votaries, fanatically bent on the total extirpation of Catholicism from the kingdom; if from first to last it was so pertinaciously aggressive as to leave nothing undone by plots, and surprises, and massacres, and impieties, and outrages of the most horrible description for the accomplishment of its unholy ends—however sincerely we may deplore and condemn, we can scarcely be astonished at the savage reprisals into which the Catholics, infuriated to madness by the excesses of their enemies, were often betrayed. Still less can we allow the claim of the Huguenots, with all the blood they have on their own hands, to pose in the face of the world as the innocent victims of unrighteous persecution.

When Calvinism, towards the close of the reign of Francis I., was first imported into France from Geneva—for it was of foreign, not native growth—the Catholic religion was then, as it had been for centuries, in quiet and undisputed possession of the land. French society was fundamentally Catholic. Catholicism was the very soul of the nation; laws, manners, and customs, the arts and sciences, in a word, the whole life of the nation, social, political, and domestic, bore the deep impress of Catholicism. The King was corrupt, the Court abominably so; but though there was much wickedness in high places, and a predisposition, therefore, in some quarters,

to take up with the loose and irreligious principles of the Reformation, the great mass of the people remained true to the old faith. When, therefore, the self-constituted apostles of a brand-new religion, refugees from the laws and renegades from the religion of their country, presented themselves and claimed, with a peremptoriness and persistence distinctively characteristic of Calvinism, freedom to preach and spread their novelties, the people and their rulers, taking the alarm, warned the innovators off the land, and set the law in motion against them. For in those days heresy in France, as in all Catholic countries, was as much a violation of the law of the land as murder or treason; and the sovereign who permitted it to effect an entrance and establish itself in his kingdom, violated the constitution of his country and was false to the solemn oath he had taken at his coronation to maintain the Catholic faith and uphold religious unity in his dominions. The religious unity of France, dating from the time of the first French King, consecrated with the reverence and backed by the prescription of centuries, seemed to every Catholic the indispensable condition of national life. Indeed, both the contending parties looked upon the coexistence of two distinct forms of religious worship in the same country as an impossibility. The Catholic regarded the very contemplation of such a state of things as impious and treasonable, while the Huguenot was equally resolved, as we shall presently see, to secure not only toleration but ascendency for his religious opinions. In resenting, therefore, and repelling the aggressive violence of Calvinism, the Catholic people of France were but acting in self-defence, standing up for the political constitution and religious faith of their country, and exercising a right which will be questioned by no fair-minded Protestant, who remembers that his fathers at the Reformation used more violence to establish a new religion in England, than the Catholics to preserve the old in France.

John Calvin, himself a Frenchman, and on account of his heretical opinions a refugee in Switzerland, is justly regarded as the father and founder of the French Huguenots. From his new home in Geneva he sent his emissaries into France, and was for years the life and soul of the civil and religious rebellion in France till his death in 1563. So much is admitted by the Protestant historian Ranke, who maintains however that Calvin,

so far from encouraging violence, recommended a prudent and forbearing zeal. This may have been so during the earlier period of the movement, when a premature resort to violent methods would have defeated the purpose of the wily Reformer; it certainly was not the policy adopted when once the new religionists deemed their strength and their numbers sufficient to enable them to refuse obedience to any law but their own. Gentleness and moderation have never in any country been characteristic of the new gospel according to Calvin, whose laws, as a Protestant biographer of the heresiarch has observed, were not written with blood, like those of the Athenian Draco, but burnt into the souls of the people with a red-hot iron.[1] In any case, it is certain that the Huguenots had thrown moderation to the winds long before the formal outbreak of civil war. Encouraged by the shuffling policy of Francis I., the innovators at last took heart, and in the year 1528 resorted to open violence and outrage. Roving bands of marauders traversed the land, insulting and maltreating priests, desecrating the churches, overturning the altars, disfiguring the images of the saints, and perpetrating in monastery and convent sacrilegious outrages too horrible to name. Libels of the foulest character, in which the holiest mysteries of the Catholic faith were derided and burlesqued; placards filled with the most revolting blasphemies against God, His Blessed Mother, and the saints were scattered about the streets, or posted up in public places, on the doors of the churches and on the very walls of the King's palace. So numerous were these publications that the year 1535 came to be known as "the year of placards." What Christian Government could be expected to overlook, or what Christian people long patiently to endure, outrages which thus wantonly and cruelly violated all that was most sacred in the eyes of the great majority of Frenchmen? The insolent bearing of the Huguenots at last provoked retaliation; Francis lost his temper and his head, laid violent hands on twenty-four of these placard-mongers, and had them publicly committed to the flames. From this event dates the commencement of what has been called the persecution of Protestantism in France.

No Catholic will feel himself under the necessity of defending the policy of severity thus inaugurated by a sovereign

[1] Paul Henry, *Calvin's Leben*, tom. ii. p. 72.

who was the very reverse of a model Christian ruler. Religious principles had little or no influence on his shifty and tortuous policy. In moral character a not unworthy compeer of his brother of England, King Henry VIII., he scrupled not to employ any means, however mischievous, which he thought conducive to the attainment of his immediate ends. A patron of letters he favoured the humanists, with supreme indifference to the character and nature of their religious opinions. He allied himself with the Protestant powers, and with the unholy Turk himself, against Catholic sovereigns. He abetted the Reformation in Germany, and, in opposition to his coronation oath, took the preachers of the new creed under his protection in his own dominions. It was only when these men had grown strong enough to aim at the total subversion of the existing order of things in Church and State that, waking up all at once to the peril of the situation, and, passing from the extreme of indulgence to the extreme of severity, he abandoned the new gospellers to the punishments awarded to the heretic in those days by the law of every country in Europe.

By the common law of Europe heresy was a civil crime, and as Protestantism was heresy, and Calvinism, in particular, a specially aggressive form of Protestantism, the law was allowed to take its course. Neither Francis nor his son and successor, Henry II., would tolerate any leniency and forbearance on the part of the Bishops of the Church, who hoped by gentle treatment to win back the deluded people to the faith; and because acting in this spirit the ecclesiastical courts inflicted on offenders only lesser canonical penances, their authority was taken from them and handed over to the civil tribunals. The fact is worth noticing. The Church, according to her wont, inclined to the more humane and gentle methods, so much so that in all these turbulent times the French clergy erred, if they erred at all, invariably on the side of mercy. It was the State, then, and not the Church, that put the terrors of the law in force and converted it into a purely political engine for the coercion of the enemies of both Church and State; it was the civil, and not the ecclesiastical power, which committed the Huguenots to the flames with every circumstance of barbarity calculated to strike fear into their adherents, and which carried on the ruthless policy with more or less of severity for the remaining years of the reign of Francis I. and

throughout that of his successor, Henry II., who, like his father, whilst encouraging the rebellion of heresy in Germany and in England, sought to stamp it out in his own dominions by all the rigour that the laws allowed him.

But, however much we may deplore this severity as excessive, and even cruel, we are bound to confess that it is not wholly without excuse. It is all very well to talk in our own wiser and more humane days of the folly and enormity of punishing men and even putting them to death for their religious opinions. Protestantism was not a mere set of religious or irreligious opinions, it was in truth sedition and rebellion; it was an aggressive revolutionary power that sought to destroy the constitution of every State in which it raised its head, with an insolence, an audacity, and a pertinacity it is not easy to characterize. The suppression of the new opinions came therefore to be regarded as a matter of self-preservation. To the Catholics of those times there appeared but one alternative, the alternative of putting down the enemies of their religion or of being themselves put down. If they turned their eyes to foreign countries, where Protestantism had gained the ascendency, to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, or nearer home to Germany, Switzerland, and our own England, they beheld their brethren in the faith everywhere ruthlessly persecuted, and a hateful tyranny established on the ruins of the old Catholic liberties. The picture was not an encouraging one, and it is therefore not wonderful that the Catholics of France, viewing with alarm the first violent efforts of a party never very careful to disguise its intention of uprooting the national religion, should have sought to strike terror into their assailants, under the persuasion, rightly or wrongly, that nothing short of extreme measures could save their country from the evils of Protestantism.

"There is no middle course in dealing with religious sectaries," says Hallam, speaking of Elizabeth's hard usage of the Puritans, "between the persecution that exterminates, and the toleration that satisfies. They were wise in their generation, the Loaisas and Valdes of Spain, who kindled the fires of the Inquisition, and quenched the rising spirit of Protestantism in the blood of a Seso and Cazalla."[1] But the toleration that would have satisfied the Huguenot was not the toleration

[1] *The Constitutional History of England*, vol. i. c. iv. p. 276.

that stops short of giving him absolute ascendency. The principle of toleration was not recognized by either of the two contending parties, least of all by the Protestants, who began to talk of toleration and the rights of conscience only when they found it necessary for their own peace and comfort; so long as they thought to have things all their own way they persecuted without mercy. "Persecution," says Hallam again, "is the deadly original sin of the reformed Churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive."[1] There is at any rate nothing to show that if the Huguenots had not begun the attack with riot, outrage, and sacrilege, they would have excited the fury of the population to anything like the same extent, or that, if they who did not form one hundredth part of the population,[2] could have been satisfied with anything short of the extirpation of the religion of the great majority of the French people, they would have failed to secure a very fair measure of tolerance for their own worship. Even as it was, and so early in the conflict as January, 1562, a royal edict, the first of a series of similar concessions, had suspended the execution of the penal laws and granted to the Calvinists ample liberty to worship God in their own way. Unfortunately, the Huguenots, as Mr. Buckle remarks of them, "were not content to exercise their own religion, unless they could also trouble the religion of others,"[3] and the minds of men were besides too fiercely exasperated by mutual injuries to listen just then to the voice of moderation. The edict had come too late. Collisions between the rival factions continued as before, and so both parties settled down doggedly to the struggle, that was to deluge France with the blood of her own sons, and to last, with varying intensity and brief intervals of pacification, down to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

So long, therefore, as Protestant was busy murdering Catholic, and Catholic Protestant, we must expect to find intolerance rampant on both sides. Nevertheless, there is no lack of impartial evidence to show that whilst the intolerance of the Calvinist remained implacable, and even grew in imperiousness, that of the Catholic, on the contrary, gradually

[1] *The Constitutional History of England*, vol. i. c. ii. p. 130.
[2] Castelnau, iv. c. 2.
[3] *History of Civilization in England*, vol. i. c. viii. p. 509.

gave place to a very liberal toleration. Writers as little likely to be suspected of undue partiality to the Catholic cause as M. Henri Martin in his *Histoire de France*, and Mr. Buckle in the work already referred to, are both of opinion, that if a balance of toleration is to be struck between the two contending parties it will be found to incline on the whole to the Catholic side. "Whoever has read the great Calvinist divines," says the last-named writer, "and above all, whoever has studied their history, must know that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the desire of persecuting their enemies burnt as hotly among them, as it did among any of the Catholics even in the worst days of Papal dominion. This is a mere fact, of which any one may satisfy himself by consulting the original documents of those times. And even now, there is more superstition, more bigotry, and less of the charity of real religion among the lower order of Scotch Protestants, than there is among the lower order of French Catholics."[1] And again: "The French Protestants, who affected to appeal to the right of private judgment, were more intolerant of the exercise of that judgment by their adversaries than were the Catholics."[2] And yet again: "Whatever may be the popular notion respecting the necessary intolerance of the Catholics, it is an indisputable fact that, early in the seventeenth century, they displayed in France a spirit of forbearance and Christian charity, to which the Protestants could make no pretence."[3] Once more: "If at this juncture"—the author is speaking of the beginning of the seventeenth century, but his words hold good of any other period of the struggle—"If at this juncture the Protestants had carried the day, the loss to France would have been immense, perhaps irreparable. For no one who is acquainted with the temper and character of the French Calvinists can doubt that, if they had obtained possession of the Government, they would have revived those religious persecutions which, so far as their power extended, they had always attempted to enforce."[4]

The fact then is remarkable that, whilst with the progress of the struggle the Catholics came to tolerate the obnoxious creed of their adversaries, the bigotry of the latter on the contrary seemed only to fatten on concession, and to

[1] *History of Civilization*, vol. i. c. viii. p. 505. [2] *Ib.* p. 506.
[3] *Ib.* p. 518. [4] *Ib.* p. 520.

show itself more pertinaciously turbulent precisely when the growing toleration of the Catholics not only allowed them the free exercise of their religion, but even advanced many of them to offices of trust and honour in the State.[1] The famous Edict of Nantes (1598) had granted the Huguenots the fullest freedom for the exercise of their religion, together with other privileges, such as Elizabeth never dreamed of conceding to her unfortunate Catholic and Puritan subjects, whom she hunted out of the kingdom or hanged and disembowelled. For all this the Protestants were not even yet satisfied. It was not toleration so much as ascendency they aimed at, and the total suppression of the Catholic faith. Every fresh concession was but the prelude to fresh and more insolent demands. They called, therefore, on the Government to interdict or limit the celebration of Catholic rites and ceremonies, and in particular to forbid Catholic processions in any town, place, or castle occupied by Protestants,[2] and when the Government demurred, they took the law into their own hands. In towns like La Rochelle,[3] which for importance was the second city in the kingdom, and where they reigned with uncontrolled authority, they would not permit the Catholics to have even a single church in which to celebrate the rites of a religion which had been for centuries the sole religion of France and was still that of an immense majority of Frenchmen.[4]

[1] *History of Civilization*, pp. 449, 508, 511.

[2] Capefigue's *Richelieu*, vol. i. p. 39.

[3] This strongly-fortified maritime town with its population of daring seamen and enterprizing shipowners, was the chief port whence the Huguenots sent forth a cloud of corsairs, to whom the English ports were always open, and who ransacked every Catholic ship that came in their way. See Capefigue's *Richelieu*, vol. i. p. 332. "Les Rochelois," he says euphemistically, "ne respectaient pas toujours les pavillons amis;" a delicate circumlocution unknown to Mézeray, who says (*Hist. de France*, vol. iii. p. 426): "Et les Rochelois, qui par le moyen du commerce et de la *piraterie*," &c. One of the most notorious of these pirates was Jacques Sourie, who sailed the seas under a commission of piracy from the Huguenot Queen of Navarre. It was this worthy who, sailing from Dieppe, intercepted the Portuguese vessel which was carrying Father Ignatius Azevedo and his thirty-nine brother missionaries of the Society of Jesus to the Brazils, and put them all to a cruel death, July 15, 1570. They were beatified by Pius IX., May 11, 1854. These forty missionaries were the first detachment of a body of seventy; the remaining thirty were captured and slaughtered by another Calvinist pirate, Capdeville, in September of the following year. (See Crétineau-Joly, *Hist. de la Compagnie de Jésus*, vol. ii. c. iii. pp. 139—145.)

[4] Capefigue's *Richelieu*, vol. i. p. 342.

To close this part of our subject. Enough evidence has perhaps been produced to establish the fact that the vital point at issue in these deplorable feuds, was the question whether France was to be allowed to worship God by the light of the Catholic faith, as in olden times, or be forced to accept the gloomy creed of a despotic sect which, while professing to champion the rights of private judgment, acted consistently from first to last in a manner calculated to render the exercise of those rights impossible to all but themselves, and who construed civil and religious liberty to mean unbridled licence for all who agreed with them, and but scant toleration for those who had the misfortune to differ from them. So that, reading the story of the terrible religious strife which tore France asunder for a century and a half by the light of this fact, and taking into account the provoking self-sufficiency, the pertinacious aggressiveness, the ruthless violence by which the Huguenots sought to build up their Calvinism on the ruins of the Catholic faith, we cease to be surprised that "murder begot murder," and that the Catholics, being after all but men, with the feelings and passions of men, retaliated upon their enemies and paid them back, sometimes with compound interest, in their own coin of treachery and bloodshed.

But the indictment against the Huguenots has not even yet been all stated. They were not merely religious fanatics, they were rebels and traitors to boot.

The religion of Calvin, so at any rate thought Voltaire, tends naturally to the establishment of republicanism, and an historian of the sixteenth century, writing of the *estat huguenot*, describes it as a republic tempered by the aristocratic element, a republic living within the bosom of the monarchy and labouring for its overthrow, since the two forms of government being incompatible, neither could hope to exist except on the ruins of its rival.[1] Duplessis Mornay, another writer of the sixteenth century, speaking of the possibility of combining the errors of heresy with the qualities of a good citizen, stated what was then considered by the majority of men an incredible paradox, *Que ce n'estoit pas incompatible d'estre bon huguenot et bon Françoys tout ensemble.*[2] "The old reproach," says Dr. Kitchin, in his article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "that

[1] *Mémoires de Saulx-Tavannes.* Collection Michaud, c. vii. p. 309.
[2] Duplessis, *Mém. et Correspond.* vol. i. p. 146.

the Huguenots are all republicans, has at last (that is, under the Third Republic) turned to their credit. They form a group of loyal citizens on whom French politicians now look with favour." The celebrated lawyer Dumoulin broke with the Huguenots, on the ground that their ministers, mostly foreigners drawing their inspiration from Geneva, were imbued with seditious principles which incited to contempt of the law, and shook the loyalty of the King's lieges.[1] As Calvin, in his *Commentary on David*, taught that the king who does not place his power at the service of the Reformation has no further claim to the obedience of his subjects, it is not surprising to find his emissaries in France stirring up everywhere a spirit of discontent, disloyalty, and rebellion.[2] General assemblies of the Huguenots were convened more than once at Nîmes and in other towns for the formation and establishment of a republican *régime*, in which the whole of France was mapped out into districts to be governed by leaders responsible to the general assembly of La Rochelle.[3] The seditious arrogance of these synods went the length of forbidding the Crown to acknowledge the Council of Trent, and of even quarrelling with the King's choice of a Spanish princess for his wife.[4] The Parliament of Paris alone passed more than a hundred decrees to control the rebellious spirit of these sectaries who, as Mosheim, a Protestant writer, confesses, had contrived, in spite of every difficulty, to set up an *imperium in imperio*, and to the violence of whose chiefs he ascribes the war of 1621.[5] There can, therefore, be little doubt that if Protestantism had prevailed in France it would have overturned the monarchy, since wherever it was successful it at once established itself in the form of a tyrannical theocracy of the republican type.[6]

But what more than all else made the Huguenot movement so formidable was the marvellous organization of the sectaries. The conspiracy against Church and State had grown, long before the actual outbreak of hostilities, into a vast secret society embracing well-nigh the whole of France in the meshes

[1] *Mémoires de Condé.* [2] Trignon, *Hist. de France*, c. iii. p. 271.
[3] Henri Martin, *Hist. de France*, vol. ix. p. 411, &c.; Capefigue's *Richelieu*, vol. i. p. 258.
[4] Capefigue's *Richelieu*, vol. i. pp. 123, 124; Bazin, *Hist. de Louis XIII.* vol. i. pp. 364, &c.
[5] *Eccl. Hist.* vol. ii. pp. 237, 238.
[6] Capefigue, *La Réforme et la Ligue*, p. 474.

of its widespread net. It was recruited from every rank of society. The noble and the rich joined it to supplant their rivals, the middle classes to enrich themselves, chiefly at the expense of the Church, and the lower orders cajoled or coerced by the preachers of the new opinions. In every province of the kingdom it had long been busy undermining the authority of the King's officers—whenever these last did not happen to be members of the sect—levying men and money, sweeping the tithes and other Church revenues into the Huguenot coffers, commissioning officers, from the highest to the lowest grades, to command their troops, selecting their banners, fortifying cities, and filling their arsenals with the munitions of war.[1] In a word, the preparations for a rising were kept in so advanced a state, that when in 1562, and again in 1567, the storm burst and the Huguenots sprang to their feet in open rebellion, the writers of those times in telling the story have, as Ranke remarks, to travel back to the wars of Mithridates to find an exact parallel to the Huguenot outbreak for secresy of design and rapidity of execution.[2]

But there is a heavier charge than even that of rebellion to be made against the French Huguenots. They were not only rebels in arms against their lawful sovereign; they were moreover traitors, ready and keen to barter away the honour of their country to its hereditary foes. If to the possession of brilliant soldierly qualities, Condé and Coligny had added in reality all the extraordinary merits ascribed to them by the partiality of Protestant writers, their claims to the homage of mankind would be more than cancelled by their shameful and shameless treason to King and country. Finding after the failure of the conspiracy of Amboise, that without foreign help their prospects of success in the war they were levying against their King were of the dimmest, Condé, Coligny, and his brother d'Andelot, instigated and encouraged by Sir Nicholas Throgmorton,[3] who had long laboured to stir up rebellion in

[1] *Essai sur les événements qui ont précédé et amené la Saint-Barthélemy*, p. 19. Thèse présentée à la Faculté de Théologie de Strasbourg, par J. J. Fauriel.

[2] *Civil Wars*, &c., vol. i. p. 343. (Translation, Garvey.)

[3] If Queen Catherine of Medicis, whose conscience was not more delicate than that of Elizabeth herself, had taken and hanged this gentleman to the highest lamp-post in Paris, the punishment would not have been much severer than his base conduct merited. Anyhow Elizabeth would scarcely have been in a position to resent the rough treatment of her ambassador, for we find her acting very summarily with foreign envoys delated to her for similar malpractices. The

the kingdom to which he was accredited, applied to Queen Elizabeth for pecuniary and military aid in the war they were waging against their King. Accordingly we find that after protracted negotiations a treaty was at length formally concluded between the Queen of England, the ally of Charles IX., on the one side, and the Prince of Condé, a subject in arms against his sovereign on the other, by which Elizabeth undertook to advance the sum of one hundred thousand crowns and to land an army of six thousand men on the coast of Normandy, whilst the Huguenot chiefs were to surrender into her hands Rouen, Dieppe, and Havre-de-Grâce, to be detained by her as security not only for the repayment of the money, but also for the restoration of Calais with the adjoining territories to the English.[1] The Prince himself was perfectly alive to the serious risks to which his treasonable conduct exposed him, as is proved by the promise of succour he extracted from the Queen of England, in case "he and the Admiral of France should be taken prisoners and their lives be in danger because they permitted her to enter Newhaven (Havre-de-Grâce).[2] His own followers even came to look upon Condé as a traitor to his country. Men could not help contrasting his conduct with that of the Duke of Guise. It was the chief glory of the latter to have expelled the English from the last stronghold they possessed in France, and had held for upwards of two hundred years, as it will be the enduring infamy of his opponent to have recalled that enemy, and to have basely handed over to him

case of the Bishop of Ross is a case in point. He was "resident" of the Queen of Scots at the Court of Elizabeth. When seized and committed to the Tower for alleged secret intrigues, and in particular for fomenting a rebellion against Elizabeth, he invoked the privileges of an ambassador to extricate him from the difficulty. But Burleigh answered him: "That neither the privileges of an ambassage, nor letters of publick warrandise could protect ambassadors that offended against the publick majesty of a prince, but were liable to punishment." To which Ross retorted by expressing a hope, that "they would not show him fouler play than the English Ambassador Throckmorton in France, and Randolph and Tamworth in Scotland had found, who had raised rebellions and openly fomented them, and yet suffered no greater punishment than the being commanded to depart within such a time." (See the *Harleian Miscellany*, or, Collection of scarce, curious, and entertaining Pamphlets, &c., vol. i. pp. 405—408.)

[1] Lingard, *History of England*, vol. ii. pp. 309, 310. See also Articles of Agreement between the Queen and Condé in the Calendar of State Papers (*Foreign*), September 20, 1562, n. 663.

[2] State Papers, September 20, 1562, n. 666.

two of the most important sea-ports of the kingdom in exchange for the one he had lost.

But I have anticipated a little. There had been treason nearer home two years before these underhand dealings with the English. The first overt act in the strife that was to drench France with the blood of her own sons, was a treasonable attempt, known in history as the Conspiracy of Amboise, probably hatched at Geneva under the eye of Calvin himself and certainly countenanced by the Queen of England,[1] to seize upon the person of the King, Francis II., and place the government of France in the hands of the Huguenot leaders. The plot was, however, defeated by the promptitude of the Duke of Guise. La Renaudie, a reckless, roving soldier of fortune, who to screen his chiefs in the event of failure had consented to play the dangerous part of leader of the insurgents, perished in the conflict, and great numbers of the conspirators were taken and summarily executed. The failure of this attempt against the King broke the project of the Huguenot chiefs, to whom the origin of the conspiracy was clearly traced and who were only saved from punishment by the unexpected death of Francis II. in this same year, 1560, and the advent to power of the Queen mother, Catherine of Medicis, appointed regent during the minority of her next son Charles IX., a boy of ten, who immediately summoned to her side Condé and the other Huguenot chiefs, in the hope of thus neutralizing the ascendency of the house of Guise.[2]

It was not the least of the misfortunes of France that her destinies fell, at this crisis of her history, into the hands of this unscrupulous woman and her sickly brood of vicious boy-kings. Her policy was a game of see-saw, favouring now the Catholic and now the Protestant party, but allowing neither to preponderate, that between the two she might continue to rule supreme. The Huguenots, therefore, who were given the first turn of royal favour, were quick to avail themselves of the opportunity. The years 1560–61 were accordingly fruitful in turbulence and outrage. The Huguenot preachers everywhere stirred up the people to rebellion; they exhorted their brethren in the provinces to make themselves masters of the fortified towns, and drew up petitions full of exorbitant

[1] Lingard, *History of England*, vol. vii. pp. 287, 288.
[2] *Ibid.* pp. 308, seq.

demands, which Coligny urged upon the Government with the significant words, that he was in a position to back them with an armed force of 150,000 men. The city of Nîmes was kept all through the year 1561 in a state of continual panic by the frequent raids of armed bands of Huguenots who, with the connivance of the magistrates, broke into the churches, desecrated the shrines, expelled the monks and nuns from monastery and convent, and committed everywhere the most appalling profanations.[1] Similar scenes were enacted at Montauban, Castres, and Montpellier, in which last place two hundred Catholics were massacred in cold blood. A month before the affair at Vassy, about which I shall have a word to say presently, Languet, himself a Huguenot and the historian of his party, boasted in a letter to the Elector of Saxony, that the *idols* were all broken, and that not a priest dared show his head in Gascony, in Lower Languedoc, and in Provence as far as the Pyrenees, for a circuit of forty leagues.[2] And all this, be it remembered, in time of peace and at the very moment when, as this same Languet confesses in another of his letters, the Catholics were making strenuous efforts to promote a better understanding with their opponents.

Matters were now ready for an explosion. Non-Catholic writers, French and English, attribute the formal outbreak of the first civil war to an affray, commonly called by them the Massacre of Vassy, which occurred March 1st, 1562, and in which about sixty of the Huguenots were killed by the followers of the Duke of Guise. But against this contention we urge, first, that to the Huguenots, bent upon war, but without a colourable pretext for beginning it, the accident was a godsend; secondly, that there is good reason for believing the affray to have been provoked by the Huguenots themselves; thirdly, the dying declaration of the Duke of Guise, preserved by Brantôme, who was present both at Vassy and at the Duke's death, to the effect that the affray was in nowise premeditated, and that, when he would have put an end to it, his conciliatory words were met by the Protestants with a shower of stones, which so exasperated his men that they could no longer be controlled;[3] fourthly, that the affray happened on the 1st of

[1] Ménard, *Hist. de la ville de Nismes*, liv. xiv. passim.
[2] *Lettres de Languet*, passim.
[3] *Hist. de l'Eglise Gallicane*, t. xix. pp. 309, seq.

March, and yet the Calvinists had begun to arm at Nîmes on the 19th of February, and were in the field and had defeated De Flassans by the 6th of March, only five days after the massacre.[1] It is clear, then, that the massacre at Vassy was not the cause, but at most the occasion of the war, its lame excuse, the electric spark that kindled the highly inflammable material which the Huguenots had themselves for long years been industriously collecting to set the country ablaze with the flames of civil strife.

It would be going beyond the limits of this paper to tell in detail the story of the war which now broke out in every province of the kingdom. It will be enough for our purpose to point out that the contest, from its commencement to its close two years before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, is made up of three distinct periods or separate civil wars, followed by as many abortive attempts at a permanent pacification; that the Catholics came out victorious from each of these wars by winning the pitched battles of Dreux in 1563, of Saint-Denis in 1567, and of Jarnac and Moncontour in 1569: that, most remarkable of all, perhaps, as showing that the Catholics were not unwilling to live and let live, after each of these wars terms were granted to the Huguenots nearly as favourable—a full amnesty, that is to say, for the past and ample freedom of conscience for the future—as they could have obtained if they had been the victorious instead of the defeated party; and that the latter, as usual, showed their appreciation of these mercies by hatching fresh plots, and conspiring once again (September, 1567) to surprise the Court and carry off the person of the King at Meaux. There are, however, just two points requiring a word of notice before we conclude. I refer to the murder of the Duke of Guise, and the vandalism and cruelties of the Huguenots; because non-Catholic writers have a way of forgetting or ignoring these details, to concentrate the attention of their readers on the one great crime of the Catholics on St. Bartholomew's day in 1572, to the exclusion of matters which, nevertheless, have a considerable bearing on that deplorable event.

[1] Lingard, *History of England*, vol. vii. p. 310. See also, on the subject of the affray at Vassy, Daniel, *Hist. de France*, t. x. p. 167; Anquetil, *Esprit de la Ligue*, t. i. p. 150; H. Martin, *Hist. de France*, t. ix. p. 114; Ranke, *Civil Wars*, &c., pp. 310—312; La Popelinière, vol. iv. p. 283; De Thou, t. iv. p. 169.

Early in March, 1563, whilst Coligny was giving Normandy, in lieu of pay, to the plunder of his German mercenaries, and the Royalists besieging Orleans were hourly anticipating its fall, their distinguished leader, the Duke of Guise, was assassinated by one Poltrot, a deserter from the Huguenot army in the pay of Coligny. What hand, if any, had the latter in this foul murder? The question is very much to our purpose, for from the hour of the Duke's murder down to his own, ten years later, at the hands of the murdered man's son and successor, Coligny never succeeded in quite clearing himself from the suspicion that he had taken an active part in the assassination of his great rival. If the Admiral had been in truth the model of integrity his apologists and the imagination of poets[1] have laboured to make of him; if to military qualities he undoubtedly possessed he had added the virtues he as undoubtedly did not possess; if, in short, instead of a rebel and a traitor he had been a very Bayard, without fear and without reproach, his high character alone would have formed a sufficient refutation of the hateful accusation. Most Protestant historians, therefore, believing no doubt sincerely in his personal probity, but who shut their eyes to his manifold acts of rebellion and treason, exonerate him from the charge.[2] Others, however, who cannot so easily get over the fact that he was in plain language an apostate from the faith, a rebel, and a traitor, long animated by jealousy, on both private and public grounds, of the great Duke, with whom he had once been united by the ties of the closest friendship, will perhaps be pardoned if they call for something more convincing than doubtful testimonials to character, before dismissing the suspicion altogether from their minds.

Now there is no lack of evidence which, if not conclusive of Coligny's participation in the murder, is quite strong enough to justify the gravest suspicion of his guilt. In the first place his mind, if we may take the word of a couple of French historians by no means unfavourable to the Admiral and his cause, was so clouded by fanaticism that he held the pestilent doctrine of the lawfulness of tyrannicide.[3] Anyhow, his own

[1] See Voltaire's *Henriade*.

[2] Ranke inclines to the belief that Coligny had a guilty knowledge of the murder, if he did not actively connive at it. (*Civil Wars*, &c. vol. i. pp. 324, 325.)

[3] Trogneux, *Hist. de France*, tom. iii. pp. 280, 281; H. Martin, *Hist. de France*, tom. ix. p. 154.

contemporaries seem to have thought him quite capable of the crime. Margaret of Valois never had a doubt of it,[1] and, *teste* Davila,[2] public opinion at once pointed to Coligny and Beza as having both had a hand in the murder. But setting these testimonies aside, we have some important avowals of the Admiral himself. In the Calendar of our own State Papers are to be seen two somewhat laboured apologies "of the Admiral of France for his purgation from the death of the Duke of Guise," written within a few days of the murder, and showing, therefore, amongst other things, how quickly suspicion had pointed its finger at the great Huguenot chief.[3] The substance of these statements bears out Lingard's opinion that if "Coligny did not instigate the assassin, he knew of, and connived at, the intended assassination."[4] For we have his own admission: first, that he gave the murderer Poltrot one hundred crowns to buy himself a horse for his journey to Orleans; secondly, that, when he availed himself of the services of this man as a spy on the movements of Guise, he knew that the varlet had long premeditated and publicly vaunted his design of killing the Duke; thirdly, that "when Poltrot told him he would be glad to kill the Duke of Guise, he (Coligny) never answered one word to say it would be well or evil done, and as little did he believe it could or would be done;" and fourthly, that he was animated by the fiercest animosity against the Duke, since he declares, in a very different spirit from that which animated the Duke of Wellington towards Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, that "Guise was the man of all others the Admiral sought most to meet with at the last battle, and that if he could have planted a cannon against him to slay him, he would have done it, and if he had had ten thousand arquebusiers at his command he would have commanded them to have shot at him before any other, had it been in a field, over a wall, or behind a hedge. In short, he would have spared none of these ways (which by law of arms are permitted in time of hostility) to rid himself of such an enemy as he was to him and many others of the

[1] *Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois.* Lud. Lalenne (1858), p. 28.
[2] *Hist.* &c. p. 195.
[3] Calendar of State Papers (*Foreign*) *Elizabeth*, March 19, 1563, nn. 476—478.
[4] Lingard, *History of England*, vol. vii. p. 320. See note, in which the reader is referred to Petitot's *Collection*, xxxiii. 281.

King's good subjects." He ends by protesting his innocence before God and His angels, and by inviting "any that would be more certain to come and speak with him and he will answer them." He, nevertheless, steadily refused to allow his case to be tried by any of the Parliaments of France, alleging that "he desired to satisfy only those who make a profession of arms, for he knows that such a case happening in time of war is not subject to be purged by way of justice;" finally, he screened himself, as a last resource, behind the general amnesty accorded by the Edict of Pacification at the end of the war—a mode of defence on a par, it will perhaps be thought, with the insolvent debtor's declaration of bankruptcy. Years after, it is true, he was formally acquitted by the King's Council; but the court was then packed with the Admiral's adherents, and the act by which the murdered man's family acquiesced in the verdict was manifestly dictated by policy rather than by a sincere belief in its justice. They remembered and avenged the crime on the terrible day of St. Bartholomew. In fine, whether Coligny was an accomplice or not in the foul murder of his rival, those who read his two apologies will probably share the opinion of the Admiral's friends, when they expressed a wish "that he had either held his tongue or defended himself to better purpose."[1]

This necessarily meagre sketch would be still more incomplete if it passed over in silence, as non-Catholics often do, the many massacres and acts of vandalism perpetrated by the Huguenots in the ten short years of these three civil wars. Though none of these massacres equal in the number of the slain the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, they have generally a character of greater wantonness, of more inhuman cruelty and deliberate malice. Orleans, Le Mans, Troyes, Tours, Bayeux, Angers, Bourges, Rouen, Macon, La Rochelle, Grenoble, Poitiers, and many other towns, signalized their zeal for Calvin by scenes of indescribable horror, in which churches were spoiled, altars desecrated, the relics of the saints thrown to

[1] Pasquier, liv. iv. p. 108. Though the depositions of the Duke's murderer, Poltrot, can scarcely be admitted as evidence against Coligny, inasmuch as he varied a good deal in his statements, it is nevertheless noteworthy that, when brought face to face with death in the hour of his execution, he made three separate and distinct declarations to the effect that he had been instigated by the Admiral to kill the Duke of Guise *pour le service de Dieu.* (See Bossuet, *Variations*, l. x. c. 55.)

the winds, monks driven out of their convents, religious women outraged, and priests banished, hanged, or thrown headlong into wells or pits, and all this, be it remembered, by men who fought, so they said, only for freedom of conscience.[1] Lyons, which the Huguenots had vainly endeavoured to surprise in 1561, was betrayed into their hands a year later by its Governor, the Count de Sault, and fell a prey to the fury of the infamous Baron des Adrets, whose name figures constantly in our State Papers as being in treasonable correspondence with the enemies of his country, who delighted in the slaughter of priests, who hurled his victims for an after-dinner sport from the battlements on to the pikes of his soldiers below, and forced his Catholic prisoners to attend the *prêche*, "because," as he said with a profanity worthy of Cromwell, "it has pleased God to drive out every species of idolatry."[2]

One more example of Huguenot fanaticism. The outbreak of the second civil war was marked by a fiendish massacre committed at Nîmes on Michaelmas day, 1567, which is consequently known in France as the *Michelade*. Though studiously lost sight of by non-Catholic writers,[3] this is one of the most inhuman of many Huguenot atrocities, perpetrated without the excuse of sudden excitement, but at the instigation and with the approval of their Calvinistic preachers and synods. In reading the story one rubs one's eyes to make sure that one has not stumbled by mistake on an account of the September massacres executed by the Jacobins of Paris two centuries later, so identical are the two stories in all their revolting details. There is the same cold-blooded deliberateness on the part of the murderers, the same absence of provocation or resistance on that of the victims. From the Hôtel de Ville, in which numbers of them had been previously secured, they were led out one by one, their throats cut, and their bodies cast into a deep well. This part of the butchery lasted for two hours by torchlight, and dawn of day found the assassins busy searching every house in the town, whence they dragged the

[1] Languet, *Lettres*, passim; Martin, *Hist.* tom. ix.; Lavallée, *Hist.* tom. i. &c.

[2] *Histoire véritable de la ville de Lyon*, par Cl. De Rubys (1640); also for details of excesses committed at Lyons, see *Discours des premieres troubles advenus à Lyon*, par Gabriel de Saconay (an eye-witness), Lyons, 1569.

[3] Anquetil, Lavallée, and Ranke are silent on the point; H. Martin dismisses the subject in a note of two lines.

Catholics, and without giving them time to say a last prayer, pitilessly shot or cut them down. In the number of victims, which reaches a total of one hundred and fifty, or according to others, of three hundred, was the Vicar-General of the diocese, who was first brutally paraded through the streets and exposed to the insults of the infuriated Huguenots, then cruelly murdered and precipitated into the well where the corpses of the other victims were already weltering.[1]

But it was not to man alone that the fanaticism of the Huguenots showed itself implacable; it vented its rage also on inanimate stone, on images and monuments, and churches and cathedrals, and on the sacred vessels of Catholic worship, doing more in a few years or months than the fury of the elements or the wear of time in centuries, to destroy the fairy-like productions of Christian art. This frenzy of demolition set in with the outbreak of the first civil war in 1562. With a sudden impulse, as if in obedience to a preconcerted signal, the Huguenot rebels burst, like demons of destruction, over the whole length and breadth of the land. The crowbar, the hammer, and the axe were plied with unflagging fury. Neither delicate tracery, nor richly-tinted window, nor the tombs of kings or heroes or saints found grace in their eyes. The elaborate workmanship of centuries perished in a day. No such havoc had been wrought in beautiful France since the days of the destroying Albigeois. The loss, moreover, inflicted on learning by these impious and illiterate fanatics is incalculable, and in too many instances irreparable, for their fell passage through the land is everywhere marked by the destruction of the ancient monasteries, together with the precious libraries and accumulated treasures of manuscripts they contained;[2] so that when Charles IX. traversed France in 1564, he had to pick his way through a scene of ruin and desolation which recalled to mind the vandalism of the fifth and sixth centuries.[3]

[1] Mesnard, *Histoire de Nismes*, tom. v. p. 16; also D. Vaissette, *Hist. Générale de Languedoc*, tom. v. p. 298; Fauriel, loc. cit.

[2] See Maitland's *Dark Ages*, pp. 231—233.

[3] See on this subject of the Vandalism of the Huguenots, Rubys, loc. cit.; *Archives du Rhone* (1828); Daniel, *Hist. de France*, tom. x. p. 309; *Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens*, tom. ii. pp. 67—73; *Lettres de Languet*, passim. Cf. also Picot, *Essai Hist. sur l'influence de la religion en France pendant le 17ième Siecle.*

What wonder if such a storm of sacrilege and violence awoke in the breasts of the Catholic people a corresponding rage for blood, and excited a fierce spirit of retaliation, which reached its height in the appalling Massacre of St. Bartholomew. With the story of that terrible deed of blood I hope to deal in another paper.

In the meantime, to sum up what has been said in this, when it is borne in mind that Calvinism in France, as everywhere else, was a political far more even than a religious movement, inciting to rebellion against Church and State alike; that the Huguenots were persistent in their efforts by all means, by secret treachery and open force, to uproot the Catholic faith and overturn the monarchy; that they twice conspired to seize the person of the King, thrice raised aloft the standard of rebellion, and though defeated in four pitched battles obstinately plotted on, always pardoned and always relapsing; that they publicly rejoiced in their conventicles over the murder by one of their number of the noble Duke of Guise,[1] deservedly popular with the French nation for his defence of Metz against Charles V. and his rescue of Calais out of the power of the English; that they entered into treasonable bargains with the inveterate and hereditary foe of their country, and delivered over to him two of its principal towns, the very keys of the kingdom, in pledge for a third; that in the first transports of uncontrolled "freedom of conscience" they overran whole provinces, destroying churches, invading monasteries, murdering priests, butchering unarmed men and women in thousands, sacking and burning towns and villages literally by hundreds;—when these facts are borne in mind, there is surely no man so blindly prejudiced but will, whilst still execrating as heartily as we ourselves execrate, the retaliatory excesses of the Catholics, at least cease to regard the Huguenots as the helpless victims of an unprovoked and unmerited persecution.

[1] See Ranke, *Civil Wars*, vol. i. p. 219. "Even in the churches (Calvinistic)," he writes, "the act was spoken of as a righteous judgment of God."

A LETTER ON

THE REVIVAL OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH IN ENGLAND

BY

CHARLES T. GATTY, F.S.A.

FIFTH EDITION

"And the Spirit and the Bride say 'Come . . . . And let him that is athirst come.'"—*Rev. xxii.* 17.

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A LETTER ON THE REVIVAL OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH IN ENGLAND.

Introduction.

1. After being kept down by force for near three hundred years, the Catholic faith is once more taught in this land. Some amongst you, who favour free trade in religious beliefs, and think that every man may save his soul by the light of his own conscience, without hindrance from others, do not object to the Catholic revival. Others protest against it, and call the Catholics idolaters, spies working for a foreign sovereign, inciters to immorality, and clever but dangerous persons. Such are the accusations brought against us Catholics, whose chief fault is our religion.

2. Do you suppose that we can listen patiently to such charges, and say nothing? Those among you who are fair minded (and these increase daily) would like to hear from one of us what we believe in, and why we believe it. You see us walk about in flesh and blood, obey the laws of the land, fill offices of trust, and bring up our children as becomes Christian people. You see that though we be full of human weakness, at any rate we try to live soberly and justly in the sight of God and man.

3. I cannot in this letter explain everything. I can only try to answer some of the common objections against our faith. I was born a Protestant, and brought up in Protestant prejudice, so I have felt what many of

WIFE, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." If you accept the Gospel, you cannot abuse the Catholic clergy for leaving all domestic ties for the sake of Christ, because our Lord praised those who left their wives. He promised them rewards in eternal life. He praised those who kept from marriage for His sake. His Apostle John saw them in heaven, and speaks of them as "the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth. These are they which were not defiled with women; for they are virgins. These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." St. Paul teaches that the unmarried can serve God with greater effect than the married. He writes:—"He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord: but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife."

7. With Christ, with St. Paul, and with the Catholic Church, marriage is elevated into a Sacrament; but the Catholic Church, like our Lord, takes her Apostles from those who have the higher *call* to an unmarried life. Marriage is a natural vocation, celibacy a supernatural. The natural man prefers marriage. The domestic virtues of the English Protestant clergy are well known. The easy income, the quiet vicarage, the well-ordered family, the pony-carriage, and the position in county society, are things to which the natural man looks forward as temporal blessings. But the vocation of the Catholic priest is one that is hungered after only by the supernatural man. It is a call *out of*, and not *into*, the world. The world laughs at the consecration of a pure life to the service of God, as much now as when the early Christian writer Athenagoras said to the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius, "You will find many of our people, both men and women, grown old in the single state, in hope thereby of a closer union with God." The world was wrong then, and the world is wrong now.

Protestantism is on the same side with the world; the Catholic Church is of one mind with the early Christian writer.

Vows and Poverty.

8. "That may be," you say, "but your clergy take vows of poverty as well as chastity. What *is* the use of that? I do not approve of taking vows at all." To which I answer, be patient, and look again at Scripture, and see if you have not missed as much about this as about marriage.

9. Does not the Christian life begin with vows made at Baptism? The practice of binding the soul to God by a vow was a Jewish custom, continued by the Christians. In the book of Numbers we learn that "Israel vowed a vow unto the Lord." In Deuteronomy we read, "When thou shalt vow a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not be slack to pay it; for the Lord thy God will surely require it of thee; and it would be sin in thee." In the Acts of the Apostles not only did St. Paul take a vow, but he shaved his head as an outward sign of the fact. The Catholic clergy, like St. Paul, shave a tonsure on the head when they take priestly vows.

10. You may think it "rubbish," but do you think the practice was "rubbish" in St. Paul? Ladies mark their marriage vows with a ring; teetotalers show a blue riband, and Freemasons and Oddfellows wear badges and decorations as symbols of their profession. You do not jeer at these nor say it is "rubbish;" but when some poor Catholic priest marks his profession by an outward sign of the inward grace, then it is "rubbish," and "mummery," and "superstition." Holy Scripture and the practice of St. Paul is with the Catholic priest; Protestantism is against him.

11. Then as to Poverty. Is it not a sacrifice, pleasing to God? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," says St. Paul, "that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor." "Woe unto you that

are rich," says our Lord. A camel may more easily go through the eye of a needle than a rich man enter the Kingdom of God. Christianity began among the poor. The Redeemer had no place to lay His head. He was born in a stable, and died without possessions upon a cross. When the rich young man asked what good thing he should do to gain eternal life, Jesus said "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." The youth replied, "All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?" Jesus answered, "*If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow Me.*" Here you see that the call to apostleship is a *step beyond* the keeping of the commandments. All who would "enter into life" must do that, but of others more is expected.

12. God often calls baptized Christians, Catholic or Protestant, to give up all and follow Christ. I have seen such calls in Protestant families. A son or daughter has quoted the words of our Lord to a parent, and what has been the result? In nine cases out of ten a very serious *row!* The sentiment has been snubbed, and the child disgraced or turned away from home. You can see why; Protestantism does not like such calls, and does not know what to do with them. As Lord Macaulay said, "The ignorant enthusiast whom the Anglican Church makes an enemy—and, whatever the polite and learned may think, a most dangerous enemy—the Catholic Church makes a champion."*

A Fair Conclusion.

13. And now, reader, do you not see that Catholics have kept up high ideals of chastity, poverty, and leaving ties for the sake of Christ, which Protestants have quite passed over? These ideals are part of Christ's teaching; they are often praised and blessed in the Gospel, yet where shall we find them even encouraged in any

* Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes.

Protestant sect? If you believe the words of Christ, you *must* believe in the virtue of giving up home and friends and wife and family for His sake. You cannot take *what you like* out of Christ's teaching, and *leave the rest.* You cannot pick and choose only what suits *your own private feelings.* Some of you may have felt this call. How dreadful that you should never have been able to answer it! "Go and sell all that thou hast, and follow Me"—have you never wondered why Protestants ignored these words? Catholics have never ignored them. There have always been Catholic monks and nuns on the earth, giving up all for Christ, and leading lives apart from the world. This is our strong point to-day, as it was our strong point a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago. God calls us now—one from this trade, another from that—to give up all for Him. We can go; there is no "row" at home. Parents weep at the parting—Catholic sisters and brothers love each other as tenderly as any others—but when the call comes, all thank God for His mercy in giving their family such a mark of His love. The Catholic mother is as *proud* that Christ has called her son, as that mother who prayed the Lord that her boys might sit beside Him in heaven.

Fasting.

14. There is another peculiarity about Catholics. They live a life of *fasting*, as well as of prayer. "Well," I hear some Protestant exclaim, "surely you must admit that *that* is nonsense." I am not going to admit that *anything* is nonsense about religious matters because you say so. I know that Protestants often think things "nonsense" which are part of Christ's teaching.

15. Was it "nonsense" in St. John Baptist to eat only locusts and wild honey, and wear a camel's-hair garment with leathern girdle? If so, I will admit that our monks are guilty of equal folly, for they have the spare diet, the rough clothing, and the leathern girdle. But look to the Example of examples, Christ Himself.

Did He fast, or did He not? Did He commend the practice, or was He indifferent to it? Our Lord fasted forty days and forty nights. He is our model in fasting as well as in prayer. After He had ordained a form of prayer, He *immediately* went on to give orders as to fasting. The disciples of John asked why Christ's disciples did not fast, and He replied that the children would not mourn as long as the bridegroom was with them, "but the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, *and then shall they fast*." And they did fast when He was gone. St. Paul writes, "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions . . . in *fastings*." In another passage he speaks of his own "*fastings often*." When St. Paul and St. Barnabas were called to the ministry by the Holy Ghost, the prophets and teachers at Antioch "ministered to the Lord, and *fasted*," and those who were to be ordained "*fasted* and prayed" also.

16. Perhaps you will say that fasting is a Protestant virtue. I hope it is. If so, it is certainly done secretly. I spent all my young life in a Protestant clergyman's family, and always lived amongst Protestant friends, and save in a very few cases I never heard of fasting as a Protestant practice. It formed no part of the Protestant sermons I heard for years. Of all Catholic practices it is the one most open to notice and ridicule, because it comes under observation at hospitable Protestant tables. The Catholic Church is practical, and there are fixed times for fasting. We have our rules, and though you may say they are silly, we find them edifying. When there are no regulations, pious practices are apt to fall into disuse.

17. So you see fasting is another of the cases which prove that Catholics not only *hear* the Word of God, but *keep it*. And, if medical men are right, there never was an age when abstinence was more needed. Food is cheap and abundant, and the London physicians are always preaching a prudent abstinence to those who make their belly their god. Gluttony is a sin, but it is

one seldom spoken of. Mr. Ruskin says that the English clergy *dare* not tell the truth to their congregations now-a-days. If this is because they live too much on a level with their flocks, and try for nothing higher, then perhaps the world is finding out that our monks are right after all.

The Bible.

18. You may say it is no good defending Catholics out of the Bible, because we do not believe in the Bible. Nay more, that we suppress the Bible, and forbid our people to read it. Of course if you knew more about the Catholic Church than I, who have been studying it from the inside for several years, I would listen to such a statement; but the fact of anyone thinking it true, proves that they know nothing whatever about the Church. My Catholic Bible is before me. It is the English translation of the New Testament first printed in 1582, and the same of the Old Testament first printed in 1600. It is the translation ordered by the Pope and Bishops, which has been regularly printed for the last three hundred years. How do I come by such a thing if it is forbidden? Some Bibles *have* been forbidden, I know, but those were prejudiced translations.

19. It is not true that Luther *re-discovered* the Bible after it had been lost for ages. This is a lie, and I will prove it. In 1877 the Caxton Exhibition took place in London, to which were sent many examples of early printing, and several editions of the Bible, printed in all the European languages *before Luther was born*. The *Athenæum*, the leading Protestant literary newspaper in England, says, "It is time we should hear no more of Luther as the first German Bible translator." I should think so. Why, *there were twenty-seven different editions of the Bible in German printed before Luther's*. Another Protestant journal, writing on the Caxton Exhibition, says:—

"This catalogue will be very useful for one thing at any rate as

disproving *the popular lie* about Luther *finding* the Bible for the first time at Erfurt about 1507. Not only are there very many editions of the Latin Vulgate long anterior to that time, but there were actually NINE GERMAN EDITIONS OF THE BIBLE IN THE CAXTON EXHIBITION EARLIER THAN 1483, THE YEAR OF LUTHER'S BIRTH, and at least three more before the end of the century."

20. Three Italian editions of the Bible were printed in the year 1471, *twelve years before Luther was born!* "More than forty editions of the Bible in Italian," says Mr. Allnatt, "are reckoned before the appearance of the first Protestant edition!" The Bible was translated into Spanish in 1405, and was printed in 1478, before Luther was in existence. In France the publication took place in the same year.

As soon as the art of printing was known, the Catholic Church published the Scriptures, as she had multiplied them in manuscript. The Protestant Canon Dixon says:—"From the earliest times the English Church or nation was possessed of the sacred writings through the labours of monks or bishops."

He also explains why the English Catholic bishops burnt some editions of the Bible. He says:—

"If the clergy had acted thus simply because they would have kept the people ignorant of the word of God, they would have been without excuse. BUT IT WAS NOT SO. Every one of the little volumes containing portions of the sacred text that was issued by Tyndale, contained also a prologue and notes written with such hot fury of vituperation against the prelates and clergy, the monks and friars, the rites and ceremonies of the Church, as .... was hardly likely to commend it to the favour of those who were attacked. Moreover, the versions themselves were held to be hostile to the Catholic faith, as it was then understood *and to convey the sense unskilfully or maliciously.*"

It is against *prejudiced translations*, against *Protestant notes and interpretations*, and against *mistranslations*, and not against the Holy Scripture itself, that Catholic authorities have proceeded.

21. Remember this, too: Protestants cannot wipe off the Statute Book of England the following enact-

ment passed years after the Reformation by a Protestant Parliament:—

"That a penalty of a month's imprisonment should be inflicted for each offence upon any woman, husbandman, artificer, serving-man, apprentice, or journeyman, who should read the scripture to themselves, or to others, privately or openly."

22. Another Protestant, the Rev. E. Cutts, D.D., writes:—

"There is a good deal of popular misapprehension about the way in which the Bible was regarded in the Middle Ages. Some people think that it was very little read, even by the clergy; whereas the fact is that the sermons of the mediæval preachers are more full of Scripture quotations and allusions than any sermons in these days; and the writers on other subjects are so full of scriptural allusion, that it is evident their minds were saturated with scriptural diction .... Another common ERROR is, that the clergy were unwilling that the laity should read the Bible for themselves, and carefully kept it in an unknown tongue, that the people might not be able to read it. The truth is, that most people who could read at all could read Latin, and would certainly prefer to read the authorized Vulgate to any vernacular version. But it is also true that translations into the vernacular were made .... We have the authority of Sir Thomas More for saying that 'the whole Bible was long before Wycliffe's days, by virtuous and well-learned men, translated into the English tongue, and by goodly and godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read.'"

The Protestant *Quarterly Review*, in 1879, said:—

"The notion that people in the Middle Ages did not read their Bibles is probably exploded, except among the more ignorant of controversialists."

23. And now, reader, be fair towards Catholics over this matter in future. Remember, that God requires of you an account of every judgment you pass on Catholics. Speak against the Church if you like, but *be sure you speak the strict truth about her teaching respecting the Bible.* Be sure you give the words from her Catechism:*—

"Every sort of doctrine which is to be delivered to the faithful is contained in the Word of God, which is divided into Scripture and Tradition."

* Catechism of the Council of Trent; preface.

Be sure and make it plain that by Tradition she means her own unbroken chain of testimony, to which she appeals for proof when she gives to her children the Books of Holy Scripture themselves. It is from Catholic Tradition alone that we know these books are what we believe them to be. To her Tradition and testimony we look, since it is she that has decided which books are Scripture and which are not.

24. Also, be modest when you think of what has happened to the Bible since it has been consigned to the tender mercies of the Protestant theologians of Germany. Read these few words from the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1880:—

"The land which was the cradle of the Reformation has become the grave of the Reformed faith .... Denial of every tenet of the Protestant faith among the thinking classes, and indifference in the masses, are the positive and negative agencies beneath which the Church of Luther and Melancthon has succumbed .... In contiguous parishes of Catholic and Protestant populations, one invariable distinction has long been patent to all eyes and conclusions. *The path to the Catholic Church is trodden bare, that to the Protestant Church is rank with grasses and weeds to the very door.*"

The Infallibility of the Pope.

25. Perhaps you think it is impossible to believe in the infallibility of any human creature. I ask you, why is this impossible? You answer, because all men *can* err and *do* err. I reply if all men *can* err and *do* err, why should not the men who wrote the Holy Scriptures have erred also? You may say *you believe* that Almighty God protected them from error. Exactly, and that is the kind of claim we make for the Pope. We believe that the Pope has divine assistance which enables him to determine matters of faith and morals. You may think it ridiculous, but it may be true for all that. It is not more ridiculous that God should protect the Pope from error in faith and morals, than that God should so protect St. Paul. The subject is a *man* in either case, and though every man be liable

to error, it is not ridiculous to suppose that for a special purpose God might give to any man this divine assistance, as He gave the gifts of prophecy and inspiration to the men of old.

26. Remember, no Catholic believes that the Pope cannot sin. No Catholic believes that the Pope is infallible in *private life*. It is only when, as Supreme Pastor and Teacher of the Church, speaking to the *whole* Church, deciding questions of faith or morals, that we believe him divinely protected from error. The Pope as temporal sovereign has ruled over the States of the Church, but his infallibility "does not touch his decisions in temporal affairs." No Catholic holds that in every speech, conversation, or writing the Pope is infallible.

27. After all, Protestants are in the same boat with Catholics over this. I once asked a Nonconformist Minister, "How is a man to find the truth amidst the present confusion of tongues?" He replied, "If a man takes the Scriptures and seeks the aid of the Holy Spirit, he will be directed into all truth." What is this but saying that every searcher after the light is infallible? Here is not one Pope, but millions. Here is infallibility all round! The only difficulty about the personal infallibility of everybody is, that hardly any two agree about anything, so that thousands of contrary opinions *would all be infallibly true*, and the Holy Spirit would be teaching one thing to one man and an opposite thing to another! Some people find it hard to believe consistent dogmas, but what would they say if they had to believe *inconsistent* ones? If you come to reckon up what is *reasonable* in such a matter as this, surely a system professing one faith, even though it does include the divine assistance of one man when disputes arise as to what is the one truth, is far more logical, and *possible*, than a battle-field of conflicting opinions WHERE EVERYBODY CLAIMS TO BE RIGHT AND NO TWO PEOPLE AGREE.

28. You will tell me that there is not a word in Holy Scripture about the Infallibility of the Pope. I used to think so at one time, but the Bible is a large book, and

the Protestant often picks out what suits his arguments and ignores what supports the Catholic arguments. Let me call your attention to one or two points. Did it ever occur to you to consider the peculiar position given by our Lord to St. Peter?

(1) When our Lord received from His Apostles their declaration of faith in Him as the Son of God, it is Simon Peter who says "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Our Lord even changed Peter's name from Simon to Peter, which means a *Rock*, and said to him:—

"And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven."

These words have only one meaning. Christ built His Church upon St. Peter, and gave to him the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. Explain the words otherwise, and you explain them away. You may say that St. Peter received no more than the rest of the Apostles, or any other Christian—yes, *you may say so*, but Christ says something else.

Our Lord said that St. Peter's confession of faith was no inspiration of flesh and blood, but of "the Father which is in heaven." To St. Peter Christ gave the keys of His Divine Kingdom or Church, for St. Peter was to be the chief steward.

(2) After His Resurrection our Lord called upon St. Peter three times to declare his love, and each time commanded him to feed the sheep and lambs. There was to be the One Fold, and St. Peter was to be the chief shepherd on earth. Even when Jesus foretold that St. Peter would for the moment deny his Master, He assured him that He had specially prayed for him to the Father, and called upon him to confirm his brethren.

(3) In the lists of the Apostles given in the Gospels, St. Peter is always named *first*.

(4) In the Council at Jerusalem, when the Apostles chose one to fill the place of Judas, it is Peter who opens the proceedings and gives directions for the undertaking.

29. The special prerogatives given by Jesus Christ to St. Peter are claimed to-day by his successors, the Popes of Rome. The word *Pope* means *Father*, and the Pope has *always* been regarded as the Father of the faithful in the Catholic Church.

This has been acknowledged by all the early Christian writers. Take these only:—

Tertullian (A.D. 195):—

"Was anything hidden from Peter, who is called the Rock whereon the Church was to be built?"

Origen (A.D. 216):—

"To Peter was the supreme power to feed the sheep delivered, and upon him, as on the earth, the Church was founded."

"Peter, upon whom the Church of Christ is built."

St. Cyprian (A.D. 248):—

"Peter, whom the Lord chose as first, and upon whom He built His Church."

"There is one Church, founded by the Lord Christ upon Peter, for the origin and purpose of unity."

St. Optatus (A.D. 370):—

"Thou canst not deny that thou knowest that in the city of Rome to Peter first the episcopal chair was given, in which sat the first of all the Apostles, Peter; . . . in which one chair *unity might be preserved by all.*"

St. Ambrose (A.D. 385):—

"Peter's ship, which is the Church. That ship is not tossed about in which prudence sails, where unbelief is not, where faith blows. . . . For how could that be tossed about in which he presided, *in whom is the foundation of the Church?*"

St. Chrysostom (A.D. 387):—

"Peter, the Head of the Apostles, the first in the Church . . and when I name Peter I name that unbroken Rock, the firm Foundation."

St. Augustine (A.D. 430):—

"The Roman Church, in which the supremacy of the Apostolic See has always been in force."

I could fill a book with like quotations. You may say you do not care what the early Christians believed, but mark this: there are the words of Christ to Peter; you cannot get away from them, and the early Christian interpretation of them is more likely to be Apostolic than yours.

30. "This is all very well," I hear you say, "but look at your bad Popes!" We do look at them, and we detest the sins of Catholics far more than those of Protestants. But as nobody ever said that Catholics were without offences, it is a poor argument to prove that they are sinners. Suppose St. Paul had sinned after his conversion, would that prove he did not teach true doctrine? You twit us about bad Popes, but what do you think the Apostles would have said if you had twitted them about the apostasy of Judas? There was a man chosen by Christ Himself, and he sells our Lord for thirty pieces of silver! The grace of God is the heavenly treasure, and the heart of man is the earthen vessel. Judas fell away, as many more have done, but God has never left His Church.

31. That Church has existed for more than eighteen hundred years. She has confronted atheism and heresy, has fostered education, and given to the world the highest human achievements in literature and art. She is an independent religious body that stands before kings and claims freedom of conscience for her children. What wonder if from the story of all these centuries the Protestant can unearth sinful acts and errors of judgment, on all matters outside of the realm of faith? What is the testimony of impartial Protestant writers as to the value of the Catholic Church in human history? Mr. Kinglake, in his *Eothen*, remarks:—

"The universal aptness of a religious system for all stages of civilization, and for all sorts and conditions of men, well befits its claim of Divine origin. She is of all nations and of all times, that wonderful Church of Rome."

The Protestant Dean Milman, speaking of the 5th century, wrote :—

"On the throne of Rome alone, of all the greater Sees, did religion maintain its majesty, its sanctity, its piety; and, if it demanded undue deference, the world would not be inclined ridgidly to question pretensions supported as well by such singular and unimpeachable virtue."

Again :—

"From the 6th century to the 14th, the Papal power was the great conservator of Christianity, of the best Christianity, perhaps, which those ages could receive, and it was of inestimable benefit to European civilization."

James Anthony Froude says :—

"Never in all their history, in ancient times or modern, never that we know of, have mankind thrown out of themselves anything so grand, so useful, so beautiful as the Catholic Church once was."

Archdeacon Farrar says :—

"From the fifth to the thirteenth century, the Church was engaged in elaborating the most splendid organization which the world has ever seen."

Outside the Catholic Church.

32. The foundation of the Catholic faith is the Word of God interpreted by the Church of Christ. The Holy Spirit was given to the Church to enable her to guide men into all truth. Our Saviour told His Apostles there were things which they could not then "bear" to be taught, but the Spirit of Truth would reveal them. No other body dares to claim this divine assistance except the Catholic Church, and she has enjoyed it from the first. Look at the state of things outside this One Fold! What have men to fall back upon except human judgment when they leave the Church?

33. Consider why you accept Christianity at all. You believe this doctrine, and reject that, but on what system do you do this? You answer that you accept what you find in the Bible, and reject what you do not find there. Which means this—that you make yourself the judge as

to what the Bible says. You allow the same privilege to everybody else until you come to the Catholic, and when he tells you that he finds his religion in the Bible, you denounce him! Surely this is ridiculous. Are not Catholics just as learned, just as sensible as Protestants? Why should not they be just as good interpreters of Scripture? Protestants talk about "liberty of conscience," and "every man saving his own soul by the light given to him." Well, have we not just as good a right to our light as you have to yours? If you say that God enlightens every man who seeks the truth, you cannot deny me that privilege. In denouncing the light I have, you denounce the God Who gave it. You claim liberty for your own conscience, but you deny it to mine. You *profess* one thing, and you *practise* another. You do not really hold that each man may interpret Scripture according to the light he has; you want every man to interpret it according to YOUR way of thinking, and if he does not, you denounce him.

Protestant liberty is a fraud. There was a like liberty among the Kilkenny cats—for the survivors.

34. If Protestants were of one mind as to the meaning of the Bible, their constant appeals to it would be reasonable, but as a matter of fact, no two of them agree as to what it means, whereas Catholics have but one interpretation. The Protestants and their Bible are like relations fighting over a will. One says the departed meant *this*: another says he meant *that*. Each reads the document a different way, to suit his own interest, and the intentions of the writer have to be settled in a court of justice. It is much the same thing with the Testament of our Lord. There is the document; some say it means one thing, some another. It certainly cannot mean fifty things.

You know how the system works. William, Thomas, and James each take a Bible; each finds a religion of his own; each opens a chapel, and starts a sect. One prescribes infant baptism, another adult only. Which is right? You may say that *that* doctrine is unimportant. Is it really *unimportant* whether an infant be baptized or

not? One says our Lord is God, another that He is only a man. Both appeal to the Bible for proof. Which is right? The Church of England declares that two visible sacraments are *necessary to salvation*. The Quakers admit no sacraments at all. Both appeal to the Bible. Which is right? Luther, and after him the Lutheran body to this day, believe in the Real Presence of Christ in the sacrament. The Augsburg Confession says:—

"Touching the Lord's Supper, it is thought, that the true body and blood of Christ are, under the form of bread and wine, truly present, given, distributed, and taken in the Eucharist."

To put this beyond doubt, the orthodox Lutherans decreed in the "Formulary of Concord," that the body of Christ is administered *in*, *with*, and *under* the bread. In fierce opposition to this most Protestants entirely reject such a doctrine. All appeal to the Bible. Which is right? Here are views wholly opposed to one another, and each exponent appeals to Holy Scripture. In short, may we not say this, that THERE IS NO DOCTRINE WHICH THE WIT OF MAN HATH EVER FASHIONED OUT OF THE WORD OF GOD, THAT HATH NOT BEEN BOTH DEMONSTRATED AND DENOUNCED BY AN APPEAL TO HOLY SCRIPTURE?

35. A Protestant clergyman once tried to find what doctrines are held by all Protestants. He began by stripping off those which are *not* held by every sect, so as to arrive at the residuum which all admit. He wrote:—

"Are Presbyterians Protestants?—Yes.—Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in Episcopacy. Are Independents Protestants?—Yes.—Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in any established line of ministry. Are Anabaptists Protestants?—Yes.—Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in Infant Baptism. Are Quakers Protestants?—Yes.—Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in any Sacraments. Are the Swiss Calvinists Protestants?—Yes.—Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in the Atonement. Are the new school of German Lutherans Protestants?—Yes.—Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in Original Sin. Are Socinians Protestants?—Yes.—Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in our Lord's Divinity.

"We have now seen that, of all the articles of the Apostles' Creed, Protestants are only agreed in believing two, namely, the first, that there is one God; and the last, the Resurrection of the Body and the Life Everlasting. Nay, I might without any injustice go further. Socinians cannot be said really to hold the first article, because if they deny God the Son, they clearly deny God the Father as Father: and Universalists do not hold the last clause because they deny the eternity of punishment, which is implied in it. The Resurrection of the Body, then, is all that Protestants, as Protestants, of all sects and sorts, agree in believing, I mean of matters contained in the Apostles' Creed, and in the sense of that Creed."

The Protestant Bible Theory.

36. This is built upon *human learning and human opinion*. Our Lord said, "Ye search the Scriptures," but He used those words to the Jews, who were always reading the Old Testament, *and yet were unable to arrive at the truth!* The New Testament was not then written. To search into writings involves the necessity of being able to read. Millions have lived who could not read; how about them? It is no sin to be uneducated. Our Lord never condemned want of scholarship. Before the invention of printing, books had to be written, and were very expensive; one cannot suppose that revelation was dependent on the introduction of a cheap printing press! Our Lord never mentioned the writing of the Gospel; He spoke of it being "preached." He said "He that heareth you heareth Me," but not a word about writing or printing. Supposing, however, we had to search out the truth, how about the average span of man's existence? Who can guarantee life enough to unravel half the difficulties presented by the language only of Holy Scripture? The text is often the translation of a translation: ought we not to assure ourselves of the perfection of these processes? According to modern German and English criticism, the Bible is full of errors and interpolations. Luther called the Epistle of St. James an "epistle of straw," and "was wont to say of the first three Gospels, that in them the Gospel was

not to be found" (Moehler). Dr. Keim rejects the fourth Gospel, and is followed by a host more. If you and I are responsible for searching out revelation, it would be some comfort,—would it not?—to be able to depend on the Bible critics, but I'm afraid that the more they search the more they reject. Is our scholarship sufficient to trace all these arguments? Besides which, what are we to be going on with until we have searched the Scriptures? You may say that you take the Scriptures as you find them. Exactly; your *searching* begins by accepting the testimony of scholars that these books are what you think them to be, and what are you to do now that another group of scholars gives another testimony? *You are at the mercy of human learning.*

37. Again, what will you say to a case like Miss Martineau's? She was one of the ablest of modern Englishwomen. She was honest, and read her Bible, but she came to the terrible conclusion that it was so utterly repugnant to her moral sense, it could not be the Word of God. What could you have said to her? In scholarship she was better than most, in ability she was far above the average, and no doubt she thought her moral sense as correct as yours. You see that if we lean on this person or that, we trust a broken reed. *We are at the mercy of human opinion.*

38. In the Catholic Church you have the *institution*, founded by Christ, years before the Gospels or Epistles were written, against which Christ said the gates of hell should not prevail. You have the command of Christ to "hear the Church," and there is only one institution which claims to be that Church. This Church keeps and interprets the Word of God, because Christ promised its first teachers, "The Spirit shall guide you into all truth." You have also the experience of eighteen centuries. *Inside* the Church the Holy Scriptures and the doctrines of Christ have been *preserved;* whereas outside the Church, both the revelation itself and the doctrines it teaches, change and decay under our very eyes.

The Greek Church.

39. Some Anglicans have a vague hope that though Western Protestantism is getting weaker in its controversy with Rome, still "there is the great Eastern Church." Indeed there is; and Dr. Neale, who knew more about it than any other man in England, tells us that in 1672 that body "*anathematized Protestantism*" at the Council of Bethlehem!

A Fair Conclusion.

40. Now, surely you and I learn from all this that the truth cannot be found amidst such a Babel of testimonies as to what is true and what is not, what is in the Bible, and what is not there. The sects rise and fall. Popular preachers come and go. Doctrines thought very important in one age are lost sight of in the next. Justification by faith is stretched to snapping point, and then scarcely heard of afterwards. The sensible conversions of one generation nearly die out in the next. Among the Nonconformists, pitched battles are going on between Dogmatic Teaching and Free Thought. In some bodies the disintegration goes on so rapidly that brethren dwelling together in unity one day are consigning each other to perdition the next. All the great Protestant teachers have gone on changing their opinions. German Protestantism commenced with a series of splits. A Protestant clergyman writes of this period:—

"In the sixteenth century, those who had separated themselves from the Church of Rome were divided into two great parties—the one called Protestants, that is, the followers of Luther—the other called Reformed, that is, the followers of Calvin. And these two would have no more communion with each other than either would with the Pope. And the railing they used against each other was perfectly frightful. Luther's gentlest terms for Zwingle, the Swiss reformer, are—'dog,' 'beast,' 'hog,' 'antichrist,' 'devil.' When Luther had ended a long and useless conference with Carolstadt, the German leader of the reformed doctrines, they bade adieu to each other thus: 'I trust,' said Carolstadt, 'that I shall live to see you broken on the wheel.' 'And I hope,' returned Luther, 'that I shall hear of your breaking your neck before you reach home.'"

41. All impartial writers agree that these are the broad features of Protestantism. And does not the practical working of the system tell the same tale? Go to an intelligent outsider, an educated Indian or Chinese, and ask him to become a Christian. He at once demands "What am I to believe in?" You reply, "You must believe in God." He says "I believe in several already; what have you got to tell me about *your* God?" You have then to teach the nature of God and the scheme of Christ's Redemption. You have got to say whether Christ is God *or not*. You have got to teach the efficacy of Sacraments *or not*. You have got to say whether we are justified by faith or works, or both. You have got, in short, to put forward the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, or the shorter Catechism of Scotland, or the teachings of Mr. Wesley, or the decisions of the Wesleyan Conference, or the Congregational Union, or the Baptist Union. Intelligent men want an intelligible form of religion. But what will the intelligent stranger say if you give him no description of what he is to believe, or, if you tell him that he must take the Bible and make it out for himself? He will tell you, what most educated Orientals have told you already, that after two hundred years' experience of your teachings they prefer to remain as they are. *If they see that you have not yet agreed amongst yourselves as to what is the truth, they are not likely to adopt your evidently imperfect plan for arriving at it.* I have said that an intelligent man wants an intelligible form of religion, and I may add that a good man wants a practical form. What are we to *do* to inherit eternal life? Are we to go round the town, and take in turn the varied advice of the ministers of all denominations? If *all* are good, why should we miss any? If they are conflicting, on what system shall we accept or reject? "You must baptize unconscious infants," says one; "You must do nothing of the sort," says another; "You must be sensibly converted," says a third; "That is quite unnecessary," adds a fourth; "You must be taught the Church Catechism," says the Churchman; "It is full of Popery,"

says the Nonconformist. Now what is a poor man to do? It is plain that unless he shuts up his mind and works only on his feelings and old associations, and goes where his family goes, he is in a poor case. Faith is *belief* not *speculation*. A life spent in tossing to and fro, from Church to Chapel, from High to Low, from one thing to another, may be speculation but it is not a life of faith.

The One Thing Needful.

42. God has given a message to man, and if you have not got that message, you can neither know God, nor love Him, nor serve Him as you ought. There are many things you need not know. You need not know how far the sun is from the earth, or how the tides rise and fall, but you must know God's message of salvation, for on that hangs your eternal happiness. If you are wrong all your life through your own fault, you are wrong for ever. To reject the truth when it is shown to you, is to give the lie to the Holy Ghost. Reason tells you there can only be ONE revealed truth from God, yet the Protestants teach hundreds of different doctrines! THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE TRUTH ABOUT ANYTHING; THEREFORE, CONFLICTING DOCTRINES CANNOT BE TRUE. Protestantism is a jumble of contradictory doctrines, THEREFORE PROTESTANTISM MUST BE FALSE. A single doctrine may be true, but a bundle of conflicting ones cannot be. The man who says that the sects which teach different doctrines have all got the truth, gives his reason the lie direct.

43. When you come to die and see God face to face, and justify your choice of a religion, how will you explain having mistaken a jumble of contradictions for the ONE TRUTH? Suppose you are a member of the Established Church, can you raise your eyes to the searching light of heaven, and say that the High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church teach one and the same religion? Suppose you die to-night, will you try and deceive God, and tell Him you thought that all these varieties were HIS

ONE TRUTH? Will you dare to say that you thought a religion true, which had a woman for its Supreme Head who presides over a double-barrelled establishment, teaching Episcopacy in England and Presbyterianism in Scotland?

44. It is all very well now when the world backs you up, but when you die, you die *alone*. *Alone* you go before His awful eyes, from Whom no secrets are hid. Then will arise to condemn you all the excuses you have made for not believing the ONE TRUTH. Your wish to be popular with the world, your wish not to offend your family, your wish to have an easy-going religion—these will all rise and condemn you. You cannot plead that you do not like this Catholic practice, or believe that Catholic doctrine. WHO ARE YOU THAT YOU SHOULD JUDGE GOD'S TRUTH? As long as you live in English Protestant Society you can console yourself with the beautiful Cathedrals, the imposing Bishops, the educated clergy, the eloquence of Canon this, and the moderation of Archdeacon that. But once enter eternity, once let in the rays of everlasting light, and you will see clearly what you now know in part, *that Bishops and clergy who teach opposing doctrines do not and cannot teach the* ONE TRUTH *sent by God to man.*

St. Paul says "I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye ALL SPEAK THE SAME THING." Now you know as well as I do that the Protestant clergy *all speak different things*. People who teach different doctrines belong to different religions, so that to say they all believe the *one truth*, is not only silly, but dishonest.

45. Let us suppose you are a High Churchman, and love Catholic doctrine and ceremonial. You go to St. Alban's, or St. Cuthbert's, where they teach the Real Presence and voluntary Confession. You will tell Almighty God that this was *your* idea of Catholicism according to the latest antiquarian researches. Yes—but stay a moment. Across the street is another Anglican Church, which *you do not attend*, where a Calvinistic

clergyman preaches the Real Absence, and denounces Confession. Will you tell God that you thought the institution which authorized both these parsons to teach, held THE ONE TRUTH? By belonging to the Protestant Establishment you take a share in the blasphemies uttered against our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament all the year round. By sticking to this jumble of contradictions you keep back from the Catholic faith that mass of England's poor who will never believe that the Establishment is Catholic, and who are fast losing all doctrinal belief.

46. That God's one Faith is a subject of dispute is proved by the existence of 228 sects in England teaching 228 versions of Christianity. These are the vulgar fractions of Protestantism, the addition and multiplication of division and subtraction The proof that these must be wrong is found in the fact that *they do not agree*. Let me put it thus. Without faith it is impossible to please God, and in order to exercise the virtue of faith we must have an object to believe in, and THAT OBJECT MUST BE THE TRUTH. It cannot please God to see us believe in error. If faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things unseen, we must know most certainly what these "things" are. We cannot hope for vague "things," nor have evidence of uncertain "things." Without definite doctrine there can be no definite faith. We cannot have faith in a *guess*, or an *opinion* or a *preference*, or in *somebody else's idea*, because these vary and change. Some people believe in the faith of their parents, but Dr. Arnold is said to have remarked that the man who was of the religion of his father *because it was the religion of his father*, was a *fool*.

The Catholic Religion or Nothing.

47. What is the Protestant Establishment but an Act of Parliament compromise between Catholicism and Calvinism? Its bishops and clergy look very nice in the buildings and endowments stolen from the Catholics,

and the world likes them, for they are moderate and easy-going. Then there are the Dissenters: what are they but private preachers with public grievances? The grievances are going, and no private sect can hold on long without either logic or a grievance.

48. You know how often the thought has come over you like a flood, that *after all, the Roman Catholic Religion is the right one!* After all, the Catholics know what they believe, and *all believe the same thing.* After all, the Catholics put their faith before all things—even life. After all, the Catholic monks and nuns give up home and friends and the pleasures of life, as Jesus Christ taught and did, whereas no Protestant sect ever dreams of following the Man of Sorrows to the bitter end. After all, the worship of the Catholic Church is like the heavenly worship written of in Scripture. Yes—who can dictate to God what His faith shall be? You may see things you do not like, or do not understand in the Catholic religion, *but*, after all, it is "The Catholic Religion or nothing." The *Truth* is what we want, not the *customary* or the *moderate*, but the TRUTH. The Protestant Establishment is much pleased with its moderation; it is to the world what the moderator lamp is to society, you can turn the doctrine high or low, as you require.

49. It is sometimes said that truth is what each man thinks it to be. The result is, that to John who thinks an animal is a rat, *it is a rat;* and to William who thinks it is a guinea-pig, *it is a guinea-pig;* though to itself it may be neither, John being ignorant and William short-sighted.

Questions.

50. Ask yourself the following questions, and answer them with perfect honesty:—

(1) You think your religion is true, but do you *know* it is THE ONE TRUTH?

(2) Protestants say that "the Bible and the Bible only" is the rule of faith; what becomes of this rule when Protestants do not agree as to what the Bible means?

(3) How do you know that the Bible is God's revelation, except on the authority of the Church from which you got the Bible?

(4) When and where did Christ say that each man had to find the truth for himself, by making out the meaning of the Bible?

(5) If learned men disagree as to what the Bible means, and flatly contradict each other, do you know enough Hebrew and Greek to test which of these scholars is right, and which wrong?

(6) If ten men disagree about the meaning of a document, must not nine of them be wrong?

(7) If each Protestant has to find the truth for himself, and Brown gets one inspiration, and Jones another, and Robinson a third, is it not plain that Protestantism is a collection of personal peculiarities?

(8) There are plenty of Churches with *bits* of the truth, but can there be more than one with THE WHOLE TRUTH?

(9) Christ founded a Church; does that Church exist or has it faded away?

(10) If it exists, does it teach one truth or many?

(11) How can one Church teach many and opposite doctrines without being a kingdom divided against itself?

(12) Do not contradictory doctrines destroy each other?

(13) How can a jumble of contradictory doctrines be THE ONE TRUTH?

(14) Jesus Christ founded ONE CHURCH; if we can get into that, why bother about a sect founded by Emmanuel Swedenborg, Edward Irving, or John Wesley?

(15) If you say you cannot believe there is an infallible Church, how can you believe there is an infallible Bible?

(16) Is it more difficult to believe that men can *speak* infallibly through a Church, than *write* infallibly through a book?

(17) You think you cannot believe all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, but is it not far more difficult to believe all the contradictory doctrines of Protestantism?

History and Antiquity.

51. I want to put another point before you. You know that Christianity is more than a book. It is an historical fact, with a place in the history of the Roman Empire. Pontius Pilate was a Roman official. The Roman historians, Tacitus and Pliny, tell us of the measures taken by their government to put down the Christian religion. The writings of the early Christians have come down to us. Their tombs and chapels have been excavated during the present century. You have read of the catacombs or underground refuges in Rome, in which the early Christians worshipped and buried. You may have heard of the Church of St. Clement, who laboured with St. Paul. It was excavated in 1855, and is one of the most interesting buildings in the world. Though underground itself, the foundations rest on still lower layers of Roman masonry; the deepest dating from the ages of the Roman Republic. This group of buildings link together more than two thousand years of human history. There is the present Church on a level with the street, and below it the old Church of St. Clement, and below that again a heathen temple still containing figures of deities! The underground Church was destroyed nearly eight hundred years ago, and the present one built upon its ruins. On the ruined walls of the underground Church there are many paintings on plaster dating from the fifth century onwards. Now I ask you, Why did the early Christians paint frescoes in the underground Church of St. Clement of (1) The Crucifixion; (2) The Blessed Virgin and Child; (3) The Assumption; (4) The translation of the relics of St. Clement; (5) The miracle at the tomb of St. Clement?

52. My point is this: there are writings, and buildings, and antiquities dating back to early Christian times. These old works of art give some idea of what the early Christians understood by Christianity. If "Popery" were a new thing, there would be no trace of it in these early remains. There would be no Bishops, no relics, no vestments, no shaven heads, no prayers for the dead, no invocations of the saints, no frescoes of the crucifix, no paintings of the Blessed Virgin, no miracles at shrines—in a word, "no Popery." If the primitive Christians were like the Primitive Methodists, *we should find no trace of these Catholic practices in the early Christian remains.* As a matter of fact, *they are full of them.*

53. How could the early Christians have inscribed on the tomb of the martyr Sabbatius the words, "Sabbatius, sweet soul, pray and entreat for thy brethren and comrades," unless they had believed in the invocation of saints? How could they have inscribed on another tomb:—"Anatolinus made this monument to his well-deserving son, who lived seven years. May thy spirit rest well in God, and thou, pray for thy sister"—unless they had believed in praying for and to the dead? How could the Greek word for "Bishop" and "Priest" follow the names of the early ecclesiastics unless the early Christians had recognised Holy Orders? Why should the altars in the catacombs be placed over the tombs of the saints, excepting, as St. Jerome says, the Bishop of Rome was "offering sacrifices to the Lord over the venerable bones of Peter and Paul, and considering their tombs to be the altar of Christ"? St. Jerome was secretary to Pope Damasus, and was born A.D. 340. If you accuse him of Popery, you will have to admit that Popery was a very early Christian invention! Why are the vestments on the Bishops and Priests in these early Churches *exactly like those now used by the Catholic clergy?* There is only one answer: BECAUSE THE EXISTING CATHOLIC CHURCH IS THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Relics.

54. Protestants object to relics. I never heard a Protestant sermon on the following text:—

"And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul; so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them." Acts xix. 11, 12.

It is not we who have invented relics; it is Almighty God Who has *provided them*. If He wills it once, He may will it again. It would be blasphemy to accuse Him of ever having encouraged superstition. The bones of Elisha raised the dead, the shadow of St. Peter was believed to heal the sick, and only an assumption (for which there is no proof) that God has withdrawn such benefits from His creatures would justify a want of faith in their efficacy. Some people say it is very difficult to believe that *inert matter* can convey any virtue, but these people walk by sight and not by faith. The sick woman who touched the garment of Christ trusted that the *inert matter* would convey the healing virtue. The body and soul of Jesus Christ were there: she appealed to neither; she only touched the garment. What an opportunity to crush superstition! What did our Lord do? He praised her FAITH.

The Crucifix.

55. As to the use of the Crucifix, we need go no further than the testimony of the Protestant Dr. Arnold. He wrote:—

"The second commandment is, in the letter, utterly done away with by the fact of the Incarnation. To refuse, then, the benefit which we might derive from the frequent use of the Crucifix, under the pretence of the second Commandment, is a folly: because God has sanctioned one conceivable similitude of Himself when He declared Himself in the person of Christ."

And no less sound a Protestant than the late Lord Shaftesbury writes in his diary:—

"At Padua, bought a small Crucifix. . . . The worship of the material or the mere representation, is senseless, wicked, and idolatrous, but to bear about a memorial of what God Himself once exhibited to the world, does but simply recall His death and passion, and forces us, as Scripture has foretold, 'to look on Him Whom we pierced.'" *

Extreme Unction.

56. Catholics who are thought to be dying receive a Sacrament called Extreme Unction. The outward sign of this is oil, with which the sick person is anointed. You may think this is some strange superstition, invented by Pope or Cardinal. As a matter of fact, it is enjoined in the Epistle of St. James, who says:—

"Is any sick among you? let him call for the Elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." St. James v., 14-15.

If any believer in Holy Scripture, who was ill, desired the grace thus promised him on the authority of the Word of God, for what "Elder" could he send, save the Catholic Priest? No other clergyman carries out the precept. On this point the Catholic priest is the only consistent *doer*, as well as *reader or hearer* of the Word. I have asked Protestants again and again, Why do you not anoint the sick? None of them ever gave me a satisfactory answer.

Catholic Worship.

57. Most intelligent Protestants admit that there is a devotion about a Catholic Church which no Protestant sect can imitate. The Catholic day begins by the Church offering the Eternal Sacrifice. It is the same everywhere amongst all the millions of Catholics upon the globe. There is no moment of time when the Holy Offering is

* 'Life,' by Edwin Hodder, p. 95.

not being made *somewhere*. As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so is the coming of the Son of Man. In England, Ireland, America, Australia, Africa, Japan, China, India, at the sacred shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, throughout Italy, France, Germany, Holland, and Spain; in the frozen north, in the sunny south, there is renewed the One Oblation, with *one* method of offering, *one* form of words, *one* language, *one* belief, throughout the ONE Church of God. Even those who hate the Catholic religion admit the devotion of her children. The very attitude of Catholics in their churches turns the minds of those present to something beyond. Strangers do not understand what is going on; they gape and stare, and wonder what is coming next. But this much they *do* learn, that Catholics know their religion and practise it with devotion. There is a calm subduing atmosphere in a Catholic Church because the Unseen is really there, and the attention of all present is directed to something outside of themselves. They are not concerned with the feelings of the minister as he prays. He does not pray towards them, as if it was *they* who were to be gratified; he directs his words and acts to the throne of God, and the people join in spirit as they kneel around.

58. There is much ritual, I know—vestments, candles, incense, and the like. These are strange to you, and you do not like them, and see no use in them. Well, be patient. Ritual is a question of custom and discipline. If there is a holy action to be done, it is reasonable there should be a fixed method of doing it reverently. The ritual we use is the one we have always used. We have as much reason in using our chasuble as other ministers have in using their surplice or gown. You do not blame them; why do you revile us? The fact is, you are used to the one and do not notice it, and you find the other strange, and so you despise it.

59. You do not like our worship; perhaps not, but remember there are people who do not care for yours. Indeed, you do not always like it yourselves. Some of

you spend your time and money in dragging one another into law courts on the subject. During my life I have seen enough changes in the ritual of the establishment to fill the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I have seen an old parish clerk torn from the lowest story of a three-decker, where he led the hymns below, whilst the minister preached and prayed above; I have seen him evicted, his gown taken from him, his sacred enclosure levelled, and himself transformed into a banner-carrier and acolyte! I have seen him, in cassock and cotta, carry a cross before a procession! I have seen him swing a censer! Poor old man, it was a great change. Remember, I am not complaining. It would make no difference to me if his incumbent got preferment, and another one was appointed who stripped him of all these extras. All I say is this—it is ridiculous for those who vary their ritual so much that no man knows what it is or what it is not, to object to the Catholics, who at all times and in all places have had and do have one fixed ceremonial. Protestants ought to be modest on the subject of ceremony. It ill becomes those who have tried every form, reverent or grotesque, *and fixed on none*, to abuse the Catholics for their form which can be traced down from the earliest ages of Christianity.

60. People who do not travel but live on generation after generation in the same place, think that what they are used to must be the best, because they have had no experience of other good things. Hence, many Englishmen despise foreigners. Not long ago a lady was telling me of the dreadful influences of Popery, and enlarged upon its disastrous effects on the Italian people. I asked if she had ever been in Italy, and she admitted she had not. Did she know any Italians? No, she did not. What had she got against them? "Well," she said, "there is no domestic life in Italy." How she supposed that Italian families were reared *without* domestic life I know not, but being in a mischievous mood I led her on until at last she admitted that all she said was gleaned from an Anti-Popery lecture, and that of

her own knowledge she knew nothing at all. She was amazed to hear that in many domestic things the Italians are ahead of us English people. For example, in England it is the custom for the widow of a gentleman to be banished from the old home on the death of her husband, the house going to the son who succeeds. Large English estates have a dower house, as it is called, to which the mother retires. The Italians think this practice most cruel, as it is. The son turns his mother out into the world at the instant of her greatest loneliness. The common practice in Italy is the very reverse of this, and the domestic circle often includes the grandparents on both sides. Again, my friend was astonished to hear that I had lived for two months in Naples, and had not seen either a prostitute or a drunken man, except an English sailor. This good lady had not noticed that we English are one of the most abominably drunken people of all nations, and that drunkenness is a terrible sin, and the root of infinite crime and insanity. I am not insinuating that Protestantism is responsible for the drunkenness of England and Sweden, any more than Popery is responsible for the murders of Italy and Spain. Different peoples have different vices and virtues. I am only protesting against the habit of ill-informed English people thinking that Englishmen have all the virtues, and foreigners all the vices of the world; and against the ridiculous idea that the English have a monopoly of religious opinion and correct methods of devotion.

Protestant Ritual.

61. After all, What is Protestant ritual? Is it a fixed form of prayer? By no means; one sect takes one form, and another takes another, and some have none at all. People go where they feel suited. Some like extemporary prayers, others do not; they prefer to know what is coming. They would rather not be surprised into unexpected petitions. They do not care for prayers which

may or may not include their own wants. Others say that a fixed form of prayer is a cold lip service, and that only extemporary prayer comes from the heart. These last like to see the minister, to watch his face, and catch the infection of his emotion. His voice is hushed, and his hearers are subdued. He admits his own unworthiness; they deplore their sins. He pleads the merits of the Saviour; they grow confident. He calls aloud in gratitude, and they swell with exultation. We have all seen this kind of worship, and read of it in old Nonconformist magazines in days when men and women were sensibly converted by the bench-full. Messrs. Moody and Sankey and the Salvation Army have had the same effect. Such is the effect of extemporary prayer on some souls. I am not praising either system, but only pointing out that Protestants have fixed on neither. The only thing they are all agreed upon is that Catholics are wrong. They may have any form they like, the Catholics may not. They may have a gown, the Catholics may not have a chasuble. If the Catholic priest says the Mass quietly at the altar, though the people have the prayers before them in English in their books, it is "mummery" and "superstition," because the congregation do not vocally join; but no complaints are made against the Quakers, though they may sit through a whole meeting and not a mouth be opened! The Lutherans of Germany have an elaborate ritual. Dr. Neale tells us:—

"You would see, perhaps, five or six altars in the same church, all magnificently vested—all furnished with candlesticks—all, not with crosses, but with *crucifixes*,—images of the Saints, the tapers on the altars lighted during Divine Service, and hung, in many cases, before the images—those images garlanded with flowers."

Why not have a meeting at Exeter Hall and denounce the Lutherans? Be as logical as Henry VIII. If you denounce the followers of the Pope, denounce also the followers of Luther. Henry used to burn Catholics and Protestants at the same stake! You didn't know about the Lutherans, did you? No! and I can tell you there

is a great deal more for you to learn. All that the English Protestants have settled is: that as to Ritual they may suit themselves, but *the Catholics may not.* The Protestants may have five hundred ways of conducting their worship, *the Catholics may not have one!*

Protestantism and Art.

62. It is one of the strongest indictments against Protestantism, that it has separated the genius of man from the service of God. The poets, painters and musicians of the Catholic world have been attracted to consecrate their respective talents to the glory of their faith. Go into our National Gallery where there are two schools of painting, one of the Catholic and the other of the Protestant period. In the Catholic section almost every picture is a representation of some scene in the story of our Redemption. There is our Blessed Lord at all points of His earthly life, as the little Child, the Divine Teacher, or the crucified and risen Saviour. The Incarnate God and His Truth shines resplendent from the Catholic canvas. Walk into the Protestant galleries, and see what a change! The glory of God has given place to the exaltation of man. Portraits of kings and nobleman become the rule instead of the exception. Religious subjects become more and more rare, until in our own day they are hardly wanted. The personal vanity of man, his worldly ambitions, his battles, his amours, his wives and daughters, his sumptuous dwellings, his horses, dogs, cattle and food. Some artists seem to have spent nearly the whole of their lives in painting groups of countrymen drinking at public houses. Others appear to have gloried in raking up all the filthy and abominable fables out of heathen writers. These are the glorious themes of the ages of light! Thus have the arts of painting and sculpture, which are amongst the noblest endowments of man, become divorced from the service of religion, and degraded into the agents of the world. The enemies of the cross

have rejoiced at the separation between religion and art. They want the services of all the arts. I have heard modern painters of pious inclination bitterly lament their fate. They must paint what is wanted or starve. The Puritanical mother is horrified at the naked figures on the walls of the Academy, but it is she who has helped to hang them there. The artist would rather paint for her a view of the home at Nazareth, but she will not employ him to do so.

63. How different has been the attitude and instinct of the Catholic Church towards the artistic endowments of man! She recognises in them the gifts of God. By giving them her work to do she sanctifies them in her service. She does not turn the painter or sculptor or musician into the theatre or music hall, where they become the slaves of the world; she directs their genius to the highest objects, and hallows the inspiration of their minds and the work of their hands.

Catholic Music.

64. Some Protestants complain about the instrumental music in Catholic worship. They wander into one of our great churches on a festival day, whilst the choir is performing some master-piece by Beethoven or Haydn. They hear voices accompanied by an orchestra, as the composer meant them to be. The Protestant at once sniffs mischief, and says "*that the whole thing is nothing more or less than a regular opera*." To the Protestant, harps and hautboys sound like the theatre. In his ears the harmonium and organ are *sacred*, but trumpets and violins ungodly. He does not see that the sound of a reed played by human lips can be heard as easily at the throne of God, as when the wind is pumped through the same pipe, from bellows blown by an attendant in shirt-sleeves and needy circumstances. Common sense favours the system most immediately under command of human intelligence. It is fortunate that, though we be little, God is great, and that His kindly

ears are closed against no well-meant effort to accompany the singing of His praises; that His heart is turned with equal favour towards the inspiring orchestra, the solemn and stately organ, or the humble harmonium; and that it is only ignorant prejudice which would take the harps out of the hands of God's singers on earth, whilst His angels are giving them to the elect in heaven.

65. The prejudice of some Protestants knows no bounds. Watch a prejudiced Protestant in a Catholic church abroad. See him defiant, guide-book in hand, standing boldly between the congregation and the high altar. Or see him suspicious, peeping behind or prying into a sacristy or confessional. His face bears an expression of pity mingled with contempt. At the moment of consecration a bell is rung in the sanctuary to let those in the remote portions of the building know that the solemn act is completed. The prejudiced Protestant smiles, nodding his head and saying "There it is, all superstition and bell-ringing." I am not inventing such a scene; I have seen it again and again on the continent. *Bell-ringing!* He thinks we worship with a bell! *Bell-ringing!* Yes, *our* bell must be wrong, wherever and whenever it rings. Protestants may pull away at a belfry full of metal, but the tinkle of a Catholic bell is superstition! A bell up in a belfry is orthodox, lower it thirty feet into the chancel and it is gross superstition. "But it *is* superstition," says the prejudiced Protestant. "Is it?" I reply; "then perhaps you will tell me *why* we ring it?" The rest is silence; he has not the ghost of a notion. The fact is, some of our prayers are said silently. We have them before us in Latin and English in our books, and can follow them, or say any devotion suited to our needs at the time. We are expected however to join with the priest at the solemn moments of the service, and the bell is rung for the practical purpose of telling us that those moments have arrived.

The Communion of Saints.

66. What is it that Protestants object to in the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints? Is it that we ask others to pray for us? That cannot be, for St. Paul says, "Brethren, pray for us." Is it because we ask those in *heaven* to pray for us? How can this be wrong, when St. John tells us that an angel stands before the throne of God offering up "the prayers of all Saints?"* I have tried to get at the groundwork of the Protestant objections to our asking the Saints to pray for us, and I find they generally centre round two things. First of all there is an idea that if we ask St. Paul to pray for us we set up another Mediator beside Christ. Another notion is that these friends of God are shut up in a place where they cannot hear us, or know what is going on here on earth.

67. As to any interference with the One Mediation of Christ, is it not plain that if a child asks its mother to pray for it, that mother interferes with Christ's One Mediation just as much as St. Paul would if I could get him to pray to God for me? The truth is, Catholics and Protestants are in the same boat. Both believe there is only One Mediator, and both allow Christians to pray for one another. The Protestants confine themselves to the Church on earth; we include the Church in Heaven. That is what it comes to, and both of us have got to explain *how there can be only One Mediator for us all, and yet that we can all mediate for one another.*

I want you to have by you always the following Catholic explanation by our good Bishop Hay:—

Q. Why is Jesus Christ called our Mediator?

A. Because He is truly the Mediator of God and man in the most perfect sense of the word. A mediator is one who acts between two, either to obtain pardon, or to procure some benefit from the one for the other. Now a mediator may obtain this pardon or benefit either as a right in justice by paying an equivalent

* Rev. viii., 3.

price, or as a favour through prayer and intercession. Man by sin has grievously offended God, and was an object of His wrath and indignation ; Jesus Christ appears as a Mediator to obtain pardon from God to man ; to purchase this He paid a price of infinite value, the merits of all His sufferings, and death upon the Cross, by which He acquired a right and title, in justice, to demand the pardon from His Father, and all other graces for us ; but that nothing might be wanting to the perfection of His Mediatorship, to His sufferings and death He also joined most fervent prayers for the same end. Hence the Scripture says :—"Therefore He is the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of His death, etc. ;" "And, in the days of His flesh, offering up prayers and supplications with a loud cry," etc. By the former He is the Mediator of Redemption, and *the only Mediator between God and man ;* by the latter He is also a Mediator of intercession, but so that He has a right in His own person to claim what He asks for us as His own due." When one man intercedes with God for another, He is also a mediator of intercession, but such a one *has no right or title in himself* to demand what he prays for, but must expect to be heard only through mercy and favour ; yea, *he can look for these only in and through the merits of Jesus Christ ;* so that all good to man must come from that source above, whatever be the immediate instrument or means of applying for it.*

This is genuine Catholic teaching. How different from the caricature given at a "No Popery" meeting!

68. As to the idea that the Saints cannot hear us, this is entirely due to modern materialism. The thought of living in the presence of God is not one that is common now-a-days. Catholic children are brought up to it. They are trained to see heaven always open, and the angels of God coming and going from the throne of the Most High. This doctrine is made most plain in Holy Scripture. Christianity began with the visit of an angel to a Jewish maiden, and it will end its mission on earth with the second coming of Christ in company with all His Saints. Our Lord says :—

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones ; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven." †

Nothing can be clearer. The angels are told by God

* *Sincere Christian*, Vol. I., ch. ix. † St. Matt. xviii., 10.

to guard the little ones on earth, and they will vindicate these children at the throne of the Most High. If you believe the Gospel you must not only admit that these words mean what they *do* mean, but you must thank God for the blessing. Your children have angels of their own, and Christ says so. Why are Protestants silent on the subject?

69. Again, Christ says "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."* How could the angels rejoice unless all that takes place, even in the bottom of our hearts, were known to them? Those who see God, see everything He reveals to them, and He tells us that our good estate is their constant concern. When Abraham said to the rich man in hell, "They have Moses and the Prophets;"† he showed that he knew all that passed upon earth, for he died hundreds of years before Moses or the prophets were born. Nothing can be plainer than the Bible as to the office of Angels. The angels of the Lord, sings the Psalmist, "excel in strength, do His commandments, and hearken unto the voice of His word."‡ The Book of Samuel speaks of one who was wise "according to the wisdom of an angel of God, *to know all things that are in the earth.*" "Are they not all," asks St. Paul, "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"§

70. Here we have from the Word of God three most important facts: (1) That Almighty God is surrounded by a countless multitude of powerful and wise celestial beings; (2) that these angels know "all things that are in the earth;" and (3) that they minister to the "heirs of salvation." The Protestants put the angels into their poetry, but say very little about them in the Sunday School. Some may say, "No doubt there are angels, who are God's ministers; but we have no right to speak to them, or ask their help." Why not? "Because we must trust in God alone, and speak to Him only."

* St. Luke xv., 10.
† St. Luke xv., 10.
‡ Ps. ciii., 20.
§ Heb. i., 14.

71. Let us see if this is supported by Scripture. First, it is clear that God has promised to give His Angels charge over us. Next, we have in the book of Exodus a direct order given to the Hebrews:—

"Behold I send an Angel before thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Beware of him *and obey his voice*, provoke him not: for he will not pardon your transgressions: for My name is in him. But if thou shalt indeed obey his voice, and do all that I speak; then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies, and an adversary unto thine adversaries." *

Does this passage, or does it not, suppose intercommunication?

72. When Agar fled into the wilderness, it was an Angel who reproved and consoled her. An Angel brought food to Elijah. An Angel shut the mouths of the lions that were to tear Daniel in pieces. When Jacob wrestled with the Angel, he said, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." It was an Angel who conducted Lot out of Sodom, and to him Lot said, "Behold now, thy servant hath found grace in thy sight, and thou hast magnified thy mercy, which thou hast shewed unto me in saving my life." At the appearance of Angels, Abraham and Lot bowed themselves to the ground. It was an Angel whom Joshua met by the walls of Jericho, "the Captain of the Host of the Lord," "and Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him. What saith my Lord unto his servant?" An Angel ministered to our Lord in the garden. An Angel brought the Apostles forth from prison. An Angel delivered Peter from the dungeon; and Angels carried Lazarus into the bosom of Abraham.

73. If, then, our Father has blessed us with this ministry of angels; if there is communion between the saints in Heaven and on earth; if Patriarchs have spoken with them, and venerated them; if Saints have invoked their blessing, as did St. John when he called down grace from "the seven Spirits which are before His Throne," * upon the churches of Asia; if the bosom

* Exod. xxiii., 20. † Rev. i. 4.

of one is a home for the souls of the faithful, surely we Catholics, who look to them with love and confidence, knowing from Christ's own words that they will vindicate us before the face of God—surely we have good ground for our faith, and good reason for our love?

The Church Triumphant.

74. And with these, we gather up the countless multitude of the spirits of just men made perfect, who now gaze upon the face of Christ. They have come from every tribe and tongue, to sing the glory of the Lamb. Their eyes are bent upon His pierced hands and feet and side. Their hearts and tongues know only one theme—the praise of His redeeming blood. His love is their love, His sympathies are their sympathies, and they share His triumphs, as they endured His tribulations. If we are the objects of His love and sympathy, so are we of theirs. Whatever He wishes for us, they desire also. They rejoice over our repentance, they participate in our praises, and they offer up our prayers. St. John saw them bearing harps and golden vials full of odours, "which are the prayers of the Saints."

You see Holy Scripture tells us that the Angels are engaged in a practice which is abused at every Protestant lecture as interfering with the One Mediation of Christ.

The Blessed Virgin.

75. Amongst that blessed throng of redeemed humanity are those whom God chose to take a special part with Him in our Redemption: and the most intimate of all these is the Mother of the Redeemer. It is said that Catholics honour the Mother of Christ too much, but who could ever exalt her as highly as God Himself has done? To her He sent an angel, who declared that she was "full of *grace*." In her virginal womb, through the over-shadowing of God the Holy Ghost, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity was

made man. From her pure body the man Christ Jesus received the flesh and blood with which He redeemed the world. She held her Creator within her breast, and fed at her bosom Him Who sustains the illimitable universe of things visible and invisible. Some say we ask too much of her. Ah! they forget what Almighty God has condescended to accept at her hands. She had free will, and she might have withheld those words, "Be it done unto me according to Thy word." But she chose to accept the office given her by God, and, inspired by the Holy Ghost, she said, "ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED." As all generations have bitterly lamented the fall of Eve, so all Catholics have rejoiced in the grace given to Mary. If you believe in original sin, if you lament that the new-born babe brings with it a share in the *moral fall* of Eve, you ought to rejoice in the moral elevation of the Blessed Virgin. In Mary is fulfilled the prophecy of God to the serpent concerning the woman, "She shall crush thy head." Eve was the instrument of all our moral misfortunes, and Mary is the immediate instrument of our moral recovery.

76. It is said that we worship the Virgin as if she were a goddess. Can you suppose we are so brutish as not to see that between the Creator and any creature there is fixed an infinite and impassable gulf? The One God, Creator of the Universe, is the supreme source of all things; and the light that shines upon Mary, the most blessed of His creatures *(and only a creature)* is all reflected from Him. We worship the majesty of God, but that does not prevent us running to ask His earthly Mother to use her influence in our behalf. He emptied Himself and became our Brother, and His Mother is ours. He has taken with Him to the right hand of God our humanity, and the human love He felt for His Mother still burns within His Sacred Heart. With Him she shares all His longings for our salvation, for between His Heart and hers there is the harmony of perfect love. Can you doubt it? Think as you read this. The eyes of the Saviour are bent upon you. He wants you to

become like Him, to love what He loves, and honour what He honours. Imitate Him then in love for His Mother. He desires your faith in His incarnation; in the union between God and man, which took place in the womb of that Blessed Mother. Yes—and faith that the grace which God gave to her on earth, to enable her to correspond with His intentions concerning our salvation, will still help us before the throne of the Majesty on high, where all her longings for our good are magnified and made mighty in the glory of her Creator, her Redeemer, and her King.

Confession.

77. What are the Protestant objections to Confession? The act is so simple they must be easy to discover. Do Protestants object to our telling one another of our faults? This cannot be, for the Holy Ghost says, by the mouth of St. James, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed."* Therefore the act of disclosing our sins to our fellow Christians is enjoined in the Word of God, and those who never perform it are such as hear the Word of God and *do not keep it*. When St. John Baptist preached the "Baptism of repentance for the remission of sins," there went out unto him all the land of Judæa, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river Jordan, *confessing their sins*."† The practice of Confession existed under the Jewish dispensation, before the Christian Church was founded, and has been continued in the Church ever since.

78. If, then, the confession of the sinner to his fellow man is supported by the authority of Holy Scripture, the only other matter which the Protestant can object to is the absolution of the Priest. Unfortunately for the Protestant, the words of Christ are so clear on this point that he can only support his case by repudiating

* St. James v., 16. † St. Mark i., 5.

the plain sense of plain words. Our Lord said to His Apostles:—

"Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." *

I have heard people try to wriggle out of the obvious sense of the words of Scripture, but here *it is impossible.* Jesus Christ gave the power of absolution to His Apostles, or these words are without an intellectual equivalent. The Protestant Establishment even has no sort of doubt upon the subject. Her bishops repeat the words when they ordain her ministers. If you want to see what the Establishment holds as to confession and absolution, read the service for the Visitation of the Sick. The rubric in the Prayer Book says:—

"Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special Confession of sins, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which Confession, the Priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it), after this sort."

Now look at the form of absolution:—

"OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, WHO HATH LEFT POWER TO HIS CHURCH TO ABSOLVE ALL SINNERS WHO TRULY REPENT AND BELIEVE IN HIM, OF HIS GREAT MERCY FORGIVE THEE THINE OFFENCES; AND BY HIS AUTHORITY, COMMITTED TO ME, I ABSOLVE THEE FROM ALL THY SINS, IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST. AMEN."

79. Christ gave His Apostles the absolving power in perfectly plain words. If that power perished with those who received it, then we have a means of grace the less than the first Christians, and the promises of the Lord are not fulfilled. Protestants sometimes say that the Confessional is a source of immorality. If so, is it not singular that there are to be found amongst Englishmen holding the most exalted offices of trust—judges, such as Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice

* St. John xx., 22, 23.

Day; statesmen, such as Lord Ripon, Sir Charles Russell, and the late Home Secretary; writers, such as Coventry Patmore, Aubrey de Vere, and St. George Mivart; is it not strange, I say, that these men, who have a practical knowledge of the confessional, do not confirm your testimony who have no personal knowledge of it whatever? These men have been brought up in this system. Their wives and daughters have been educated in convents. Do you think they are parties to a pious fraud, and the sheltering of immorality behind a religious practice? Those English Protestants who talk about the immoralities of the Catholic Church would do better if they exhibited a little modesty.

Be Modest.

80. It is the habit of Protestant lecturers to assume that Catholics have all the spiritual vices, and Protestants all the virtues. This is very far from the truth. I recommend you to look to the beam in your own eye. Protestants did their share of burning for religious opinion in the sixteenth century, whilst they preached liberty of conscience! One Protestant historian says that Queen Elizabeth committed more brutalities of this kind in one year than the Spanish Inquisition did during the whole of its existence. The Penal Laws, which made the practice of the Catholic religion *felony*, have only recently been repealed. Twenty-five Protestant Bishops voted against Catholic Emancipation; there is Protestant liberty of conscience for you! Twenty Protestant Bishops voted against the Jews entering Parliament; there is Protestant liberty of conscience for you! Twenty-two Protestant Bishops voted against the Nonconformists enjoying the Universities; there is Protestant liberty of conscience for you! What did the Protestant Establishment do for the abolition of slavery? I can give you a series of Papal decrees against traffic in human beings from the earliest ages downwards. What about the present absolutely

unchristian divorce law of England? What about the destruction distributed amongst the inferior races of mankind by the Protestant power of England. What about the unjust wars, the robbery of territory, the introduction of drink and immorality, the traffic in opium, alcohol, and idolatry?

81. "In India," says Mr. Campbell, "for a very long period, Government regarded and treated Christianity *as a most dangerous innovation*." The Church Missionary Society complained that the English Government *discouraged native Christians*. For the sake of gain and trade, the Protestant Government of England *discouraged Christianity*. Government officials reaped large gains from the pilgrim taxes connected with the idol Juggernauth. A Protestant missionary wrote: "Christian England is the main support of idolatry in this country." Mr. Howitt said:—"The disgusting and gory worship of Juggernauth was not only practised but was actually licensed and patronised by the English Government. It imposed a tax on all pilgrims going to the temples in Orissa and Bengal, appointed British officers, British gentlemen, to superintend the management of this hideous worship and the receipts of its proceeds." The *Calcutta Review* says that "Down to 1841, more than £400,000 a year passed through the hands of the Madras Government in connection with heathen temples, and the annual *profit* was £17,000." "The conduct of Protestant England in India," says a Protestant clergyman, "*is without parallel in the history of the Christian religion*." Surely, surely, Protestants should be modest.

Protestant Moral Theology.

82. If you want to know what private interpretation of Holy Scripture will lead men to say, let me show you only this one example. Persons calling themselves Christians have held that faith is sufficient, without good works, for justification. Once elected to eternal life, once assured of salvation, it does not matter what we do. John Wesley did warn his followers, "Take heed to

your doctrine! We have leaned too much towards Calvinism." It was time he spoke. A Methodist, by the name of Hill, is cited in Fletcher's *Checks to Antinomianism* as asserting

"That even adultery and murder do not hurt the pleasant children, but rather work for their good: God sees no sin in believers, whatever sins they may commit. My sins may displease God, my person is always acceptable to Him. Though I should outsin Manasses, I should not be less a pleasant child, because God always views me in Christ. Hence, in the midst of adulteries, murders, and incests, He can address me with, 'Thou art all fair, my love, my undefiled: there is no spot in thee.'"

This is the Protestant Gospel according to Mr. Hill, and no doubt its author would have given us a peck of texts from Scripture to prove it divine. I do not know what effect the passage will have upon you, reader; but if I were a Protestant, it would make me feel modest about denouncing the immoral teachings of the Catholic Church! And yet I am told that this horrible Calvinistic doctrine is still clung to.

The Penal Laws.

83. Protestants boast of their "Liberty of Conscience," and Catholics are wont to cry out, "Why have you not granted it to us?" The Penal Laws of Protestant England were a disgrace to humanity. Hear the verdict upon them from a few illustrious Protestant writers.

Hallam writes:—

"To have exterminated the Catholics by the sword or expelled them like the Moriscos of Spain, would have been little more repugnant to justice and humanity, but incomparably more politic."

Edmund Burke said of the penal code:—

"It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote:—

"That penal code, of which the monstrosity is not half-known to Englishmen, and may be studied by them with profit."

The Rev. Sydney Smith wrote:—

"It [the penal code] reflects indelible disgrace upon the English character."

And, so recently as 1892, the Lord Chief Justice spoke of the penal laws as

"a code as hateful as anything ever seen since the foundation of the world."*

For cold-blooded brutality, going on through generations, give me the Protestant Penal Laws. Catholics were actually punished for keeping the faith that their fathers had taught them!

84. Yes, and this is not over yet. The ill-educated portions of English society are still prejudiced against Catholics. Converts whom I have known have been disinherited and turned out of their homes. Some I have seen in terrible poverty. Clergymen of cultivation and refinement, too conscientious to eat the bread of the Establishment and not believe in its theology, have been driven to menial work and bitter privation. Girls have been hunted out of employment in shops, and boys repudiated by their parents. O Liberty, what persecutions have been done in thy name! Amongst educated people things have greatly improved. In London the prejudice is going or gone. In small country towns there is still great narrowness, but this is mostly confined to ministers who feel it their duty to go to "No Popery" lectures, and to ladies who have not read much.

Will England become Catholic?

85. Why not? If thousands of educated Protestants have returned to the Church, millions may do the same Arguments strong enough to convince such intellects as those of Cardinals Newman and Manning, the three brothers of Bishop Wilberforce, Lord Ripon, and Adelaide

* Times, Nov. 10, 1892.

Anne Procter, may move anyone. The faith for which the Blessed Sir Thomas More died, is a faith that the noblest Englishman may be proud to profess. We do not know much of the private life of Shakespeare, but according to the tradition of Davies "he died a Papist." The poet Dryden was a convert to the Catholic Church. The poet Pope was a Catholic also. When Boswell said to Dr. Johnson, "So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion?" Johnson replied, "No more, sir. than to the Presbyterian religion." And when Boswell added, "You are joking," Dr. Johnson retorted, "No, sir; I really think so. Nay, sir, of the two, I prefer the Popish." These great minds could not have thought the Catholic religion against the moral development of mankind.

It remains to be seen whether God in His mercy will restore to England the harmony of the One Faith which she possessed for a thousand years. That He may is the prayer of every earnest Catholic.

Signs of the Times.

86. And I see signs of a leaning towards the Catholic Faith in England. Not only have thousands of conversions taken place, amongst men and women of intellect, but public opinion is more fair than it has ever been for three hundred years. To compare the tone of the newspapers to-day with that of fifty years ago is to find a huge change for the better. On all sides the extreme Protestant party are shrieking aloud at the general tendency "Romeward." These would not call out unless they were hurt.

The presence in England, since Catholic Emancipation, of a large body of well educated Catholic clergy, has called out a new set of weapons amongst their opponents. Man for man, the old-fashioned Protestant parson has proved no match for the trained Catholic priest. There has sprung up a library of Anglo-Protestant theology, nearly all of it fifty per cent. more Catholic than that used at the commencement of the century. The

work of publicly denouncing the Catholic Church on the platform is no longer undertaken by the educated Established Bishops and Clergy, but is left to inferior men, in needy circumstances.

87. It has often occurred to me that one of the signs of England gradually returning to the Catholic faith, is the care with which she is preserving the relics of her old Catholic days. The last act of Puritanism, in separating itself from the Catholic Church, was to break down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers, but the present generation has spent millions in restoring the fabrics of the great Catholic shrines. At Westminster, St. Alban's, and elsewhere, new figures of the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles and Saints have replaced those torn down by our Puritan ancestors. Compare the hymn books now in use with those of forty years ago. Look at *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Very many of the hymns are translated from the Catholic Breviary. Another large section, such as "Pilgrims of the night," "O Paradise," "Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go," &c., are the works of our own gifted Father Faber. Protestant hymn Books are getting more and more Catholic

88. Outside the Establishment, amongst the Nonconformist bodies, there is active thinking on theology. The fierce fight is between free-thought and *some* fixed theology.

The demand for definite teaching has not affected these bodies as it has the Establishment. Still, they have had to abandon the uncomfortable idea that religion was advanced by hideous buildings and drab-coloured walls. The British public has got over its puritanism in that respect. A hundred years ago the Nonconformists built rectangular chapels, which set at defiance every tradition of ecclesiastical architecture. They denied to their temples even the beauty of holiness. There was no lack of honour paid to the homes of men, but it was supposed that the House of God ought to be as bare as possible. In their anxiety not to worship the works of men's hands, they surrounded themselves during

their worship with those least likely to attract their hearts or stimulate their emotions. Now-a-days the tendency is all the other way. The public taste has changed, and men are beginning to think that the beauties of God's creation were given in order to lead us to Him. Hence we see Nonconformist chapels built in an imitation of Gothic churches. Stained-glass windows, elaborate music, painted walls, and "flower services," are heard of everywhere. Even sacred plays and dialogues are introduced, after the manner of the old Catholic "Mysteries."

History Re-written.

89. Then there is the educated and important literary world of historians and statesmen. See how they have changed! History is turned upside down. When I first went to school, Good Queen Bess and Henry VIII. "of blessed memory" were models and heroes. Now they are more justly valued. Green's *Short History of the English People* is the text-book of all schools, and he writes of Queen Elizabeth :—

"Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies, Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom."

Of Henry VIII.'s reign he writes :—

"A reign of terror, organized with consummate and merciless skill, held England panic-stricken at Henry's feet. The noblest heads rolled on the block. Virtue and learning could not save Thomas More; royal descent could not save Lady Salisbury. The execution of queen after queen taught England that nothing was too high for Henry's 'courage,' or too sacred for his 'appetite.' Parliament assembled only to sanction acts of unscrupulous tyranny, or to build up by its own statutes the great fabric of absolute rule. All the constitutional safeguards of English freedom were swept away. Arbitrary taxation, arbitrary legislation, arbitrary imprisonment were powers claimed without dispute and unsparingly exercised by the crown."

These opinions have completely changed the attitude

of educated minds towards the religious revolution of the 16th century. They have yet to do their work upon the middle classes of England. It seems a small matter, but to me it is significant, that such a writer as John Ruskin should have withdrawn from the new edition of his great work, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, what he calls "the pieces of rabid and utterly false Protestantism," which were charges against the Catholic Church.

The Unprejudiced Public.

90. In writing to Protestants I have confined my arguments to those who accept Revelation. But there is a large class outside the Catholic Church, who have no Protestant prejudices, and who, like Dr. Johnson, rather prefer the Catholic to any other form of faith. These are generally men of no belief. They walk by sight, and not by faith. They can give no account of the eternal past, nor solution of the everlasting future. Some of them say there was a Genesis of slime, out of which eventually grew Moses, Socrates, Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, Botticelli, Bach, St. Francis Xavier, Shakespeare, and Newton. But these great minds did not hold this theory themselves, and some of them gave the best reasons yet given for the existence of God and a future life. However, the followers of science and philosophy are more kind to the Catholic religion than many Protestants. They place the Catholic Church in the same boat with all the rest of the sects. Such men generally put to me the following questions:—

1. Do you not condemn all who do not believe with you?

2. Do you not want to throw the world back into the dark ages, and intellectually and politically retard the human mind?

3. Do you not want to curtail the religious liberty we all now enjoy in England?

4. Are you not at the mercy of a Pope who may propose to you matters in faith and morals contrary to the very revealed word of God on which he founds his claim to your allegiance?

91. In answer to the first question—Do we not condemn all who do not believe with us? I say, *we do not*. How can we condemn a man for not believing that of which he has not even heard? We say, "This is the Catholic Faith, which except a man believe faithfully and steadfastly, he cannot be saved," but it would be silly to suppose that we refer to Bosjesmen, who have never had the doctrine put before them. St. Paul said of the man who preached another Gospel than he had preached, "*let him be accursed.*" It is plain that the condemnation could not have referred to the aborigines of America. Pope Pius IX. has laid down most clearly the mind of the Catholic Church on this subject, in the following words:—

"Far be it from us to dare to set bounds to the boundless mercy of God; far be it from us to desire to search into the depths of the hidden counsels and judgments of God, an abyss that the mind of man cannot explore . . . We must hold as of faith that out of the Apostolic Roman Church there is no salvation; that she is the only ark of safety, and whosoever is not in her perishes in the deluge; we must also, on the other hand, recognise with certainty that those who are in invincible ignorance of the true religion are not guilty for this in the eye of the Lord. And who will presume to mark out the limits of this ignorance according to the character and diversity of people, countries, minds, and the rest?"

Again:—

"It is known to us and to you that those who die in invincible ignorance of our most holy religion, but who observe carefully the natural law and the precepts graven by God upon the hearts of all men, and who, being disposed to obey God, lead an honest and upright life, may, aided by the light of divine grace, attain to eternal life; for God, Who sees clearly, searches and knows the heart, the disposition, the thoughts and intentions of each, in His supreme mercy and goodness by no means permits that anyone suffer eternal punishment who has not of his own free will fallen into sin."

This, then, is my answer to the first question, that no soul can be condemned for not believing that of which it is ignorant, and that no man can measure the limits of the uncovenanted mercies of the Most High.

92. As to the second question—Do I not want to return to the Dark Ages, and intellectually and politically retard the human mind? I am amused at the assumption contained in the words *Dark Ages*. What is intellectual and political light? Are the arts of life any standard of intellectual light? Was it a Dark Age which produced Dante, perhaps the first of all poets? What about St. Thomas Aquinas, of whom Professor Huxley says that he was a man whose "matchless grasp and subtlety of intellect seem almost without a parallel?" Canon Farrar writes:—

"Once more, consider what the Church did for *Education*. Her ten thousand monasteries kept alive and transmitted that torch of learning which otherwise would have been extinguished long before. A religious education, incomparably superior to the mere athleticism of the noble's hall, was extended to the meanest serf who wished for it. This fact alone, by proclaiming the dignity of the individual, elevated the entire hopes and destinies of the race."

To whom are you indebted for Oxford and Cambridge? Why, to the "Dark Ages," during which was laid almost every foundation there existing. What about architecture, sculpture, and painting? The Cockney contractor who copies the tracery of the Catholic cathedral, and spoils the borrowed peacock's plume by sticking it into the sparrow's tail that he is erecting at £2 a sitting: *he* talks about the Dark Ages; yes, that is as it should be. John Ruskin truly says:—

"It is evident that the title 'Dark Ages,' given to the mediæval centuries, is, respecting art, wholly inapplicable. They were, on the contrary, the bright ages; ours are the dark ones. I do not mean metaphorically, but literally. They were the ages of gold; ours are the ages of umber."

93. And as to politics. How can those who are struggling to better the condition of the poor speak with

contempt of the "Dark Ages?" The historian Hallam, who wrote much against the Catholic Church, admits:—

"There is one very unpleasing remark which everyone who attends to the subject of prices will be induced to make, that the labouring classes, especially those engaged in agriculture, *were better provided with the means of subsistence* in the reign of Edward III. and of Henry VI. *than they are at present.*"

The workhouse, thank God, was unknown. The monasteries were the Schools and Hospitals of the poor. Every village had its common lands, and every villager his birthright in pasture and arable. The poorest boy in England might rise to the highest office of state, because of the part the Church played in educating the poor. Those who have not read history, imagine that our modern reforms are new inventions. We are given County Councils, but we had them in the "Dark Ages" for hundreds of years. People talk about allotments, but these are poor substitutes for the people's common lands of the "Dark Ages." The modern Liberal forgets that the expenses of Members of Parliament were paid during the "Dark Ages." The Parish Vestry, which some would like to restore, was a real *power* all through the "Dark Ages." The Parliament of Ireland, which men now strive to restore, was in full activity through 600 years of the "Dark Ages." My reply, therefore, is, that those who have studied art and politics most, spend nearly all their time in returning to the "Dark Ages."

94. Now as to question 3—Do I not want to curtail the religious liberty we all now enjoy in England?

No, I do not. We Catholics have had a hard fight for our own emancipation, and we fought for the liberties of all Nonconformists. We can point with triumph to the Catholic state of Maryland, founded by the Catholic Lord Baltimore, and the statutes of religious liberty passed by its Council, when Protestant Nonconformists were flying from all sides to its kindly protection. When this scene of Catholic liberty was broken up by a Puritan revolt, a reign of Protestant "liberty" began,

and Quakers had their ears cut off, and their tongues seared with red-hot irons. Women were whipped, and men were hanged. As for talking about the days of Elizabeth and Mary, what is the good of that? Both parties hanged, burned, and disembowelled, as a matter of course. Here is what Cardinal Manning said about England of to-day:—

"I trust the day will never come when any one section or sect among us shall gain a domination over the equities which render tolerable our divided state. I hope no Puritans will rise up again to do in England, by the help of secularists and unbelievers, what they did in Maryland. There they destroyed the fairest promise of peace that a wrecked world ever saw. England at this time is Maryland upon an imperial scale. *He who shall break our religious peace will go down to history with those whose names Englishmen try to forget.*"

95. And, once more, as to question 4—Am I not at the mercy of a Pope who may propose things contrary to the faith and morals of the revealed Word of God? I reply in the words of Cardinal Turrecremata, quoted to Mr. Gladstone by Cardinal Newman:—

"Although it clearly follows from the circumstance that the Pope can err at times, and command things which must not be done, that we are not to be simply obedient to him in all things, that does not show that he must not be obeyed by all when his commands are good. To know in what cases he is to be obeyed and in what not . . . it is said in the Acts of the Apostles, 'One ought to obey God rather than man;' therefore, were the Pope to command anything against Holy Scripture, or the articles of faith, or the truth of the Sacraments, or the commands of the natural or divine law, *he ought not to be obeyed*, but in such commands to be passed over."

When the Pope issues unscriptural commands, it will be time enough for his children to rebel.

Conclusion.

96. And now I have done. I should never have set pen to paper were we Catholics treated as if we were entitled with others to liberty of conscience. But those

who are supposed to preach the Gospel of mutual charity proclaim in open meeting that we encourage immorality and teach theft on principle. This is said, or listened to in silent approval by those who know us personally, and profess a Christian charity to our faces which seems to somewhat abate behind our backs. Why should not those who are disposed to be liberal and fair to other opponents be liberal and fair to us? Why should they dress up a puppet called "Popery," in all the dirty rags that can be found, and dandle it before those who know no better, and thus prejudice people against us? Before ever they or their Denominations were dreamed of, we had for a thousand years taught to the succeeding generations of English men and women the existence of God, the precepts of His moral law, the Redemption of Christ, the hope of heaven, and the fear of hell. And we now hold up before the people of this country, amidst the confusion of Church and Chapel, High and Low, anything and nothing, the spectacle of an undivided Christian community, the Mystical Body of Christ, the One Church of God.*

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* The writer thinks it well to state that he has used the Protestant version of Holy Scripture, for the convenience of his readers.

Théophane Vénard,

Martyr in Tonquin.

(1829 1861.)

By Lady Herbert.

John Théophane Vénard was born at St. Loup, in the diocese of Poictiers, on the 21st of November, 1829. His father was the village schoolmaster, and his mother a gentle, pious woman, devoted to her husband and children, and to the care of her home. When Théophane was only nine years old, his greatest delight was to pasture his father's flocks on the hill-side, and there read some of the books which the village pastor had lent him. One day he was reading out loud to his sister the life of the Venerable Charles Cornay, who had lately been martyred in China, and suddenly exclaimed: "When I am big enough, I too will go to Tonquin, and I too will be a martyr." Soon after, he was sent to the College of Doué, in the diocese of Anger, where he became a model to all the students, not only from his diligence in study, but from his sweetness of temper, his gaiety during recreation, and the way he bore all ill-nature and contradictions; so that if any were disposed to tease or bully him, they soon gave it up. Then came the day of his First Com-

munion, for which he prepared himself with the utmost anxiety and care. From that hour began his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and he would often steal away from his games during recreation, to pay a visit to our Lord in the Tabernacle.

A great sorrow came upon him in 1844 from the death of his mother, though he had the consolation soon after of a vision of her happiness, which he communicated to his favourite sister some years later. This sister, Mélanie, was the one person with whom Théophane shared every thought, and their correspondence only ceased with his death. His letters to her are models of loving thoughtfulness and extreme delicacy of feeling; and a great number of them are inserted in his "Life," published by Burns and Oates, from which this sketch is taken.

Here is a specimen: "I must send you a few lines, my dearest sister, for there is not a day, nor scarcely an hour when I do not think of you who are so very dear to me. I know you are thinking of me, and I daresay you will be saying: 'O, my poor old brother will be so cold this winter; and here I am, enjoying a good fire!' Be comforted: though I have suffered from the cold, as you know I always do, yet I have had some fun out of it too, for we have had famous skating, and now the weather is milder, and I am thawing, and pouring out some of my thoughts to my second self."

Théophane remained six years at the College at Doué, and in 1847, left it to enter what was called "Le Petit Séminaire," at Montmorillon. There he was supremely happy. "*Cor unum et anima una*, is the motto of the congregation," he writes to his sister: "such words can only come from God Himself. Is not that the link which unites all Christians to each other? Is not this the feeling which creates the missionary, the priest, the Christian Brother, the Sister of Charity?" There was nothing sad or gloomy in his religion. On the contrary, he was always cheerful and merry; at Montmorillon his gaiety became proverbial, and the little feasts of which he was the presiding genius, are still remembered in the Seminary.

Théophane was eighteen when he was moved from the Petit to the Grand Séminaire; but he was allowed to go home first, to his great joy; still his longing "to spend and be spent," for others was his strongest feeling. He writes: "Whatever future course be proposed to me, I come back to that—*to be a priest.* No other career has the least attraction for me. Yes, one day I shall be the soldier of Jesus Christ, and fight under the banner of the Church, and the day will soon dawn for the fulfilment of that wish: a week or two among my own people, and then to my cell and my vocation for evermore."

His life in the Great Seminary was spent in earnest preparation for his noble career. With a clear and subtle intellect, and abilities very much above the common, he at once distinguished himself among his companions: but none of these qualities made him lose sight of the great virtue of humility, which he cultivated assiduously, so as always to try and escape notice. His charity was equally remarkable, and he was careful not only to refrain from any unkind act or word, but to deny himself all those little sharp and amusing repartees which his wit and sense of fun made often very tempting to him; so fearful was he of hurting any one's feelings. Now and then his vocation for the foreign missions peeped out in his letters to his sister, when speaking with enthusiasm of those among the Seminarists who had already received the call: but as yet his family had no idea of such a thing, and had made many plans for settling him in a curacy near his old home. At the Trinity Ordination of 1850, he received minor orders: when the vacation again came round, he took the opportunity to open his heart more entirely to his sister, because he knew that her faith would triumph over all human considerations, and help him to overcome the shrinkings of his loving heart as he thought over a separation which he felt would be final.

When the time came for him to receive the sub-diaconate, he wrote a most touching and beautiful letter

to his father, imploring both for his presence on the occasion and his consent. "Are you not willing to give me up to God?" he concludes. "To give me up without reserve? to make a complete sacrifice of your child? O, I am sure you will say yes!" His father gladly consented, and was present at the immolation of his son; but he had not then dreamed of the heavier sacrifice which would be expected of him. Théophane, however, had made up his mind: and no sooner was his ordination as sub-deacon over, than he begged the Director of the Seminary to write for him to Paris, to obtain his admission to the Foreign Missionary College. The answer was favourable; and then came the hardest part of Théophane's trial—the having to break the news to his family. His letter to his father on this occasion, and that father's answer, are wonderful in their large-hearted and generous Christian courage; but the blow was terrible to them both, and, as Théophane told his sister, "cost him tears of blood." "Who ever cared more for home and a home life than I?" he exclaims. "All my happiness here below was centred in it. But God, Who had united us all in links of the tenderest affection, wished to wean me from it. O what a fight and a struggle I have had with my poor human nature! But our Lord, Who asked the sacrifice at my hands, gave me strength to accomplish it. He gave me the courage to offer myself the bitter chalice to those I loved. I undertook it, because I knew you all so well, and I was full of faith and hope; and that hope has not been disappointed . . . . . ."

"The little Missionary," as he called himself, came home for a fortnight before going to the Foreign Missionary College, and these days were terribly trying to them all, and especially to Théophane. He had to be tender, affectionate, and loving to every one; and yet to be firm and determined in his resolution to leave them. The last night of all he sat up with Mélanie, she adding little things to his outfit, and he striving to strengthen both her and himself by speaking of that Divine Love and that love of souls

for which the sacrifice was to be made. The next morning they all received Holy Communion together, Théophane serving the Mass with a rapt manner and expression which made people say "he was more like an angel than a man." At last came the terrible moment of parting: he knelt for his father's blessing, and that of the good old parish priest, after the Rosary and evening prayers had been said as usual together; and then embracing his poor sister and the rest of his family, he hurried to the carriage which was to catch the night train. When once in the railway car, he buried his face in his hands, and cried bitterly and uncontrollably for some little time, to relieve his poor heart from the terrible strain and effort to be calm during the previous twenty-four hours.

His arrival at the Foreign Missionary College was marked by the warmest welcome and the kindest consideration from every one in the house. This spirit of charity and love is the distinguishing characteristic of the Paris Foreign Missionary College, and is fostered in every way by the Superiors. Théophane was greatly soothed and cheered by this greeting, and wrote about it at once to his father. "We are all as one family here, with one object and one aim. All are united in fraternal charity, and I should have nothing left to wish for if you were but by my side." . . . . And again to his sister: "Every word you say goes to my heart, for we are *one*, are we not? with the same feelings, the same tastes, the same wishes, the same hopes. We really are, as the saying is, born for each other; how comes it then that we are separated?—why, because God wishes that we should be united eternally. As you said yourself one day, if we could live together here below, we should have cared too much for this world; and so He has divided us, that our souls should be more and more purified, and sigh more and more after the moment when they shall take their flight to Heaven." . . . . .

It is needless to say that Théophane won all hearts in the College, and made rapid progress himself in the way of perfection. He was ordained deacon at Christ-

mas, 1851, and speaks with delight of the previous Retreat, and then of the ordination. "O how happy I am!" escapes him in his letter on the subject. He had a special devotion for the old hymns and canticles of the Church, and was most anxious to revive congregational singing, and to induce every one to join audibly in the hymns. But he was not allowed to learn only the interior life of his College. His superiors wished him to see something of Paris, and he wrote a series of amusing letters to his brothers on this subject. He was not favourably impressed by that great city, in spite of its undeniable beauty and worldly brightness. "The word written up everywhere," he writes: "is *Fraternité* (brotherhood). But what does it mean? They have well-nigh abolished the idea of family life. Paris is nothing but a scene of gaiety, crowd, and confusion, a heterogeneous mass of people, who neither know, nor care for, nor respect each other. You see beautiful houses, elegant dandies, lovely women, dressed in the extreme of fashion, whose only object seems to be looked at . . . . Then comes the evening, when everyone thinks it necessary to go to some ball or theatre, winding up with ices in the boulevards, which are brilliantly lit all night, so that the world in general does not go to bed till the sun rises. What a day for a reasonable being, let alone a Christian! . . . . Frankly, the whole thing disgusts and wearies me to death."

He came in also for the "*coup d'etat*" of the 2nd of December, with the previous Revolution, when the National Assembly was dissolved, and Paris declared in a state of siege. But he writes to reassure his family by telling them that "their congregation was looked upon favourably by the mob," and that they were in no danger. What interested him far more than Paris and its frivolities was the announcement from his youngest brother, Eusebius, of his wish to become a priest; this filled Théophane's heart with joy, and he wrote him a long and beautiful letter on the subject. His sister Mélanie had also a strong religious vocation, although family duties prevented her embracing a religious life at

once: and this also was an immense consolation to her holy brother.

The hour was now at hand when Théophane was to become a priest, and his zeal and fervour were redoubled. In one of the corners of the garden at the Paris Foreign Missionary College is a little oratory dedicated to Our Lady, and on every Saturday evening the students go there to recite litanies and hymns in her honour. But on leaving this chapel, each of them goes to pray for a few moments in the Hall of Martyrs, round which are ranged not only the relics of the confessors, but the instruments of their torture, and the pictures of their martyrdom. Théophane used to spend every spare moment in this room, and when the news came of the martyrdom of M. Schoeffler at Tonquin, he wrote to his sister: "O if I might some day give my life like him for the Faith! . . . This Tonquin mission is now the most suitable, for it is almost certain martyrdom."

A severe illness prostrated him for a time, although his courage and cheerfulness never deserted him, and he wrote gaily after his recovery: "I have got a new body altogether, which, as I am going to a new country, will be very useful. It is only a pity I can't get a new spirit and a new heart, and then I should be altogether a new man. Pray that I may be thus transformed on the day of my ordination."

He recovered sufficiently to be ordained on the 5th of June, and said his first Mass the next day, being Trinity Sunday. His departure for the foreign missions could not be long delayed, and a letter on the 13th of September announced this to his family: "My dearest father, sisters and brothers, once more let us say together: God's holy Name be praised. About a month ago, five of my fellow-students received a notice to hold themselves in readiness for departure. I was left behind till my health was more established, which grieved me very much. But one of the five, who had been compelled to return home for family affairs, did not come back on the day fixed. I have been consequently appointed to replace him. I am, therefore,

going to leave you at once, dearest people, and to wish you good-bye till our re-union in Heaven. Friday will probably be my last day on the soil of France, as we are to embark at Antwerp."

The 19th of September was to be the day of departure, and in the morning, the fervent missionary sent a farewell line to each member of his family. Then came the usual touching service for the departure, which many of our English readers have doubtless witnessed at the Foreign Missionary College at Mill Hill. After the prayers were over, one of the Directors, who had himself lately returned from the Foreign Missions, made them a short and moving address. Then the five young apostles went up to the Altar and stood on the highest step, while all their companions went up, one by one, and kissed the feet of those who were so soon to be our Lord's heralds, whilst the choir intoned the anthem: "How beautiful are the feet of those who bring the gospel of peace." After this trying ceremony, the "Hymn of Departure" by M Dallet was sung, and the young missioners bid adieu to their College for ever. To Théophane this moment was very bitter, for he clung to all he left behind in a way which only loving natures like his can understand. However, they all got together in the railway carriage, and on the 23rd of September, embarked on board an American ship, a good and fast sailer, with a Catholic captain and crew who edified them all by their discipline and charity.

A heavy gale obliged them to put in at Plymouth to refit, whence Théophane wrote a long and touching letter to his sister, of which we will give a short extract:—"I know how you have followed me in thought, and I like to think of this letter's arrival at our home, and the welcome it will get. Am I not a real baby? But, O my God! it is not wrong, is it, to love one's home, and one's family?—to suffer terribly at being parted from them?—to feel one's loneliness?—to try to console one another?—to mingle our prayers, our tears, and also our hopes? For we have

left all for Thee. We wish to work for Thee. And we trust to be reunited one day in Thee for ever and for ever . . . . But let us look the thing bravely in the face. All is over—is it not so? An enormous distance is about to separate us. Never again shall we meet on earth. But, after all, why is it we feel it so dreadfully? —a little sooner or a little later, we shall be together in Heaven. How short will our separation appear to us in eternity! Our mother, our friends, the saints, are all gone home before us. It is our business to follow and go to them. People who are taking a journey often go different roads—one one way, the other another: the only question is, which shall arrive first at the place of destination. Well, I am going by this road, you by that: let the one who reaches home first, encourage the other!"

On the 10th of October he left Plymouth, and on New Year's Day arrived at Singapore, where he stayed three weeks, and then went on to Hong Kong, where he was detained for fifteen months, and devoted himself to the study of the Chinese language, which he found very difficult, especially in the intense heat. His great friend, M. Theurel, left after a few weeks for Tonquin: and then Théophane was sent to teach philosophy in a college near Hong Kong, under the superintendence of Mgr. Guillemin, who very soon conceived the warmest affection for his new and bright professor.

It was not till the month of February, 1854, that Father Vénard received his orders for the western district of Tonquin. He wrote at once to express his joy to the Superior of the Foreign Missionary College at Paris . . . . "I should have liked any mission which was awarded me," he concludes: "but that of Tonquin, under the care of that great and holy Bishop, Mgr. Rétord, so full of holy associations and blessed recollections, O this is indeed the port I should most ardently have coveted! I love it, as being the heritage which the great Father has awarded me. I love it, because it is the grandest mission of the whole, the 'Diamond of Asia,' as a poet has called it . . . . And

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then, think of the martyrs—those real glories of Tonquin,—whose blood, shed in the great cause, is always pleading for us before God, and the remembrance of whose triumphs gives fresh courage to those who are still in the strife!"

The thought of martyrdom, in fact, seems never to have left him, and to his old friend, M. Dallet, he cannot help exclaiming: "Every time that the thought of martyrdom comes across me, I thrill all over with joy and hope!"

On the 26th of May, 1854, Théophane started with another missioner for Macao, where they were kindly received by the Spanish Dominicans who were stationed there. On the 2nd of June, they got on board a Chinese junk, where they were stuffed into a little hole in which they could barely lie down, and were covered with vermin. In this place they were forced to remain hidden for a week, only coming out to breathe a little fresh air at night, and that with great precautions. Unfortunately, the weather became rough and bad, and sea-sickness was added to Théophane's miseries. At a place called Cuâ-Cam, they at last cast anchor, and the Chinese mandarin came to inspect the vessel. They scarcely dared breathe in their prison for fear of being discovered: but fortunately he did not find them out, and the next day a Christian boat came alongside, and, after some difficulties with the crew, the missioners were safely landed at the Bishop's house. Had they been delayed an hour or two longer, they would have been seized and put to death, for the authorities, having heard a rumour of their arrival, surrounded the Chinese junk, and examined her so minutely in every part that no escape would have been possible.

After a few days they started for the Central Vicariate in a species of net borne by bearers. But then again they were in danger, for they came upon a fair in one of the Pagan villages, where a mandarin lived, before whom every traveller was expected to descend from his net and go on foot. The cry soon came of: "Who were those people who ventured to pass the great man in that fashion?" The catechist replied that "they

were sick people of his household." "At least, let them lower their nets!" was the sentinel's reply. The bearers were compelled to obey, and the older missionary, who understood the language, thought that their last hour was come. The bearers, luckily, understood the danger, and just lowering the net for an instant, hurriedly raised it again and trotted on. Soon after, they came to a river, and found a Christian junk, into which they gladly stepped, and were rowed to the hut of Mgr. Diaz, the Vicar Apostolic of Central Tonquin. There they found two couriers sent by Mgr. Rétord, to convey them to their final destination. After a few days' rest, therefore, they started again; but this last part of their journey was even more full of dangers than the first. Théophane writes to his sister as follows: "We went in a junk by night, and had to pass by a citadel guarded by 2,000 soldiers, who hailed our boat and asked who we were. The owner of the junk said, 'Mandarins,' but they did not believe him, and sent a junk after us in pursuit. Luckily, we had a favourable wind and she could not catch us . . . . One goes generally by night for greater security; sometimes by water, sometimes by land, in palanquins or nets, the matting at the sides hiding you from the passers-by. Sometimes one can only go on foot, without shoes, through the rice fields, which is all very well in the day time, but at night one must be content to fall into holes one moment, into water the next, while often one's foot slips on the greasy damp soil, and you measure your length in the mud. It was not till the 13th of August that we arrived at the scene of our future labours, and that I was introduced for the first time to the illustrious Mgr. Rétord, whom I found busy giving a retreat previous to an ordination." . . . . Théophane had also the joy of finding his great friend there, Father Theurel, who, writing of him, says: "Will you believe it? Vénard, who has only been here a month, already speaks the language with a perfect accent."

The progress he made was astonishing, for a little later he speaks of having preached a sermon in the

Annamite language in the Church of the College of Lâng-Doan. A fearful persecution had devastated the Tonquin Mission just before his arrival: but at that moment there was a little lull. The holy Mgr. Rétord wrote about that time: "When I undertook this mission, sixteen years ago, there were not more than a hundred thousand Christians. Now there are 140,000, in spite of the bloody edicts against the Christians, and the cholera of 1851, which carried off more than 10,000. All these converts practise their religion in a way which would shame many Europeans. They are constant attendants at the Sacraments, and most diligent in the performance of all their religious duties. It is needless to add that they are all Catholics. Heretical ministers, with their wives and children, have never attempted to approach these inhospitable and unhealthy shores, or to face a persecution which can only end in one way—martyrdom."

It is not wonderful that Théophane attached himself speedily to these good and fervent converts, who, on their side, did all they could to show their love and veneration for him. Unfortunately, the lull in the persecution was but temporary, and very soon, Théophane had to fly to the mountains to escape from a domiciliary visit from the mandarins. He caught a violent chill during this time, which developed into inflammation of the lungs, and very soon brought him to the point of death. But he recovered almost by a miracle, and devoted himself more than ever to those whom he called his "beloved Annamite children." But it was very uphill work. He wrote from the College of Hoang: "In this poor Annamite kingdom, the penal laws are most cruel and rigid; but they are only half carried out on account of the greed of the mandarins, who simply use them as a means to extort money. If, at least, one might buy peace that way! But no—one day you build a church, open a school, establish a college—the next week you have to fly, and all your work is destroyed . . . . I have upwards of twelve thousand Christians here, divided into four large parishes, with

six or seven native priests under me. At this moment it is difficult to do very much in the way of conversions, owing to the virulence of the persecution: but still a certain number of souls are daily garnered in."

The succeeding letters, both from Fr. Vénard and Mgr. Rétord, are full of thrilling escapes both by land and water. "Our position," they write, "is terrible at this moment. We are like birds on the branch of a tree, always on the alert, always receiving messages to say we have been discovered by spies, that the mandarins are surrounding our missions, and that such and such Christians have been pillaged, tortured, and put to death on our account. To try and spare them, we hide either in our little boats, or in caverns, or in tombs in the mountains, where we run the risk of being buried alive. One day we had to remain in one of these for eight hours, being only able to breathe through a bamboo tube . . . . The researches of the mandarins are so active that it is almost impossible to escape them. Two new edicts have been fulminated against us, which have greatly kindled the zeal and fury of our pagan governors. Our chapels are destroyed, our houses demolished, our schools dispersed, and our money wasted in vain attempts to buy off our poor converts."

But we must hurry on to come to Théophane's inevitable martyrdom. On the 30th of November, at nine o'clock in the morning, five or six junks appeared a few yards from the missioners' house. Théophane in an instant understood that he had been betrayed, and retired between two walls. The chief cried out: "Let the European priest come forth!" The catechist came boldly forward and said: "It is I who inhabit this house!" But he was instantly seized and garotted, while the chief, giving a great kick to the partition which concealed the missionary, seized M. Vénard and dragged him brutally to the junks. When they arrived at the chief's house, he was put in a cage of bamboos, while a *cangue* was put on the neck of the catechist, and they were dragged before the mandarin. This man was very far from pleased at the arrival of the prisoners. He was civil to M. Vénard,

putting him in a wooden cage which was larger than the bamboo one, and giving him a lighter chain. But then arrived a detachment of fifty or a hundred soldiers to convey the prisoners to the capital of the Tonquin kings, called Kêcho. They entered the town by the Eastern Gate, and were brought at once before the tribunal of the judge. There they had to endure a long interrogatory, by which it appeared that they were supposed to be in league with the French troops, who had made war against the Annamites: but in reality it was to induce M. Vénard to deny his faith and trample on the cross. Finally, his sentence was pronounced, and he was condemned to be beheaded, though he was spared the horrible tortures of his companions.

His death was, however, delayed for a few weeks, and he took that opportunity to write the most beautiful and touching letters to his family. His cage was placed at the door of the Prefecture, and at first threepence a day was allowed for his food: but when that was stopped, a Christian widow provided him with what was necessary. Mgr. Theurel sent a native priest, Father Think, to comfort him; and through the cleverness of one of his guards, Huong Moï, who was a Christian, Father Think managed to be introduced as a stranger to M. Vénard, who was let out of his cage and allowed to walk in the garden, when he instantly made his confession, none of the guards having followed him. When M. Vénard went back to his cage, Father Think approached as if to examine it, and thus gave him absolution. He left the Blessed Sacrament with the poor widow, who brought It to Fr. Vénard in the evening concealed in some bread: so that he could enjoy the presence of our dear Lord till midnight, after which he communicated. He wrote joyfully to Mgr. Jeantet on the 20th of January:—

"Father Think will tell you of his visit. He brought me the Bread of the Traveller—'*Mi Jesu, Deus meus*' in my cage! Think of that! I have not received a single stroke of the knout. I have received very little insult and much sympathy: the people of the household of the great mandarin are kindness itself to me. I have

suffered nothing in comparison with my brethren. I have only to lay my head quietly on the block, under the axe of the executioner, and at once I shall find myself in presence of our Lord, saying: 'Here am I, O Lord! Thy little martyr!' I shall present my palm to Our Lady and say: 'Hail Mary! my mother and my mistress—all hail!' and I shall take my place in the ranks of the thousands killed for the Holy Name of Jesus, and I shall intone the eternal Hosanna! Amen."

His last letters to his father and sister must be given *in extenso* here.

"J.M.J.

From my Cage, Kêcho.

January 20th, 1861.

"My dearest, much honoured, and much loved Father.

"As my sentence is still delayed, I will send you one more word of farewell, which will probably be the last. These last days in my prison pass quietly: all those who surround me are civil and respectful, and a good many love me. From the great mandarin down to the humblest private soldier, every one regrets that the laws of the country condemn me to death. I have not been put to the torture like my brethren. A slight sabre-cut will separate my head from my body, like the spring flower, which the master of the garden gathers for his pleasure. We are all flowers planted on the earth, and which God gathers in His own good time, some a little sooner, some a little later. One is as the blushing rose, another the virginal lily, a third the humble violet. Let us each strive to please our Sovereign Lord and Master, according to the gift and the sweetness which He has bestowed upon us. I wish you, my dearest father, a long, happy, and peaceable old age, and that you may bear the cross of life with Jesus unto the Calvary of a happy death. Father and son may we meet in Paradise! I, poor little moth, go first. Adieu.

Your devoted and dutiful son,

THÉOPHANE VÉNARD, Miss. Apost."

"From my Cage,

January 20th, 1861.

"My dearest Sister,

"I wrote, some days ago, a general letter to the family, in which I gave all the details of my capture and interrogatory. Now, as my last hour is approaching, I want to send you, my darling sister, a special word of love and farewell, for our hearts have been one from our childhood. You have never had a secret from me, nor I from you. When, as a school-boy, I used to have to leave home for college, it was my little Mélanie who prepared my box and softened, with her tender words, the pain of parting. It was you who shared in the sorrows and joys of my college life; it was you who strengthened my vocation for the Foreign Missions. It was with you, dearest Mélanie, that I passed that solemn night of the 26th of February, 1851, which was our last meeting upon earth, and which we spent in a conversation so full of intimate thoughts and feelings of sympathy and holy hope, that it reminded me of the farewell of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. And when I had crossed the seas and came to water with sweat and blood this Annamite country, your letters were my strength, my joy, and my consolation. It is then only fair that, in this last hour, your brother should think of you, and send you a few last words of love and never-dying remembrance.

"It is midnight. Round my wooden cage, I see nothing but banners and long sabres. In one corner of the hall, where my cage is placed, a group of soldiers are playing at cards: another group at draughts. From time to time, the sentries strike the hours of the night on their drums or 'tom-toms.' About two feet from my cage, a feeble oil-lamp throws a vacillating light on this sheet of Chinese paper, and enables me to trace these few lines. From day to day I expect my sentence. Perhaps to-morrow I shall be led to execution. Happy death, which conducts me to the portals of eternal life!

According to all human probability, I shall be beheaded: a glorious shame of which heaven will be the price. At this news, darling sister, you will shed tears, but they should be of joy. Think of your brother, with the aureole of the martyr, and bearing in his hand the palm of victory! Only a few short hours, and my soul will quit this earth—will finish her exile—will have done with the fight. I shall mount upwards and reach our own true home. There, in that abode of God's elect, I shall see what the eye of man cannot imagine; hear harmonies which his ear cannot dream of now: enjoy a happiness which it has never entered into his heart even to conceive! But before arriving at all this, the grain of wheat must be ground; the bunch of grapes must be trodden in the wine-press. May I become only pure bread and wine, fit for the Master's use! I hope it, through the mercies of my Saviour and Redeemer, and through the protection of His Immaculate Mother. And so I venture, while still in the arena, and in the midst of the fight, to intone the hymn of triumph, as if I were sure of victory. And you, my dearest sister, I leave you in the field of virtues and good works. Reap a great harvest of those for the eternal life which awaits us both. Gather faith, hope, charity, patience, gentleness, sweetness, perseverance, and a holy death; and so we shall be together now and for evermore. Good-bye, my Mélanie! good bye my much-loved sister! Adieu!

"Your devoted brother,

"T. VÉNARD, Apostolic Missionary."

On the night of the 2nd of February, the sentence of death arrived. The widow Tighiên told him at two o'clock in the morning: "Father, you are to be executed to-day!" M. Vénard hastened to return to his cage to distribute his little things among his friends. At this moment a young lady arrived, bearing the Blessed Sacrament in a tiny box, and pressing through the soldiers, succeeded in putting it into his hand. But it was too boldly done: the soldiers dragged it from him by main

force, and gave it to their captain. Father Vénard, in his agony lest the Body of our Lord should be profaned, cried out to the widow Nghiên, "They have carried off my Viaticum!" This courageous woman rushed up to the captain, and told him that this mysterious wafer was not, as he imagined, a poison to accelerate death, but a mysterious food for the passage from this life to another, adding: "If you venture to touch this Viaticum, you and all your family will die suddenly!" The captain, really alarmed, gave back the box to the widow; who alas! on account of the mob, could not give it to the poor missioner. It was, therefore, returned to Mlle. Xin, who sorrowfully but safely took it back to Father Thinh.

Whilst this was passing, Théophane was summoned by the mandarin to hear his sentence. He had prepared himself a special dress for this day, namely, a white cotton vest, with a robe of black silk, and so attired, appeared before the judge, who pronounced the sentence, which he answered by a little speech, in which he made a formal declaration that he had only come to Tonquin to teach the true religion, and that he was going to die for the same cause. He ended by saying to the judge: "One day we shall meet each other again at the Tribunal of God." The frightened mandarin rose hastily, and ordered the convoy to start at once. It was composed of two elephants and two hundred soldiers, and they were half-an-hour in reaching the place of execution. F. Vénard sang Latin psalms and hymns as the procession passed through the town. The executioner, who was a horrible hunchback, asked him: "What he would give him to be executed promptly and well?" But Théophane answered: "The longer it lasts the better it will be." Having stripped him, save his trousers, his elbows were tightly tied behind his back, so as to force him to hold up his head for the fatal stroke; but it was only a trial one on the part of the barbarous executioner. The next stroke cut off half the head and knocked down the stake and the missionary together. Then the executioner finding his sword was blunt, took another, and cut and

hacked at his neck amidst the indignant murmurs of the crowd. Then having seized the head by the ear, he presented it to the colonel, who, disgusted at the scene, instantly sounded the retreat.

No sooner had the troops left the ground, than the Christians precipitated themselves on the spot to soak their handkerchiefs in the Martyr's blood, while the body was wrapt in a cotton sheet, and then buried in a coffin only a foot deep, so as to be able to remove it later to a place of safety. The head had been placed in a box at the top of a pole and a Catholic Mayor of a neighbouring village, named Ly-Vung, had made one similar, so as to try and substitute one for the other, and to get possession of the precious relic. But it was impossible to cheat the vigilance of the guards. The third evening it was thrown into the river, and recovered in a wonderful way a day or two later. Father Thinh put it carefully in a white silk bag, which was fastened down in a vase, and carried to Mgr. Theurel, who cut off some of the hair, and finally buried it until a time of peace should enable him to reunite the head with the rest of the body. Writing of him to his family, Mgr. Theurel says: "He had the greatest prudence and wisdom, united with a burning love and zeal for souls. Although his health was more delicate than that of any other missionary in the diocese, he did more work than anybody else, passing half the night and sometimes the whole day besides, in the Confessional. His confidence in God was boundless: he was likewise a wonderful linguist, and had completely mastered the difficult Annamite dialect, besides translating the Gospels and Epistles into that tongue, as well as the Acts of the Apostles . . . . I hoped so much," he continues, "from his wonderful piety, zeal and science. But the Sovereign Arbiter of all things has decided otherwise, and we can only say humbly: '*Fiat voluntas tua.*'"—Mgr. Theurel had just then succeeded Mgr. Rétord, who had lately died.

Thirty years have elapsed since Théophane Vénard's heroic death. The era of persecution in Tonquin is

past. Mgr. Puginier, who succeeded Mgr. Theurel, left at his death 200,000 neophytes, nearly 100 native priests, 47 European missionaries, and 425 Churches and Chapels. In M. Tardy's last letters, published in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, he gives a most cheering account of the state of the Mission, and of the good feeling existing among the people towards the missioners, to whom they are devotedly attached. As peace was reigning throughout the mission, there was a retreat for the Fathers in the month of January, at which two bishops and thirty-three missionaries were present, so greatly had the work increased and prospered.

A chapel has been erected at Bel-Air by the brother of Théophane Vénard, on the spot where, as a boy of nine years of age, Théophane, reading the life of the Venerable Charles Cornay, had exclaimed: "When I grow up, I too will go to Tonquin; I too will die a martyr!" This prophecy, or rather this generous resolve, has been fulfilled. He shed his blood in the noblest cause—the cause of God, and his sacrifice has brought forth fruit a hundred-fold.

Let us hope that his generous heart may find many imitators, and that this little biography may move others to come forward and help in the glorious work of the Foreign Missions. This is the test and the measure of Catholic life amongst us. The missionary spirit is the condition of growth, and if the Faith is to be extended at home, it must be by our helping to carry it abroad.

We feel confident that our Lord will not allow so noble an example to pass unheeded, and that Théophane's life and words will kindle in other souls a like burning love and zeal for the conversion of the heathen who know not God.

STORIES ON THE BEATITUDES. II.

Uncle Luke's Legacy.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land.

MONSIEUR and MADAME FLOURY lived at Wimille, a small village a few miles from Boulogne, and as unlike that very Anglo-Gallic port as can well be imagined. Indeed, when you wend your way there, walking from Wimereux, which is the nearest railway-station, you can hardly realize that the gay and bustling bathing-place is only such a little way off. It is so out of the world, so still and peaceful, that it looks as if it had been to sleep for the last hundred years or so, and did not intend to wake up. There is very little change in the place from year to year. The few old châteaux and white-faced houses of the chief street over the bridge, with their green and brown shutters, always look the same, and when the paint is

very much worn, they are repainted in exactly the same colours.

The Flourys lived in a house close to the Church. This has a flight of grey stone steps leading up to it: and a picturesque churchyard surrounds it on the three sides, the great crucifix being easily seen from the road beneath.

The Flourys were of the bourgeois class. M. Floury had a business at Lille, and went backwards and forwards from time to time; but as the business succeeded very well, and he had a first-rate and most trustworthy foreman, he was not obliged to go there very often. They were comfortably off. Madame Floury had many interests, the chief ones being her garden, which was her special hobby, and her children, of whom there were four. Jean was thirteen, Pauline eleven, Louis and Elise were eight and five; there had been others, but they had died in infancy.

One September day the children were assembled with their mother for their mid-day meal, or *déjeûner*, as it is called in France. Monsieur Floury was at Arras on business. As it was holiday time, the children had no lessons, and Jean, who was usually at school at Lille, was at home. His hair was cropped very close, and he wore a holland suit, which his mother fondly thought was very English-looking.

The floor of the dining-room was sanded, and there was no table-cloth on the table, that being used only on state occasions, such as when the

Curé came to supper, or when they had a birthday party. It was covered with a light, oak-coloured oil-cloth, and they all kept the same knife and fork throughout the different courses of cold meat, vegetables, and roast chicken. The beer of the country was placed in a large glass jug; there were grapes and golden-hued pears for dessert, and plenty of little biscuits, which in France are called "langues de chat."

"Will you have a pear, Pauline, or some grapes?" asked Madame Floury.

"I don't want a pear," said Pauline, a pale, blue-eyed girl, who looked, as she felt, decidedly cross. Throughout the breakfast she had said very little, but until then, Madame Floury had been so busy seeing that Louis and Elise had their meat cut up, and teaching them to eat it nicely, that she had not noticed Pauline's mood.

"Why not? You are generally such a child for fruit," said Madame Floury, as she began peeling a pear for Elise, who watched the process with anxious eyes.

"Because those pears are off Jean's tree—the one in his bit of garden."

"And lovely pears they are too," said Jean, who was a tall boy, with a somewhat stupid expression. He was very backward and dull, and Pauline, who was very quick, was often irritated by him.

"And why should you not eat a pear from Jean's tree?"

"Because I am angry with him. His garden is close to mine, and this morning he went and picked my China asters, and gave them away, when he knew I was saving them to give to the Church."

"I did not know you wanted them for the Church, Pauline," said Jean.

"Yes, you did! You heard me tell Augustine so yesterday," retorted Pauline, with flashing eyes.

"I did not. I told you so this morning," said Jean, eating his pear.

For a few minutes the two had a sharp altercation. Pauline's temper rose, and she was as angry as she looked.

"That will do, children, do not quarrel," said Madame. "You are very foolish, Pauline, for I am sure Jean did not intend to vex you, and you know, as he only sees his garden in the holidays, and you have it all the year round, it is natural that he should have mistaken where the boundary lay, for I expect that was it."

"No, mamma, you do not understand," said Pauline, impatiently; "he knew they were my flowers."

"I did not think you would mind; they were for little Annette to take to her old grandmother."

"That is enough about it. Take some grapes."

But Pauline shook her head.

"Where shall we go this afternoon?" asked

Madame; "would you all like to go down to Wimereux to the beach? The tide will be very good if you like to bathe."

"Oh, yes," said Jean, "I should like it very much."

"Oh, mamma, you won't let Jacques dip me?" said Elise, who was beginning to cry, for she hated the sea.

"No, dear, you shall not bathe to-day, but another day, when I can go with you."

"Are you not coming to-day, mamma?"

"No, I have to go to Boulogne for some shopping," said Madame Floury; "I have to get some black dresses for you all, as we must go into mourning for Uncle Luke."

"Ah, yes," said Louis, "poor Uncle Luke, the Mass is for him to-morrow, mamma, and I am to serve."

"Yes. He was buried the day before yesterday," said Madame Floury, alluding to her uncle who had lived at Boulogne, but had died suddenly that week in Paris. The children had seldom seen him, for he had been a very great invalid. He had died when staying with a married son, and the news to Madame Floury, had been somewhat of a shock.

"Can I go with you, mamma?" asked Pauline, who liked going in to Boulogne, for she was fond of shopping.

"No, my child, I prefer your going to the sea, to-day. Jean and Louis can bathe, and you can play about the sands with Elise."

"But I should have liked to have gone to Boulogne."

"I am sorry I cannot take you," said Madame Floury. "Now, Pauline, you can dress soon and go to make your visit at the Church. And Jean, tell Augustine you are to call for Pauline there; then you will all go down on the beach together: you will have a nice afternoon. Now run away, children."

It was an established rule of the house that those who were not at the daily Mass should make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament during the day; and Pauline, as soon as she had put on her "berette," a soft cloth cap much worn by bathers at the seaside, went to the Church and tried to collect her thoughts. She had not made her First Communion yet, but she hoped that perhaps next year she might begin to prepare for it, and even now her mother liked her to think of it, and look forward to the great day.

When Pauline got into the Church, which is highly decorated, and has a beautiful sanctuary, she reflected on her quarrel with Jean, and conscience told her she had been naughty. Pauline was not blind to her own faults, and ever since she made her first confession, three years ago, she had tried more or less to conquer herself, and not to give way to that irritable temper which so often got beyond bounds, and led her into the grave sin of anger. That she was irritable by nature she could not help. It was as much part of herself as the

shape of her nose, or the colour of her hair; but she knew quite well that God's grace is stronger than any sin or fault of character, and that to be pleasing in His sight, she should try and gain the victory over herself. As a matter of fact, she had tried and then got tired of it, and became careless, and things used to go wrong. The task was hard, no doubt, but Pauline knew well that not to be careful and watchful made it all the harder.

It was easy enough, then, to think over things and resolve to do better, and Pauline felt rather pleased with herself than otherwise. For good resolutions are not hard to make, and Pauline resolved that she would never be cross again, however much provoked she might be.

On that lovely summer afternoon, the Church was very quiet and peaceful. Only one or two people came to say their prayers, and Pauline, who had said her Rosary, began to wonder when Jean would come for her, for she was getting rather tired of being there.

Another quarter of an hour slipped away, and still no Jean. Then the Church clock struck three, and a thought flashed into Pauline's mind: could Jean have forgotten all about it?"

The colour rose to her cheeks at the very idea, and her heart beat faster than usual. But it could not be possible, though as there was a doubt on the subject, she decided that she had better go back to the house, and see for herself.

The house seemed very still, as she pushed

open the door and entered. Generally Louis and Elise, if indoors, made a good deal of noise. They might be in the garden.

The garden was empty, and as she came back from a hurried run round it, she caught sight of Virginie, the old cook, standing at the kitchen back-door.

"Virginie!" she shouted, for the cook was very deaf. "Who is at home?"

"No one, Mademoiselle Pauline. Madame has gone to Wimereux, and is going on to Boulogne, and Augustine has gone with the children to the beach."

"And they have not taken me!"

Virginie shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know anything about that. I think Augustine thought you had gone to Boulogne with Madame."

"No, I went to the church, and Jean—that hateful little Jean—"

"Ah, Mademoiselle must not call names," said Virginie, who had been Pauline's nurse, and was privileged to speak her mind.

"He is—it's too bad!" said Pauline, ready to cry. "He has forgotten all about it. And I can't go by myself, for mamma will not let me walk alone to Wimereux."

"I should think not indeed," said Virginie, in a horrified tone; "why, what would people say, to see Mademoiselle Pauline by herself on the high road!"

"Can't you take me to Wimereux?"

"Me! Why, Mademoiselle is dreaming! I could never leave the house alone, and all the plum-jam I am making. Who ever heard of such a thing? Mademoiselle must make herself happy in the garden, and she shall without doubt go to-morrow."

The garden was charming that afternoon. There were large fruit trees, laden with pears and apples, all turning yellow and crimson. There was a big peach tree growing over the south wall, with lovely peaches, downy and exquisitely coloured, under the bright green leaves. There were still a good many flowers, scarlet and pink geraniums, yellow calceolaria, borders of blue lobelia, and tangles of nasturtiums with gorgeous blossoms, orange, red, and yellow.

The birds were singing, the sky was blue and cloudless, and Pauline had a new number of a children's paper to read; but nothing had any charm, so wild was the passion and rage at her heart.

It was just like Jean, to have forgotten to tell Augustine, and to have gone on. They never thought of her. She was always forgotten. No one cared for her. Of course Pauline thought rapidly, never reflecting how unjust and untrue these thoughts were. In her heart, she knew quite well that there was no favouritism among the children, and that she shared with the rest all the little pleasures and attentions her parents could give them. She was loved and cared for, as the rest were, and though her mother was,

perhaps, not as demonstrative as many French people are, yet she showed by her actions her love for each and all of her children. And had not her busy father written her a little note all to herself, the day before, from Arras? And if Jean had forgotten—was it not a very rare occurrence?

But poor Pauline would not hearken to the whispers of her guardian angel, and the more she listened to the voice of her own angry self, the more she thought herself very hardly used. She did what so many people do when they are angry, she punished herself. For instead of sitting in the pleasant garden, and reading her paper, of which she was usually so fond, she turned to go into the house.

"Will Mademoiselle have a little *eau sucrée?*" enquired Virginie.

But Pauline shook her head, and went up to her room, where were her favourite books, her altar with its crucifix and images, and all her little treasures. The bed was white, draped with pretty white muslin, and Pauline, throwing herself upon it, sobbed her heart out.

She heard the rest return from the beach at Wimereux, about five o'clock, and jumping off her bed, with all her anger rising again, Pauline rushed downstairs.

"Jean—"

"Oh, Pauline, I am so sorry! I—"

"You forgot me! You selfish horrid boy! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am very sorry," said Jean, penitently. "You don't know how I forget things."

"Monsieur Jean wanted to go back when he remembered it," said Augustine. "*Tiens*, but I thought Mademoiselle had gone to Boulogne with Madame."

Pauline fumed and wept. Jean said again and again how sorry he was, and peace was somewhat restored when Madame Floury returned. However, Augustine related the whole circumstance to her, and she was very sorry when she heard it.

Pauline had by that time gone to bed, and Madame Floury, who looked very much concerned, went upstairs, and gently opened the door of her little daughter's room. The moon was shining brightly, and the room was filled with the white light.

"Pauline."

"Yes, mamma," said a husky voice.

"What is this quarrel about, that you have had with Jean—the second to-day—my child, I am quite ashamed of you!"

Then Pauline told her.

For a little while, Madame Floury sat silently. She was very anxious about her children, and to her, there was no pain or illness that they could suffer in their bodies, which caused her so much distress as she felt when they committed any fault, or yielded to a temptation to sin. She was a simple, good woman, not very clever or learned with the world's knowledge, but truly pious, and

one who had studied her crucifix to some purpose. That, indeed, is the best of all books, and those who kneel at its feet, may learn much from the Divine Teacher, Who has said to all who would be good Christians, "Learn of Me."

Pauline was still too sore at heart to be willing to own her fault, and Madame Floury longed to be able to show her how she was wrong.

"You see, unless you conquer yourself, your temper will get worse and worse," said Madame Floury, who was herself very amiable and gentle.

"I can't help it if I have a quick temper," said Pauline; "so has father."

"Yes, but he controls it, Pauline. Of course you cannot help the fact that you are easily irritated, but you can try and conquer it by not giving way. To feel angry is bad enough; but to give way to anger in words and actions makes it far worse."

Pauline did not answer.

The days went on, and there were not so many quarrels between Pauline and the others. One reason was that she was very busy, although it was holiday time; and the children, who had learnt to be afraid of her temper, were anxious not to irritate it. Pauline was fond of drawing and was considered to have quite a talent for it. She was busy then at a small sketch of Wimille Church, which she intended to give her father on his fête-day, in October.

"I think you are getting on very well with that," said Madame Floury one day, as she looked at the little painting which was in Pauline's room.

"Yes—father will be pleased, mamma, will he not?"

"Very. I shall get you a frame for the picture in Boulogne."

"Oh, will you, mamma? that will be very nice. Thank you a thousand times."

"I am pleased with my Pauline," said Madame Floury. "For I think she has been trying to be a better girl lately."

Pauline flushed with pleasure.

"I don't feel very well to-day," said Madame Floury; "I think I shall take my knitting and sit in the garden."

"What is the matter with you, mamma?"

"I don't know quite," said Madame Floury; "but I am hot and cold, and my throat is sore."

"Will you take a little tisane? Virginie can get you some."

"No, my child; very likely I shall be better by to-night," said Madame Floury.

"Mamma, can I go out and finish my picture? there is a little that I still want to do."

"Yes, you may. Then you will have it done by to-night?"

"Yes, it will be quite finished."

Pauline then took her camp stool and painting materials, and went and sat where she could see

the Church very well. She felt very happy, as she was looking forward to giving the picture to her father.

Before she sat down, she remembered that she had not been to make her visit to the Blessed Sacrament. It would only have taken a few minutes, but she did not want to go, as she wished to get on with her painting.

When it was done, she went back to her home, and put the picture in the salon for her mother to see when she came in.

"Mamma, have you seen my picture?" asked Pauline as they sat round the supper table.

"No, dear," said Madame Floury. "Where is it?"

"In the salon."

"I went in just now in the dark," said Madame Floury, "and I knocked over something on the table; I hope it was not your picture?"

"Oh, mamma!" Pauline sprang up and ran into the salon.

It was quite dark, but she found some matches and struck one on the little china-stand which held them.

Then she lighted a candle, and to her dismay saw that a glass of flowers had been upset over her picture, which she had foolishly placed by its side. Pauline ran back to her mother in a great rage.

"Mamma, see! you have spoilt my picture!" said Pauline.

"My dear child, I am indeed vexed," said

Madame Floury. "How could I have done it?"

"You said you upset something, mamma; oh, it is too bad."

"I did not wait to see what it was," said Madame; "my head feels so stupid to-night."

"It is ruined—quite, quite spoilt," said Pauline; and indeed there was no gainsaying the fact. The water had soaked the little picture through, and the work of weeks was quite ruined. "My dear, I am indeed grieved."

"See, all the Church is faded into the trees," said Elise.

"Let me see," said Louis.

"Let it alone. Don't touch it. Of course it cannot be remedied," said Pauline. "How could you do it, mamma? it is really too bad of you."

"My dear child, I did not do it on purpose," said Madame Floury.

"It is a shame—it is too bad!" said Pauline.

"Accidents will happen," said Madame Floury. "All I can say, Pauline, is, that I am very sorry. I wish with all my heart that I had taken a light into the room. Dear Pauline, it was very stupid of me. I will do all I can to help you to get your father another present."

"It won't be the same as this that I had worked at so hard. I wish I had not painted it."

"Your father will know your kind intention, and he will be as sorry as I am," said madame. "Now, children, go upstairs, and we shall say our Rosary."

Pauline was crying and sobbing, and her mother came up to her.

"Dear, I am very sorry. Come, forgive me and let us go and say our Rosary. The children are waiting—come!"

But Pauline turned aside.

"Will you not come, dear?"

No answer.

"Pauline—I am going to ask you to say it with the children."

"I?"

"Yes. I am feeling so tired."

"Of course if I must, I must," said Pauline ungraciously. And as she spoke, she tore up the picture, and flung the pieces on the floor.

A cloud passed over Madame Floury's face.

"I am sorry you have done that, dear, because I should have showed the picture to your father as it is."

"I would not have let him see it."

"Well now, will you go, dear, and then Augustine must put the children to bed," said Madame Floury.

"Are you going to bed, then?"

"Yes."

Pauline turned towards the door.

"Pauline?"

"What is it?"

"Will you not kiss me and say good-night?" asked Madame Floury.

For a moment there was a struggle in Pauline's mind. She felt herself injured, and was persuad-

ing herself that she had every right to be angry. Her guardian angel whispered that she should cease to be angry and say good-night, as usual, to her mother, who was so sorry for what after all was but an accident.

Madame Floury went up to Pauline. "I am going upstairs, dear—good-night."

And she bent her head down to her angry little daughter, who never raised her eyes, and did not return the kiss.

Madame Floury had gone to bed when Pauline had finished saying the Rosary with the children, in the little room they called an oratory. In it was an image of our Lady and some beautiful pictures.

When Pauline came down, she found her father, who had been detained late in Boulogne on business, and who had just entered.

He was picking up the pieces of the picture.

"Why, what is this?"

"Oh, father, I am so sorry you should see it. It is a picture that I had done for you, of the Church, and it was for your fête-day."

"But how did you come to tear it up?" asked Monsieur Floury.

Then Pauline told him.

He looked very grave, for Pauline, who was very truthful, had not concealed the fact of her anger with her mother.

"I am more pained at your having spoken angrily to your mother, than I could have been pleased at your picture, my child," said Mon-

sieur Floury. "Your temper gives me much anxiety."

Pauline pouted.

"Yes, indeed, my child. And unless you learn to be different, you will be unhappy all your life," said her father.

"It is other people who do things to make me angry," said Pauline. "If mother had not knocked over my picture, I should not have been vexed."

"Naturally."

"Well, then, how is it my fault?"

Monsieur Floury was silent; he was not good at argument on such matters.

"I have not had any supper, Pauline," said he; "can you ask Virginie for some?"

Pauline ran away, and presently Virginie came in with a tray which she placed before Monsieur Floury.

"Can I stay, papa?"

"Yes, if it is not too late for you."

"Oh, no. I should like to stay."

"I have been thinking of many things," said Monsieur Floury, as he tucked his table-napkin under his chin before beginning his soup.

"Yes."

"I am afraid, Pauline, you have inherited my temper."

"Papa!"

"Yes; I mean what I say," said Monsieur Floury gravely.

Pauline did not say anything, and her father continued:

"Perhaps I ought to tell you what sad effects my temper once had."

"When you were a child, papa?"

"Yes, many, many years ago."

"Yes, do tell me," said Pauline, who, like all children, loved a story.

"Well, when we were children, we were living in Paris; my father had business there, and your Aunt Josephine and I were brought up very much together, for I went to a day-school in Paris, and so was at home between whiles."

"Was Aunt Josephine older or younger than you, papa?" asked Pauline. She had seen her aunt once, a long time ago, for now she lived in the south of France, and rarely came as far north as Wimille.

"Two years older."

"Was she your only sister?"

"Yes."

"I remember her when she came four years ago; I had never seen her before."

"No, she married and settled at Montpellier," said Monsieur Floury.

"And she had such a strange mark on her forehead, as though her hair was in a fringe, I noticed it," said Pauline.

"Ah, did you notice it to her? but of course you would not have done anything so impolite," said Monsieur Floury.

"Yes, I did. You see I was younger then, and I asked her how she came by it, and she would not tell me."

"It was about that very mark that I was going to tell you this evening," said Monsieur Floury.

"Then do tell me, papa."

"Yes, I will, but you have interrupted me so often," said Monsieur Floury, and then he continued: "Well, I always had a very quick temper, and I was careless about controlling it, and I never minded what my parents said. I did not take means either to conquer myself for I was very neglectful of the Sacraments, and I took things easily, and made little or no resistance. I thought very much as you do, that I could not help it."

"One can't help being quick," put in Pauline.

"No, of course not, but that is not the question. Well, one day we were promised a great treat. My godmother, an old lady who lived at Sèvres, said she would come for my sister Josephine and myself, and take us all over the beautiful china works there. We were to be quite ready and to go with her when she came for us. Josephine and I went, and we saw all over it, from the very beginning, where the materials for the china are gathered and softened, until it ends in some beautiful article, painted and gilt, and of great value. My godmother told us that, if we liked, she would buy us a present of a pretty cup and saucer, which we could each have and keep all our lives as a souvenir of our visit."

"Did she?"

"Yes; Josephine and I had each one. Well, that evening the cups and saucers were on part

of a card-table—my parents had been playing cards."

"Do you mean a table which unfolds?"

"Yes, and one half goes over a leg which you pull out," said Monsieur Floury.

"Like the one Madame Legrand has?"

"Yes, exactly like that. Well, we were playing about the room, and Josephine was under the table, when suddenly, without knowing it, she jerked the leg and pushed it, and the whole thing shook."

"And the china?"

"That fell on the floor. I was so angry when I saw our beautiful cups and saucers in fragments, that I took up one of the bits and threw it at Josephine."

"Oh, papa!"

"Yes," said Monsieur Floury. "It was a terrible thing to do, but I did not think. I was so angry, and I did not care what I was doing."

"What happened?"

"Josephine gave a scream, and then I saw blood flowing from her forehead, and she was taken away."

"Were you punished?"

"Yes, but my greatest punishment was in the thought that I had very nearly either blinded or killed my sister."

"Was she very angry?"

"No. She had a very sweet temper, and would never let me talk about it."

"Was she ill long?"

"Yes, and for some time they were anxious about her, as they thought the scar would leave a much greater mark than it did."

"There is a mark now."

"Yes, and there is one on my memory which I shall never efface," said Monsieur Floury.

That night, when Pauline went to bed, she felt that something was wrong. When she made her self-examination, conscience reminded her plainly of her fault, and when she lay down, she was uneasy and unhappy.

The next morning she slept late, and did not hear the Church bell for Mass, and when at last she awoke, the house seemed very still.

As she was brushing her hair, Virginie came in with a grave look on her brown face.

"Ah, Mademoiselle is dressing—that is right," she said.

"I did not know it was so late," said Pauline, "but what do you want, Virginie?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle—there is bad news."

"About whom?"

"Madame is very ill. She was much worse in the night, and—"

"She was not well yesterday," said Pauline, remembering that her mother had complained of not feeling well.

"Well, Monsieur had to go for a doctor in the night, and he thinks she may be sickening for scarlet fever."

"Oh, Virginie!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle. Fortunately, Monsieur Jean has gone back to school, the two children have already been sent over to Madame Degrand at Wimereux, and—"

"What is to become of me?"

"Ah, that is just what I came about," said Virginie; "Mademoiselle has to come with me to the house down the road. It is unoccupied, and Monsieur was going to let it."

"Yes, and mamma?"

"She will remain here with Augustine, who has had the fever, and can nurse her."

"I should like to help," said Pauline.

Virginie smiled.

"Ah, Mademoiselle must get out of the way of the infection as soon as possible. That is what I came about. We must pack up and go as soon as we can."

"Can I not see mamma?"

"Oh no, indeed, Mademoiselle," said Virginie.

Pauline was soon very busy packing up what she required, and her things were soon taken across to the house a little further down the road. It was a house belonging to her father, which was just then unlet.

Virginie and Pauline had to live there, and were not allowed to go near the house where their mother lay ill. They made an arrangement of signals so as to know how she was, and Pauline felt the days to be very anxious ones

She wished to write her mother a little note, and tell her how sorry she was for her anger

that evening, but she was told that Madame Floury was too ill to be able to read it. They were dreary days, for Virginie could not walk far, and Pauline was not allowed beyond the village by herself. Some friends of theirs asked her to their house, now and then, but nothing relieved the anxiety which she felt.

One morning the signal said that her mother was very ill, and Pauline had a wretched day. It was pouring with rain, and she was not able to go out all day. No one came to see her, and old Virginie was not in a very agreeable mood.

As Pauline sat in her room in the evening, her thoughts were very sad ones. Again and again her memory recurred to the last evening she had seen her mother, when she had been so ill-tempered and cross. How she longed now to be able to give her the kiss she had so sullenly refused! She could feel again the touch of her mother's hand and hear again the kind voice which was so full of sorrow for the annoyance she had caused her by a mere accident.

It was a still evening and not at all cold, though it was the very end of October. Pauline did not feel inclined to go to bed: she sat by the window, saying her beads, and thinking over many things.

Suddenly she heard the sound of wheels and a cart or carriage stop not far off.

In a moment Pauline had opened the window, and leaning out, saw that the cart had stopped before the door of her house.

The back was let down, and then Pauline, to her horror, saw two men lift out a coffin, over which a cloth was thrown.

Her mother must be dead, and they had concealed it from her as long as they could. It is wonderful how quickly thought travels, and in the very briefest space of time Pauline had remembered many things. Her mother had been worse that morning—so the signal had said.

She had seen the Curé go in and stay a long time, and Virginie had looked very mysterious all day. It took Pauline far less time to think these things than it does me to write them, and each thought was like a sword in her heart. To her dying day she will never forget the horror and the misery.

But at the time her sad thoughts were suddenly ended, for she fainted, and as Virginie was deaf, she never heard the fall of Pauline on the floor.

When she came to herself, all the wretchedness returned to her mind in full force, and hardly knowing what she was doing, she ran down stairs, and up the road. She was forbidden to go near the house, but in her anxiety she could not think of herself, and just at the door she met her father.

"Pauline—and without your hat? What is it?"

"Oh, father! I am so wretched—why—why did you not tell me?"

"Tell you what? Do not come near me,

child," said Monsieur Floury, in terror lest Pauline should touch him.

"Mamma—"

Pauline could say no more, but her father saw that her face was very white.

"Your mother is turning the corner, thank God," said Monsieur Floury. "I was going round to the presbytery now, to ask Monsieur le Curé to say a Mass of thanksgiving."

"Oh, father, why—why—"

"What did you think, child?"

"Father, I thought she was dead."

"What made you think so?"

"I saw a coffin carried in just now," said Pauline. "I am sure I did."

"A coffin, child? why, you must be dreaming!"

"But I did."

Monsieur Floury thought for a moment.

"I know what you mean. It was a clock—what they call in England a grandfather's clock, which your Uncle Luke has left your mother as a legacy. It is a very valuable clock, and he bought it many years ago, when he went to England. They sent it from Boulogne this evening, but the men did not bring it in, as when they heard of the fever, they were afraid to come in, and so we sent and asked our neighbours to take it in for us.

"I made sure it was a coffin!" said Pauline. "Oh, father, I am so thankful! Do you think mother will recover?"

"There is every hope of it," said Monsieur

Floury, and Pauline felt as if a terrible weight was lifted off her mind.

It was a long long time, so it seemed to her, before the quarantine was over, and she was allowed to see her mother, but when she did they had a grave loving talk.

"I shall never, never forget what I felt when I thought you were dead, mamma," said Pauline, as she held the hand which was now so thin and white, and looked at her mother with tears in her eyes.

"I can understand, dear," said Madame Floury. "Well, Uncle Luke's legacy will always serve to remind you of several things."

And so it did.

Ten years have passed away, and there are many changes in the little house at Wimille.

Jean has gone into business at Lille, and is doing very well.

Monsieur Floury has retired from business, and is at home. He had a stroke of paralysis last year, and is quite an invalid. Madame Floury nurses him a great deal, and Pauline helps her in every possible way.

Louis is at a seminary, training for the priesthood, and Elise is a tall slip of a girl, who hopes to leave school very soon.

One day Madame Floury receives a letter from Amiens, where her mother lives.

"Pauline," she says, turning to her daughter, who is her right hand in everything, "I have heard from grandmamma."

"Yes, mamma—how is she?"

"Very well, dear, for such an old lady. But she would like to come here, and I have spoken to your father, and he has no objection."

"I thought aunt Elise lived with her."

"Yes—but you know she is going to be married. We never thought she would, but it seems she is to be married after all."

"Fancy aunt Elise married!" says Pauline, for the whole family have always looked upon aunt Elise as never likely to leave her mother's roof for a home of her own. She is much younger than Madame Floury, but still long past her first youth.

"Yes, your grandmamma tells me of it, and as it is to an Englishman, your aunt will go and live in England," says Madame Floury.

"And grandmamma comes here?"

"Yes."

Pauline does not say anything, but she thinks how trying it will be.

Madame Lenoir, Madame Floury's mother, is by no means an old lady who wins affection, for she is not easy to get on with. Making all due allowance for the infirmities of age, it cannot be denied that Madame Lenoir is cranky and full of fancies; and to have her as an inmate of the house is not an agreeable prospect. She is a person who prides herself upon speaking her mind.

The old lady comes, and is by no means a pleasant addition to the household, but Pauline

bears with her, and helps others to do so. No one knows quite how it is that Pauline has such an influence in the house, but the result is felt.

"I can't think how it is that Pauline puts up with father when he is so cross, and grandmamma. Nothing seems to irritate her, she does not seem tried."

"Oh, yes, I think she is irritated," says Madame Floury, with a smile.

"Well, she seldom shows it. Mamma, if you only had heard grandmamma to-day! she was finding fault with everything Pauline had on."

"She is very fault-finding, I allow—poor mother!" says Madame Floury.

"Yes, she said her hat was hideous, and her hair very badly done. And she scolded Pauline because she let fall a book, and she really could not help it, mamma."

Madame Floury smiles. "Yes I know. Pauline has much to try her."

"I could never bear it, mamma. I don't think Pauline ever says an angry or a cross word. I often thought of her when we had that sermon last Sunday on the Beatitude about "blessed are the meek."

"I did not know of the sermon, dear; you see, I cannot leave your father for so long, and I am never now at the sermon Mass," says Madame Floury.

"I liked it very much, mamma, and I thought of Pauline all the time. I wish I was like her."

At that moment Pauline enters the room. She is much like what she was ten years ago, but the expression of her face is sweeter.

"Pauline."

"Yes, mamma."

"I must go out now, as I have to go to Boulogne. But I should like you to do something while I am out."

"Yes, mamma, what is it?"

"Will you go and sit with grandmamma for an hour, and then see that your father has his coffee?"

"I will, mamma."

"And some day, Pauline, I should like you to tell Elise the story of Uncle Luke's legacy."

"What is that?" said Elise.

"The clock we have in the hall," says Madame Floury; "you know it was left to us by Uncle Luke, whom you do not remember, about ten years ago."

"What about it?"

"I know, Elise, what mamma means. I will tell you the story and all I suffered."

"Tell me now," says Elise.

"Well," says Pauline, "perhaps there will be time. Let us come into the garden and pick the flowers for the procession."

The two sisters go into the old garden, and are soon busy picking flowers, for there is to be a great procession the next day, to the hill behind the Church, and the whole place is greatly excited about it.

Pauline tells Elise the story, although it is always very painful to her to recall that terrible evening when, for a few minutes, she thought her mother was dead, and that she should never have the opportunity of expressing her sorrow to her.

Elise listens attentively.

"I understand now, Pauline. You do really feel angry very often, but you don't let your feelings get the upper hand."

"I try not—but often it is very hard. At first I was in despair, because I was always failing, but I think now I am just a little stronger."

"I wonder if that is what is meant by the meek possessing the land?"

"Self-control enables you to possess yourself in a way. But you must not think that I always succeed, Elise, for indeed I do not."

"I never see you cross or angry."

"Ah, but the feelings are there very often," says Pauline humbly.

"I suppose," says Elise, "that one's faults can really be turned to good, if we try after the opposite virtues. For there is no merit in a person who never can be roused, being meek, but one who is naturally hasty, has plenty of work."

"Yes—"

"And what were the things that helped you?"

"Taking the every-day helps that we can all have. If I neglect going to Mass on week-days,

or to make my visit when I could have gone, or if I am careless, then, when the temptation comes, I am weaker to resist. But I am preaching a sermon, which I never meant to do."

"I shan't forget," says Elise, "and when I look at Uncle Luke's legacy, I shall feel that I need not despair, and that perhaps some day, I may be meek as you are."

"Don't praise me, please! if I am altered, it is God's work, not mine."

"It is your will and your efforts corresponding with the grace of God," says a voice behind them. Their mother has come in to see what they are about, before she starts for Boulogne.

And she is right.

ABSTINENCE AND MODERATION.

IT will be admitted by all thinking men that very many of the evils afflicting society at the present day are largely aggravated by the abuse of strong drink. It may be that this is even to understate the facts; but I own to a certain impatience of the sort of questions sure to arise if the matter is put more strongly, such as whether drink causes poverty or poverty drink, whether a sober man can possibly improve the rooms offered him in parts of the town as his only accommodation. All this is like arguing on theories of combustion while a house is on fire, instead of doing the best at the moment and leaving theories for a leisure time. We know—and this is enough—that pauperism, crime, insanity, sickness, accidents, are all increased by intoxicants. What have we each of us to do with this, and what can we do?

In the past it may have been no business of ours, for the simple reason that our attention was not drawn to it. No man is bound, like the knights of old, "to ride abroad redressing human wrong" at a venture, and thereby not seldom neglect the duties which are near home. With Don Quixote, we run the danger of mistaking sheep for an army, and windmills for giants. And if we have felt any

desire to take our part in endeavouring to make the lot of those about us brighter, better, and happier, it by no means follows that our minds have been turned to the evils of intemperance as the special matter on which we have to work.

But just now the subject is in the air; few of us can escape it. Unrestricted competition so multiplies the number of public houses, that in many districts the ways are adequately lit by their lamps, rather than by those of the vestries. The attitude of a candidate for parliament towards the liquor traffic may make or mar his chances of success. The various religious bodies have taken up the subject, and it is impossible that any reformer, religious or social, should ignore or evade the question thrust before him. It is the duty of Catholics, who most of all should be zealous for souls, not to lag behind the sects in this most important matter. They alone, inasmuch as they have and know the Truth, can speak on this subject without exaggeration; they alone, when the great step has been taken, by which a man severs himself from his temptation, can point to the ways in which out of weakness he may become strong, the Sacraments of Penance and the Altar. These Sacraments alone can preserve humility, which is apt to be endangered by a self denial which in order to be useful to others must be, in a measure, ostentatious.

It is a matter for all classes, for it is nonsense to

speak of abuse of drink as though it were a working man's or a poor man's vice. Neither is a bout of drunkenness, shameful and disgraceful as it is, and more common among the poor than among the better to do, so harmful to the constitution or the purse as the more gentlemanlike and refined habit of "nipping." I say deliberately, that the man who gets drunk now and then, being, on the whole, a fairly abstinent man at other times, is less a foe to himself and to society than he who, taking each day such a quantity of alcohol as keeps his blood in a constant fever, prepares for himself premature disease and old age, weakens his will, and increases his temptations. But I assume that every sane man will wish to avoid both forms of evil, the more base as well as the more insidious.

The main remedy for the evils of which I have spoken is personal total abstinence, and it is this which I wish to advocate on purely social as well as on religious grounds.

It is a simple remedy, admitted by all as needful in the case of every one who is under slavery to drink. When a man has reached the point at which he feels that so soon as he puts strong drink into his mouth it steals away his brains, there is nothing for it but, in the words of an old dramatist, Cyril Tourneur, to

> "Close his teeth and not undo'em
> To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em."

If he fancy, quite erroneously, that in giving up

stimulants he is giving up a source of strength, either mental or bodily, I would suggest, even supposing this to be a possible danger, that, whereas he knows that drink is sapping his strength, weakening his will, lowering his bodily tone, abstinence can do no more, while it may do much less; and if he is to be a weakling under any circumstances, he had better be a sober than a drunken invalid. But if all this be admitted in regard to the intemperate, those who take wine or other alcoholic drinks in moderation think the use may well be permitted as against the abuse. They urge, and with force, that if abuse were enough to prohibit use, the world would come to a speedy end, and, long before it ended, all delight that makes life worth living would die.

But the case is not the same in regard to drink as to any other thing which men may be called upon to renounce. There is nothing more common than to hear the matter put in this way: "Drink is a temptation to my friend, therefore he must give it up; it is none to me, therefore I will not forego it, though to me it is no temptation." The effect of this would be to draw a hard and fast line between abstainers and non-abstainers, so that, as a rule, the abstainer would by his abstinence admit that he was a potential drunkard. The very essence of all temperance work is that those who are not tempted should put themselves on the level of those who are, to encourage and aid by example, that

none should know the motives and the needs of the abstinent. To refuse to share a burthen with our brothers, when the need for sharing it is once plain, is not the part of a friendly and kindly man. To him who has once been given to over-indulgence in strong drink, its taste, even its smell, comes at times like the grip of some strong power outside self; the whole flesh will quiver and burn for that which will for a moment slake desire. And the man to whom, as he says, this is no temptation at all, will in a light and airy way bid the sufferer deny himself at the cost of any pain, yet will not, by his example, bring about a less use of that which is a snare to many, so as to lessen the temptations and opportunities to those who are weak.

I pass over the cynical argument that this is an indulgence pleasant to ourselves, because my contention is addressed to those who are no *mere* pleasure-seekers, but men and women touched with a zeal for human improvement, which was never aided a step forwards without some self-denial; nor is it easy to be tolerant to the argument that some danger of ill health may possibly result from the disuse of stimulants. The assertion is devoid of all sound basis, but suppose there were a grain of reason in it, he were a bold man who, once engaged in the work, would press it. In days when medical men, in the cause of humanity, and to spare human suffering, have experimented on themselves to danger and to death in the use of

anaesthetics; when they fear not to visit patients in all loathsome and infectious disease, if it be their duty; when tender and delicate women penetrate court and alley in works of mercy and love, daring sickness and the exhaustion which comes of long-protracted toil; when the clergy are spending their health and energy for their people;—it ill-becomes temperance reformers, following at a distance, to plead a possible slight deterioration in vigour as a reason against joining a great social work.

But the contention has no basis in fact. No doubt, some years since, the matter was not as clear as now—the issue was uncertain; the labourer with hand or brain might feel a doubt how the work he had to do could be done without stimulant. Now there are men in every trade and every occupation who can say triumphantly that to them work is as easy, perhaps easier than before, because it is more even and regular. A trifle of extra work, if done under the stress of stimulant, is sure to be counterbalanced by a reaction. Abstainers can say that all the wear and tear of life is borne with greater equanimity, the temper is more even, the pleasures of life are not less, its joys, if less riotous, are deeper. And if this be the case in health, the advantages of abstinence are even more obvious in sickness. An ever-increasing number of medical men are diminishing the use of alcohol under any circumstances to a vanishing-point, and agree, with an unanimity which is almost startling,

that the cure of ordinary disease and accident is in almost exact proportion to previous sobriety.

Indeed, I should go much further than this. Even the moderate and refined use of alcohol does not render general life brighter, easier, or more comfortable, and in so saying I am far from appealing to persons whose whole conceptions of life, whether in the present or future, would be considered dreary and uncomfortable. I would point to persons of all positions who find that there is even a wider difference in the healthy feel of body and mind between the man who takes no stimulant and him who takes a little, than between the man who takes little and him who without visible excess drinks a good deal; and on personal as well as social grounds I would press the experiment on all.

For those who may agree with me now or in the future, it does not seem enough to abstain; the pledge also is most desirable, as welding those who have a common cause into a coherent and compact body. It is very simple: "I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks." To this many societies add the words, "and to discourage their use by others." If the League of the Cross does not say this, it is only because every Catholic in endeavouring to save his own soul, can do so only if he do his best for his brother's soul also. A selfish salvation is impossible.

The pledge does not prevent the taking of intoxi-

cating drinks medicinally, when necessary, but these should be always taken, if at all, under the express orders of a medical man, and as soon as the necessity is over, abstinence should be at once resumed.

Now this is a clear, simple, and easy matter for most of us; it will not interfere with health, or work, or enjoyment; it will enable us to see more clearly what abstinence does and can do, when once we are engaged in the cause. We can make this trifling sacrifice, if sacrifice it be, which I have urged, each on his own grounds, and that is the beauty and advantage of a common and great cause; we can throw into it all our zeal and our energy, adding behind it those forces which most strongly move our being—the love of God, the reformation of Society, and the welfare of our fellow-men.

To Catholics, however, the call is stronger still. We are all called on to practise self-denial, in the matter of food, and there is no better act of this virtue, than to give up aught which may cause scandal, out of zeal for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of others, and in satisfaction of our own sins.

It is a small reparation which we can, each in his own way, make for the many insults offered to our God, through the abuse of strong drink in our land and our time.

C. KEGAN PAUL.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 18 West Square, London, S.E.
[Price ½*d.*; 2*s.* per 100.]

Ellen Golding,

the Rescued Nun.

By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.

Horrible revelations concerning the secret practices of convents excite less attention now than in former days. Convents are more in evidence than they were. Almost every English town has one or more, the good works of which are manifest and acknowledged. There is constant intercourse, too, between the convent and the residents, with the result that the nuns become personally known to their neighbours, Protestants and Catholics alike. Many Protestants, too, as well as Catholics, have relatives of their own in the convents of the land; relatives whom they visit regularly, without finding in them any signs of discontent, or any falling off from the high motives which led them to embrace this life. With such facts under their eyes, what wonder that the mass of Englishmen should have become favourably impressed, and should be prone to disregard the incredible stories imported from time to time from foreign regions! And this the more because Englishmen do not fail to notice that whenever ex-priests and ex-nuns are carried round the country to lecture against convents, there is always something uncanny and suspicious about them.

"Why then," say many Catholics, "should we trouble ourselves about these impostors? For the reasons mentioned they cannot do us much harm, and, on the other hand, it is almost impossible to get at the facts about their antecedents, except by a most expensive lawsuit." The difficulties and expenses of detection do indeed, as a rule, make it impossible to submit these cases to a rigorous investigation. Still, if this should in any instance be possible, it seems worth attempting. The educated classes may not be much influenced by such slanders; but many a poor Catholic girl in the shop or factory has much to suffer because she has no

means of defending the good nuns, to whom she owes so much, against the atrocious charges broached at some recent lecture. We propose, therefore, not to neglect the present opportunity, but to place on record the true and instructive history of Ellen Golding, the "Rescued Nun."

It is but one history, and our calumniators assure us that it is one of many. These calumniators have an extreme dislike for any attempt to test their cases. What they claim, as they bring before our notice one case after the other, is, in each instance, that it should be believed because it is in keeping with so many others. They seem to imagine that a chain in the air can be kept in position by the mere multiplication of its links, without any support to connect it with the earth. The procedure which we invite all sensible readers to follow is just the reverse of theirs. When one of these stories brings its scene sufficiently within our reach to render testing possible, let us apply the tests, and then estimate the distant and unverifiable cases by the result of our discoveries in this.

Miss Ellen Golding is the daughter of an Anglican clergyman, who was formerly resident near Maidstone. She was received into the Catholic Church, being moved thereto, according to her present story, by its ornate services; but also no doubt by more solid reasons, since it is not customary with Catholic priests to receive converts until they have first learned to know and recognize the true basis of the Church's authority.

In 1866, at the age of 24, Miss Golding joined the Congregation of La Sainte Union, and there she remained for twenty-five years, residing successively in eight convents of the Congregation, all in the near neighbourhood of the Mother-house at Douai. In August, 1891, whilst she was at the Convent at Hem-Lannoy, she determined to leave. As the vows by which she was bound were only annual, and would expire on the 24th of the following September, there was nothing to prevent her leaving in a month's time, with the fullest sanction of the authorities

of the Catholic Church and of her own Superiors; for the very object of limiting her vows to a year's duration had been to render it more easy for her to depart on their expiration. So prosaic a mode of departure, however, did not commend itself to this lady. Accordingly she wrote a secret letter to a Protestant solicitor in London, with whom she had previously had dealings, and asked him, without forewarning the nuns of his purpose, to send some one over to fetch her out; alleging as a reason for so extraordinary a proceeding that she feared the nuns were proposing to send her to a mad-house. On August 25th, the agent of this firm arrived, and asked to see Miss Golding. She came to him in company with the Superior, and to the latter he at once explained the object of his mission. The Superior naturally took Miss Golding aside to reason with her, and to urge upon her, if she was determined to go, the propriety of at least waiting till her vows were expired; or at all events to change her religious attire for secular clothing, and not expose the Convent to the scandalous tales which would certainly be manufactured, out of such a fact as the departure from their convent of one of its members in a nun's dress in company with a gentleman. As Miss Golding refused to listen even to this reasonable request, the nuns, somewhat imprudently though excusably, took away her veil and her cross. This was her opportunity. She began to scream, and the agent who had come to fetch her, hearing the sound, valiantly determined to do his duty. He broke through the enclosure, and "waving his arm violently" at the nuns, carried off his spoil triumphantly. He conducted her back to England, and having deposited her at her brother-in-law's house at Beverley, proceeded, like a true Englishman, to write an account of his achievement to the *Times*. In that journal it appeared on Aug. 31, 1891, with all names left blank, and over the mysterious signature of "A Firm of London Solicitors."

Of course the heroine of so dramatic a delivery was at once beset by interviewers. On Sept. 3rd, an account appeared in the *Eastern Morning News*,

and on Sept. 7th, in the *Standard*. It was in the latter account that she first ventured upon, not indeed the full charges against the convents which her recent lectures have contained, but the elements out of which these were afterwards evolved. "In the convent," she there says, and this part we can believe, "it is work, work, work, all day, and in a way which people in the outer world cannot have any conception of." "If you disobey you are punished. Punishment consists in what is called 'sore throat.' Some decoction is given you in your food, you do not know when or where, and this is continued. Your throat gets parched, the next day you are feverish, the following day you are dizzy: the cold settles on your lungs, you take to your bed, and are then told to prepare for death." "All the sisters die in this convent between thirty and forty; with almost all who die, *consumption* is the cause." As she afterwards attributed these deaths to a very different cause, this statement should be carefully noticed. "Then there is the mad-house. When I asked to be allowed to go away, and to be given money enough to travel home, the Lady Superior said, 'You are under an illusion; we shall have to put you somewhere.' I asked, 'Where?' She smiled cynically."

In this *Standard* account we also learn what the "rescued nun" considered to be the pecuniary obligations of the Congregation towards her. "I taught in one Convent forty-eight children English, forty-eight music, thirty singing, twelve drawing every day." Surely a prodigious feat in teaching! "For my teaching the Convent received £20 a week in payments from parents —a thousand a year for twenty-five years." To others engaged in the art of teaching this must be a pleasing revelation of the capabilities of their profession. "I have a private income of £45 a year. The Convent took every farthing of it, nor has any of my money been refunded."

It was at that time hardly more than a week since her "rescue," and this last statement might seem rather premature. As Miss Golding has not here given the complete story about the non-repayment of her money, as

she calls it, we will supply the deficiency. She wrote within two days of her departure, claiming a sum of five hundred pounds. This represented, approximately, the amount of the several instalments of dividend that had come in during the previous thirteen years of her convent life; for the principal had always been in the hands of her sister or brother-in-law, and she had not the face to make a demand for salary, to which by the very nature of her religious vows she had owned herself not entitled. The nuns disclaimed all indebtedness in regard to the receipts of past income, and rightly. It had been given over to the Congregation to be spent, under the direction of the Superiors, on the maintenance of its members, and on the various works of charity in which every member, by the fact of joining the Congregation, was supposed to take interest. Outside the convent, if several people had formed a partnership, and had given annually a certain sum towards the charities which the partnership contemplated, on one of them retiring from the partnership, he would be thought most unreasonable, and would certainly not be heeded, if he claimed back the sums which had been thus given during the term of partnership, and which by his desire had been already spent. Nor had Miss Golding any claim on the score of generous consideration for her circumstances. Had she remained in the world during those previous years, she would certainly have already spent all these past instalments of income; for the nuns seem to have formed a much poorer idea of her teaching powers than she has formed herself, and report that they had not been able to utilize her services to any great extent; so that, had she during that time had to earn her own living, it would have been a living of a very humble kind. This, however, is a matter which is capable of easy decision. If Miss Golding has really such brilliant qualifications, her many Protestant admirers will surely hasten to confide their children to her charge, and, without in any way sacrificing the piquant pleasure of an occasional lecture, she can enjoy her thousand a year, with no fear of a Superior to snatch it out of her hands.

But this is digression. The nuns, desiring to be as

generous with her as possible, wrote back to say that, although they did not owe her these arrears, they had been thinking of *giving* her, *as a present*, the sum she asked for; now, however, that she had made slanderous charges against the convent in which she had lived for twenty-five years, they must exact, before they could make her the present, a retractation of these slanders. In this state things rested for a while, but at length, according to her sister's account, the Protestant Alliance conceived the idea that she might be useful to them. Accordingly they communicated with her, and offered to extract the money from the Congregation, by suing the Convent of the same Congregation at Highgate. This attempt proved a failure. We need not enter into that matter; but as throwing light on the truthfulness of the charges against the Convent, already at that time made to some extent and destined to be speedily converted into a most odious form, we must not pass over one little incident. In an early stage of the legal proceedings, bearing in mind the offer of the Mother General above referred to, Miss Golding's solicitors had an interview with their client, and drew up the draft of a letter to be countersigned by Miss Golding and sent by them to the solicitors of the Highgate Convent. In this draft is contained the following clause: "We quite believe, as the result of our interview with Miss Golding, that she has *no just cause of complaint against the Order beyond the fact that the authorities did not facilitate her leaving* at the various times when she desired to return to her relatives in England." The original of the draft lies before us.

This draft was forwarded by Messrs. Ranken, Ford, Ford, and Chester, to Messrs. Leathley and Willes, for approbation, on Nov. 9th., 1891. It is convincing evidence of what Miss Golding at that time herself believed and of what her solicitors thought. Hence in more recent times, when Father Cooney published this document in a pamphlet concerning which we shall have more to say presently, and appealed to it in disproof of her later accusations, she took the line of saying that it had emanated from her solicitors without her sanction.

But these solicitors say expressly that the terms of the draft are the result of an interview with herself; and her sister, Madame de Meilhac, in a conversation to be given lower down, testifies that she was present (she means along with Miss Golding) when the draft was composed.

The object which those who offered to manage Miss Golding's suit for her, had in view, was to use her eventually as a lecturer. By way of a variety on the "Escaped Nun" Edith O'Gorman, the "Rescued Nun" Ellen Golding would be very taking. She was therefore coaxed away from her sister's house, much to the latter's annoyance and that of her husband, and was transferred first to the house of Mr. Mark Knowles, then to that of Mrs. O'Gorman Auffray, and later to that of Mrs. Arbuthnot, President of the Women's Protestant Union, where she was prepared for her task of lecturing. We have no means of knowing precisely in what this preparation consisted, but we cannot help entertaining some suspicions, when we read such words as the following, written to the *Bournemouth Observer* of Nov. 8th, 1893, by Miss Cusack:

> I know that this statement of truth [namely, of her own disbelief in Miss Golding] will further divide me from the class of Protestants who support only those who make statements which agree with their pre-conceived ideas. If I were to tell something of what I have been made to suffer by persons of this class, professing to be Christians, because I could neither make statements which I knew to be false, nor endorse statements made by others which I doubted, Miss Golding's case would perhaps be better understood.

When these preparatory studies were considered complete, Miss Golding began to lecture first in the North under the management of Mr. Waters, of Horley, then in the spring of 1892, in the South under that of a certain Mr. Littleton.

It was an evil day for the Protestant Association which had taken her up when they determined to visit Bournemouth. It is not easy for the mass of people to investigate a case like this, and in the places where she had previously lectured, she had things much her own way.

Catholics in this country have inherited the feeling that calumnious misrepresentation of their faith is too multiform and persistent to be overcome, and must be borne in meekness and silence. There was, however, one exception to this general statement. As soon as Miss Golding was 'rescued' from the Convent, Father Sullivan of Hull, into whose neighbourhood she came, communicated with the Superior General, and placed her more intelligible version of the facts before the public. This action of his prepared the way for the final detection; for it had the effect of entangling Miss Golding in statements of fact which can now be compared with her after story.

The first Bournemouth meeting was held at the Shaftesbury Hall on the night of July 21st, 1893. The Catholic clergy were not present on that occasion; but Father Cooney, the Superior of the Jesuits in the town, took the precaution to call at the office of the principal local newspaper, the *Bournemouth Observer*, and to ask that any charges Miss Golding might make against convents or other institutions of the Catholic Church should be taken down with the utmost exactness: so that if necessary a legal prosecution might be founded upon them. This Mr. Hanscomb, a professional shorthand writer of great experience and a member of the *Observer's* staff, undertook to do; and he wrote down from her lips the following words:

They had another penance in our order, which was that poison was administered, a poisonous decoction administered to us for penance. *How many nuns, here, there, and everywhere, died in their beds!* Without any falsehood, I had got perfectly used to hearing that such and such a sister had been found dead: such and such a sister died this morning. My own Mistress of Novices was found dead behind her bedroom door. *Another nun in a convent where I was* coughed a little, went a short distance and died. Five more nuns in a convent close by, in one year, vomited blood and died..... The effect of the poison was, the first thing, irritation of the throat, and then we coughed, a kind of irritation cough, worse and worse, until the irritation got to the chest. If they gave it very strongly they would spit blood and die: it was according as they gave it to you. *How many nuns have I seen die of it!* How many times was I at death's door when I would not renew my vows again. As I would not renew my vows they gave me this, and I was at

death's door.....We were told by one of the priests "In this order you all die young." I was also told they rarely lived to 40, and many did not reach 30. Why did I not pass off with the others? They knew they would get my money while I was alive and would not get it after.....Once the Superior ordered me penance, and soon after when I went to tea there was a plate of bread and butter put for me, which I pushed on in front of another sister, who became as ill as could be. The old cook had put the poisoned food there by order of the Superior.

The incident mentioned in the last sentence is very interesting. We presume it has not occurred to Miss Golding that others might think her conduct on that occasion somewhat cruel, not to say criminal. However, we will not dwell on this. We have more important matters to consider.

The next evening, yielding to the persuasions of some of the Bournemouth Catholics, Father Cooney, S.J., attended a second meeting called by Miss Golding, and asked her some questions from the platform. We still quote from Mr. Hanscomb's certified report, which includes the dialogue between them.

There is one thing you said in your lecture last night. You stated there were certain convents in which poison was given. One lady was found dead in consequence. I find from shorthand notes which I have of that lecture that there are accusations that *many were murdered by poison in certain convents*.....I now come to ask the gentlemen present to form a committee and to allow me to be one of the committee, so that we may have put down in writing *the names of the convents where these things, this poisoning of nuns*, took place.....(Father Cooney read extracts from the shorthand notes).

Miss Golding said: "My dear friends, it is with the greatest pleasure that I explain this, and I don't retract one word of what has been said. I said there I would give proof of what I said, and say so again."

Father Cooney (interposing): "I am only asking for the names of the places where the poisoning took place."

Miss Golding: "The poisoning took place! All right. *The poisoning took place in every convent.* More or less poison was given in general to us all."

Father Cooney: "In France? In every convent?"

Miss Golding: "In all of that Order, the Order of La Sainte Union."

Father Cooney: "*In every convent*, or in one or two?"

Miss Golding: "*Every one.*"

Father Cooney: "Can you mention the names of the convents where the poisoning was done?"

Miss Golding: "Oh, I should have to name so many; all the fifteen convents in which I was."

Father Cooney: "Will you be kind enough to have the patience to mention them?"

Miss Golding mentioned the names of ten convents, and they were written down by Father Cooney. They included those of Calais, St. Omer, Douai, St. Joseph, Nieuport, and Valenciennes.

Father Cooney: "And in these places ladies were poisoned?"

Mr. Littleton (interposing): "More or less."

Miss Golding: "*They died from the effect of the drug administered to them in penance.*"

Father Cooney: "*While you were there?*"

Miss Golding: "*Yes.*"

The complete list of the convents thus taken down by Father Cooney from Miss Golding's lips and certified to be correct, is as follows: Calais, St. Omer, Douai, La Gorgue, St. Joseph's at Douai, Nieuport, Dunes, Hesdin, St. Pierre at Calais, Valenciennes.

Miss Golding was not prepared on this occasion to give more definite information, such as the names of the murdered persons, dates of deaths, grounds for belief in foul play, &c., and the managers of the Golding campaign resisted by all manner of evasive pretexts the formation of a committee of investigation into her alleged facts. Under these circumstances Father Cooney determined to make the best of the little of definite statement he had been able to extract, and invited the Superiors of the Order of La Sainte Union to assist him with their comments upon it.

The Congregation of La Sainte Union is a Congregation whose members devote their lives to the education of all classes, including thousands of the poor. It has numerous houses in various parts of the world, and is governed by a General Superior resident at the Mother House at Douai. In reply to Father Cooney's inquiries this lady sent (1) a detailed statement of the successive places of Miss Golding's residence whilst she was a member of the Congregation, and also the dates and circumstances of the only deaths (two in number) which she had personally witnessed: (2) a medical certificate

from the doctor who had attended these two nuns up to the last; (3) a series of certificates from mayors and others confirming the Superior's statement so far as it regarded the deaths that had occurred or not occurred whilst Miss Golding was resident in any convent.

Father Cooney had all these printed, along with other documents bearing on the question, in a small pamphlet which he distributed widely among the people of Bournemouth. The Mother General's statement is as follows:

Douai, 4th September, 1893.

Miss Golding joined the Congregation on the 10th of April, 1866.

She went to Calais in September, 1867, where she remained till the 6th of December, 1869.

She was sent to Valenciennes on the 6th of December, 1869, and left in September, 1870, to return to the Mother House, where she remained till the 6th of April, 1871.

Sent to Tourcoing on the 6th April, 1871, she remained there till the 6th of June, 1873.

She returned to Calais on the 6th of June, 1873, and left that town the 25th of September, 1878, for St. Omer.

From St. Omer she returned to Calais, where she remained from the 1st October, 1881, to the 13th of April, 1885.

She was once more at St. Omer, from the 13th of April, 1885, to October, 1886.

At Nieuport from October, 1886, to the 7th of March, 1887.

Recalled to the Mother House, she remained there till the 19th of September, 1887.

On the 19th of September, 1887, she was sent to La Gorgue, when she remained till the 1st of March, 1889.

On that day she returned to Douai, to St. Joseph's boarding school.

On the 25th of September, 1890, she went to Hem Lannoy, which she left with her Solicitor on the 25th of August, 1891.

We affirm that in none of the convents above named did any of the nuns die during the residence of Miss Golding, save at St. Omer, where two nuns died—one on the 28th December, 1878, aged 44, and the other on the 23rd September, 1885, at the age of 43.

We likewise affirm that this is an exact copy of the Register of the Congregation.

DAME ARCHANGE.

Superior General of the Sainte Union des Sacrés Cœurs.

Seen for the legalization of the signature of DAME ARCHANGE, Superior General of the Sainte Union des Sacrés Cœurs domiciled at Douai.

THE MAYOR,
C. GIROUD.

Douai, the 5th of September, 1893.

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It will be noticed that this affirmation is accompanied by a legalization of the signature. This falls short of an official attestation of the truth of the facts asserted in the documents. Still it imparts a formal solemnity to the affirmations, and is thus a cogent pledge of the truthfulness of the affirmant. However much a person might otherwise be inclined to speak falsely, it is not likely that he would go out of his way to bring his falsehood under official notice. It will be observed also that, whereas Miss Golding's statements are loose and impalpable, the Superior's are definite and straightforward. The latter are of the kind to invite and render possible an endeavour to test them: the former are of the kind to discourage testing and to elude it by assuming various forms as soon as it attempts to pin them down. However, the Superior does manage to pin down her traducer to a direct contradiction in spite of the studied vagueness of the accusation.

Miss Golding solemnly declared that she had witnessed many deaths, manifestly due to the poisoned drug, in each of the fifteen convents in which she had resided. And now we have the formal contradiction on the part of the nuns who say that she never resided in more than eight convents, and that, although of course during the twenty-five years of her religious life there must have been many deaths in the Order, in the convents where she resided only two occurred whilst she was there. These were at St. Omer, one being a conspicuous case of hereditary consumption, and the other a conspicuous case of cancer in the stomach. Father Cooney has the certificate of the physician, that these were the true causes of the said two deaths.

It lay then with Miss Golding, as the person who had made the charge, to bring positive proof that she was in the right in regard to these disputed facts, and that the Superior was the false witness. This eventually she undertook to do in a fresh meeting at Bournemouth, on Nov. 11th. Before that day arrived other things had happened which we shall have to relate, but it will be convenient first to confine our attention to the peculiar mode in which Miss Golding tried to meet the

straightforward statements of the Superior General; or, as she herself preferred to express it, "to face her enemies."

Mr. Littleton, the representative of the promoters of the campaign, prepared the way for her difficult job by a pamphlet entitled, *Are the Rescued Nun's statements true?* a pamphlet the evident object of which is to discourage all direct investigation into the truth of Miss Golding's assertions, and to suggest their acceptance on the sole score of antecedent probability. The way thus prepared, Miss Golding, we presume, felt more able to "face her enemies," although it was noticeable how, when Nov. 11th came, and she reappeared at last on the platform, she and her conductor appeared white and trembling with evident anxiety. If they had self-possession enough at the time to survey their audience and compare it with the audience of their previous lectures, they perhaps would have derived even further matter for anxiety. Although in numbers the audience before them may have seemed satisfactory, in quality it had fallen off considerably. None of the Anglican clergy of the town, and very few Dissenting ministers, were on the platform to support them.

She appeared on the platform with a printed pamphlet in her hand, explaining that she wished to speak in well-considered words, but also, doubtless, because former experiences had convinced her promoters that it was safer to make her read than repeat from memory the extremely tricky language they were putting into her mouth.

The "*Reply of Miss Ellen Golding, the Rescued Nun, to Father Cooney's documentary disproof,*" was sold at the doors after the meeting of Nov. 11th. We wish we could quote the substance of this pamphlet, but it is far too long. Still her friends have distributed it widely. Its contention was, that she had been misreported by what she was pleased to call Father Cooney's reporter, that is to say, by the reporter of the *Bournemouth Observer*, a gentleman who is not a Catholic, and who had no motive save to give an accurate account of a matter which his paper considered to be of public interest. We

have heard what, according to this reporter, she said at the former meeting, and unquestionably it agrees with what she had been understood to say throughout the country. And yet now, at this second meeting, she pronounces this report to be a "cleverly manipulated fallacy." It had artfully changed the word "dying" into the word "die," and thus made her claim to have been an eye-witness of deaths palpably due to poison; whereas, all she had said was that she had seen (during her twenty-five years in the Order) many nuns in a dying state who afterwards died elsewhere, and that she had formed the opinion that in many instances their deaths had been due to poison administered. Having made this artful change, it was easy for Father Cooney to obtain from the nuns a formal contradiction of what had been interpolated into her statement, and under the cover of this to evade the necessity of dealing with what she had actually said. But let her speak for herself:

Let me now point out misrepresentations in the pamphlet. It states that I said: "How many nuns have I seen die of it?" That is incorrect. What I have said, what I always wish to say, and what I mean, is: "*How many nuns have I seen clearly dying from it?*" So dreadful was their state, and so clearly were they dying, that we all felt it, and constantly remarked to each other, "Ah! she will not live much longer," or "You will not live much longer," or "I know I shall not live much longer." The prostration, the helpless dragging about the convent, the fever, severe coughing, and vomiting of blood, were frequently going on around us, and when we got to the extreme stage through it, and unfit for work, the rules, or rather in this case the regular usage of the convent, was that we were to be sent away to the hospital, which I have also correctly referred to as the "mad-convent,"—where, naturally, as was the understood custom, the deaths as a rule occurred. It was the horrible fear of being sent to this convent which made us all say we would rather "drag on here" in misery to the last than be sent to that terrible place, and why sick nuns often begged and supplicated to die in their convents rather than be sent there. That is why so few of the actual deaths occurred in the ordinary convents themselves in which I was. But we were, in many cases, informed of the deaths by the Superior, generally after breakfast, and ordered to pray for the souls of the departed, whose names were frequently given. In this way (not to speak of other deaths) the deaths were announced of all but four or five of the thirty to thirty-five nuns who took the veil with me. Whether all or any of these (about thirty) died of the drug penance, I am unable to say, as they went to other convents, and I never remember meeting any of them afterwards

About the cause of their deaths I can only express my opinion, which is that illness from what (for lack of any certain name) I call the drug penance, was so general that it is probable a good many of them died from this; and it is certainly remarkable that nearly all of these thirty to thirty-five died during my convent life, all being young when we entered.

Surely it must have been under the pressure of a strong necessity, that Miss Golding found herself thus obliged to disavow her former words; for that they were her former words is certain beyond all reasonable dispute. The reporter who took them down did so under the knowledge that he might afterwards be called upon to stand by them in the witness-box, and does not hesitate still to adhere to them. And moreover, in the *Bournemouth Observer* of July 26th, these sentences appear which involve them all:

Miss Golding then gave the names of ten convents in which she had resided.

Father Cooney: "And in these places ladies were poisoned?"
Mr. Littleton: "More or less."
Miss Golding: "They died from the effects of the drug administered to them in penance."
Father Cooney: "*While you were there?*"
Miss Golding: "*Yes.*"

It is evident that this passage covers the charge which, in her *Reply*, Miss Golding says she herself never made but which had been imputed to her for malicious purposes. And yet, neither on that occasion, nor in any of the numerous letters which he wrote in the following weeks, to the Bournemouth papers, did Mr. Littleton take exception to this account of what had been said. Not a whisper of exception was heard from him, until Father Cooney had published the Superior's statement, transcribed higher up, and had thereby given him cause to fear lest he might be seriously called to account for the language of his protégée.

However, let us assume for the sake of argument that she had been misrepresented or misunderstood in the ways he alleges. Does it not occur to Mr. Littleton that, if from the first Miss Golding had done her duty, and volunteered definite details, there would have been no

opening for the misrepresentations she complains of? After mentioning as many cases as she thought fit, had she added—"And here are some definite cases for you to test me by. Dame M., aged about ——, died at——, in the year and month————. There were these suspicious circumstances about her death, which led me to think that it was due to poison." And so likewise of Dames N., P., Q., etc.—had she spoken thus, and of her own accord, from the first, the matter might have been brought to an issue at once. Two or three cases would have sufficed, after which the Superior General could have been invited to say whether the persons in question were living or dead; and if living, to give proof thereof, or, if dead, to give the certificate of death. Had the Superior proved unable to furnish either of the two alternative proofs, then solid ground of suspicion would at once have arisen, which would have told powerfully with the British public; and what is of still more importance, might have moved the anti-Catholic Government of France, only too glad to damage the reputation of a Religious Congregation, to take instantaneous action.

Is Mr. Littleton aware of the formalities exacted by the French law, of nuns as well as of others, before it will allow the body of a deceased person to be buried? They are more stringent even than our own. On a death occurring, whether of a religious or of any one else, a declaration must be made of the surname and Christian name of the deceased (the religious name will not do); and in support of the declaration a certificate of birth must be added, giving also the age and nationality. Further, it is necessary to declare the place of residence of the deceased and his profession. The declaration containing these particulars having been sent in, the next step is for the *public* medical officer to come and carefully examine into the cause of death and give his certificate. Then, and then only, will the permission to bury be given. To bury before these formalities have been observed is a serious legal crime; so that if Miss Golding could point out a case where, in order to avoid inquiry into the suspicious

nature of a death, burial had taken place clandestinely, she had only to lay an information to that effect before the French police authorities, and all that she could desire would at once have followed. And yet, although this course was the one incumbent upon her from the first, even after all the challenges she has received, she still does not venture to take it.

But let us examine her *Reply*. It will be seen that the effect of her revision of her charges has been to reduce them to perfectly harmless dimensions. She describes herself indeed as about to "give the names of several of the nuns in the convents where I have resided who died under the circumstances named (that is, from the effects of the poison); also the name of my own Mistress of Novices, who died as I have said; and also of several nuns whom, as stated in my lectures, I saw dragging themselves about the convent with death stamped upon their faces, through the drug which was given us; whom I saw spitting and vomiting blood as the result of it, and who were evidently dying of it." This raises our expectations, but what do we find? At first sight a rich profusion of names. But on closer examination, a studied avoiding of all exact details, and of all positive assertions.

In the earlier paragraphs whilst as yet she is concerned with generalities, she can make direct and wholesale charges. "When I speak of the deaths, it is clear that I mean *we knew* that they were suffering from the usual effects of the drug penance;" "whom I saw spitting and vomiting blood and *evidently dying from it;*" "I can only state honestly what *we saw*, which *passed quite commonly before us;*" "How many have I seen *dying from it;*" "The prostration, the helpless dragging about the convent, the fever, the severe coughing, and vomiting of blood, were frequently going on around us, and when we got to the extreme stage through it, and unfit for work, the rule, or rather in this case the regular usage of the convent, was that we were sent away to the hospital, which I have also correctly described as the 'mad-convent,' where naturally, as was the understood custom, the deaths as a rule occurred."

But when it becomes at length necessary to support these direct and wholesale general charges, by some precise individual cases, with the names attached, her tone changes, and she becomes vague, doubtful, and scanty. In this second—and all-important part of her *Reply*—she can only give us the mere statistics of death and disease, together with some guarded and timid expressions of personal opinion as to the cause.

As for the *statistics*, she assures us, that looking back on the twenty-five years of her convent life, she can remember (1), twenty-eight deaths, one of them in her presence, and six of them at the 'mad-convent' of Sin-le-Noble; (2), thirteen persons vomiting blood, six of them in her presence; (3), seventeen, as "dragging themselves about the convent, most of them almost corpse-like in appearance, from emaciation and weakness, apparently in deep consumption." These are all her statistics. And it must be remembered that even in these a large allowance must be made for repetitions. The same names recur now as dead, now as dying. So far then, no grounds of accusation against the nuns have emerged into view. The record given is, indeed, a somewhat mild and moderate record of death and illness in a congregation numbering its members by hundreds, and employing them in the hard and health-trying labours of teaching the young.

But were all, all without exception, due to the poisoned drug? O dear no! It is here that we pass from the region of facts to that of *opinions*. Miss Golding does not mean to say that all these deaths and illnesses were due to the drug poison. She is not prepared to say that any one of them was certainly due to this cause. She can only express a personal opinion that some of them were due to it. Eight of those who died (she gives the names) "died *in my opinion* from the effects of the penance *which I have called* a drug or slow poison, or *what appeared to me to be such*." Of the six who died at Sin-le-Noble (which by the way is an infirmary for the sick and aged, not a mad-house), and again, of all the thirteen who vomited blood, she cannot mention a single one, who, "even in her opinion," was suffering from

the drug. And the seventeen cases of those who "dragged themselves about, etc.," were, like the deaths, only "*in my opinion*, the result of the drug penance." And in like manner she can only express an opinion about the death of the Mistress of Novices found dead behind the door. "They (the doctors) said she died of congestion of the brain. *I am not able definitely to deny or affirm* that she did die of this; *my own opinion would be* that it was the result of the drug, though *in this case, it is only my opinion*."

So far then we have nothing more than Miss Golding's opinion, and surely, we cannot be expected to trust in this alone. We need to know further the grounds on which it is based; and this all the more, because the doctors (three have been specially consulted) tell us they know of no drug, and do not believe in the existence of a drug, which could cause the effects she describes.

Now it is just here, at the very essential point of all, that Miss Golding's *Reply* fails us. Searched from end to end, it yields no suggestion whatever of a *basis for this opinion*, so injurious to the character of the nuns; or rather it yields the clearest proof that the opinion is based solely on the occurrence of what she calls the drug effects, that is to say, the ordinary phenomena of consumption.

We are not strangers to this distressing malady outside the convent, and it cannot be denied that their hard work renders our nuns peculiarly liable to its ravages. That they do not hesitate to run the risk, is part of the devotedness we so much admire in them, and in fact, it is this very heroism of personal devotedness which Miss Golding and her *entrepreneurs* have fastened on, and misconstrued into an odious crime.

But we have not done with the lady yet. It is very noticeable to those who compare her *Reply* to Father Cooney with the documents in Father Cooney's pamphlet, how careful she is in the *Reply* to avoid anything like a direct conflict of statement between herself and the Mother General. Such conflicts, she feels, are awkward, as they open a straight road to decisive testing; the one thing she is anxious to escape. Still there is conflict of statement between the two on one

point, a conflict into which Miss Golding probably drifted inadvertently.

On page 9 of her *Reply*, Miss Golding says:—

> The nun referred to in the pamphlet [that is, in Father Cooney's pamphlet, which gave the words taken down from her lips], as another nun in a convent where I was, who coughed a little, went a short distance, and died, was at the convent at Tourcoing, I believe about 1872 or 1873, and whilst I was there. She had arrived in a delicate state, dragging along with the drug effects, and a short time after (six weeks or two months as far as I can recollect), whilst we were at dinner, she coughed a little, then walked out of the room, and a few minutes after we were informed that she was lying in the kitchen, where she vomited blood and died. Those around her, we were informed, said: Send for a priest; but the reply was: It is no good, she is dead. I think her name was Eugénie or Euphemie, but I am not quite positive.

As Miss Golding had so seldom been an eye-witness of these deaths, the odious nature of which she understood so well, it is strange that the name of this particular victim did not impress itself upon, and even brand itself into, her memory: the name too of the convent where the tragic event happened; for, wonderful to say, when she named to Father Cooney in July ten out of the fifteen convents where the murders had taken place, Tourcoing was not among them. However, we will not lay stress upon this.

Now the Superior General in her Statement says that Miss Golding never witnessed any deaths at all at Tourcoing, and one would like to have some means of deciding between the opposing testimonies. Fortunately we have such a means through a letter written by Miss Golding herself to the Superior General, the original of which is before us as we write, and the authenticity of which she will find it hard to dispute. It is dated "Calais, June 25th, 1873," and the date is noticeable; for Miss Golding says that Sœur Eugénie's terrible death took place in 1872 or 1873; and the Superior General says that Miss Golding left Tourcoing, where she had been living for the preceding two years, on June the 6th, 1873.

The letter is in English. We transcribe a portion of it, and wish it to be understood that the remainder is written in the same spirit.

Our Good Mother Superieur *(sic)*.

I take the first opportunity of letting you know that my promises were true, that my wish was to remain a nun and that my brother Mons. de Meilhac came to see me this morning, but I was prepared, our good Mother Achille told me to expect him, I showed him clearly and firmly that if I had written to him to fetch me, that it was in case I should not have been permitted to give him any money but as our Superieur had been so kind as to allow me to give £15 I had not the *slightest* intention of leaving the Sainte Union where I am very happy and contented, but he *would not* understand me and said that it was not money he wanted but me . . . I hope he will leave things tranquille *(sic)* now, I regret deeply, our good Mother Superieur, to have caused so much scandal in having written that letter secretly, I promise you with all my heart to do all in my power to show you gratitude for your exceeding indulgence, in correcting my bad character and becoming a good and fervent religieuse . . . I deign *(sic)* to beg your maternal benediction

for Your child of the Sainte Union,
DAME MARIE RAYMONDE.

The remainder of the letter is in exactly the same strain, that is to say, of perfect contentment with her state; and yet it was written at the time when according to her present story she was in a state of the intensest internal commotion on account of the poisoning of Dame Eugénie so recently witnessed, and when, as she tells us herself, she had that very morning an opportunity of disclosing the dreadful story to her brother and being rescued. We have also before us as we write other original letters similarly written by Miss Golding to the Mother General, between 1873 and 1882. We will not quote from them as they relate to a money dispute between Miss Golding and her sister and brother-in-law, and we have no wish to disturb its privacy. But throughout the tone is one of satisfaction, always complete and at times effusive, with her religious life, although, if we are to believe Miss Golding's present utterances, the poisonings were daily multiplying around her.

Of course we know the answer. She was all the time terrorized and fascinated by her superiors. It seems there are some credulous enough to believe this; some who strangely fail to perceive that an allegation like this is but a mean artifice for depriving the innocent victims of these charges of the power to defend them-

selves: is but, as Cardinal Newman so well named it, an attempt to "poison the wells."

But we would ask Miss Golding whether she was still under the fascination at the end of August and in the beginning of September 1891? It was on Aug. 25th of that year that she was "rescued;" and on the 27th of that month she wrote to the Mother General from her sister's house at Beverley, announcing her abandonment of the Congregation, and demanding back "the money paid to the Sainte Union in her name." We have the original before us. It contains no references whatever to the shocking poisonings, which, now when she was at last free, we should have expected a right-minded woman to refer to in terms of burning indignation, threatening instant exposure, in this her first letter to the prime poisoner of them all. We have also before us her second letter to the Mother General, written likewise from Beverley on Sept. 2nd. In this she complains indignantly, and indeed rudely, that her previous letter had not at once been answered, and the five hundred pounds which she had demanded been already paid: and she adds:—

> I regret much, Madame la Superieur (*sic*), to tell you that the affair *will turn out very badly for your Congregation*, if this sum does not come and at once. You cannot say that I have not forewarned you, and therefore for the honour of your Congregation you will do well to return the sum demanded, or else I shall not be able to hinder others from acting against you, and as for myself you will force me to employ the power of the law. And so I expect you will send me back the sum of five hundred pounds at once.

Surely this is not the language of one under a fascination. What then are we to say of the threat it contains? If Miss Golding knew well at the time when she wrote this letter that no such poisonings as those she talks of had ever taken place, her language is intelligible enough. It is the natural language of an excitable person who believed, though absurdly, that she had a right to have refunded the arrears of a small income which had been already spent in compliance with her own desires. But if she did at that time believe in the wholesale murders, it is difficult to regard her threat as less than a demand for hush-money; a most culpable and criminal proceeding.

However, let us credit her with the milder alternative. It ought to be clear by this time to any man of sense that this "rescued nun" is merely a person suffering from hysteria, or perhaps from a monomania. Nothing is more common than for such persons to imagine themselves surrounded by enemies who are poisoning their food, and they usually display a curious ingenuity in misconstruing the simplest actions of others into confirmation of their suspicions. It is noticeable too, that as far back as Sept. 7th, 1891, Miss Golding told her *Standard* interviewer (we have already mentioned it) *she had never seen the drug* put into the food. "Some decoction is given you in your food, *you do not know when or where*, and this is continued."

Possibly, then, this lady herself is a subject more for compassion than for reprobation, and, certainly, the graver responsibility lies at the door of those who have made use of her in so improper a manner. It is to bring home their misbehaviour more effectually to these people that we must now proceed.

At a meeting at Eastbourne, in the middle of October of this year, when Miss Golding was again detailing her fictitious experiences, Mrs. Arbuthnot stated that when Miss Golding came from the convent she was without home or friends, but that she (Mrs. Arbuthnot) had given her both. This was a palpable untruth, and it occurred to a representative of the *Catholic News* and the *Hull Catholic Herald* to call on Mons. and Madame de Meilhac, Miss Golding's brother-in-law and sister, and inquire what it meant, as also to ascertain what these relatives thought of the charges she was disseminating everywhere. The result of the interview appeared in those two journals on Oct. 21st, and was copied into the *Bournemouth Observer*, Oct. 28th. We take what we require of it from the latter journal, where it appears with the omission and alteration of one small clause; for reasons to be explained presently.

"It is very painful for me," said Madame Meilhac (*née* Golding) to publicly prove the falsehood of the statements which my sister makes. I am not myself a Roman Catholic, nor have I any desire to favour them, but for the sake of *truth* and *justice* I consider that the facts should be known.

"My sister joined the order in England, and went abroad to the convent at Calais belonging to the same order. Whilst she was there I used to go once or twice a year to see her. The nuns were always most kind to me, and I usually stayed in the convent. On one occasion I was there for a week, and had full opportunity to see how the convent was conducted. I never saw the slightest suspicion of anything objectionable. My sister and I had plenty of opportunities for private conversation, and she always said she was quite happy in the convent. It is nonsense for her to say she had difficulty in getting outside the walls. She went about the town with me, and once when leaving she came with me to the boat and was actually on board till the very moment of starting. I said to her 'Now, Nellie, if you want to leave, you have nothing to do, but to come along.' But she refused. She was sent to different convents to teach English and music, but we never had any difficulty in knowing where she was. Indeed, she wrote to us from nearly every convent."

. . . . .

"What of this statement by Mrs. Arbuthnot then, that when Miss Golding did leave the convent she had no home to go to?"

"Bah!" said Monsieur impatiently, lighting and puffing a cigarette, "we gave her a better home than ever she had had."

Madame Meilhac continued the relation—"The first intimation we had," she said, "that my sister meant to leave was this telegram from her lawyer saying that she would be in Hull that day, and asking us to meet her. We were surprised, but Monsieur met her and brought her *to our home*. She stayed with us for *six months, and wanted for nothing*. She told me about her life in the convent. . . . Some of the papers made statements of that kind, and a reporter from the *Eastern Morning News*, came to ask her if there was any truth in them. I was present at the interview they had, and she distinctly said that she saw nothing approaching to immorality in any of the convents she had been in. She told me that in her order punishments, except in a stricter application of the rules, were unknown. As for the steel belt she says they were forced to wear, she never saw one in her life till she visited the offices of the Protestant Alliance."

"What started her giving these lectures?"

"When she was with me she often complained of the quiet life we were leading. I suppose she was shut up so long that she wanted more excitement. When she had been here *six months*, Mr. Knowles, the solicitor of the Protestant Alliance, wrote to her, and offered to get back the money which she had made over to the order. For this purpose she went to London. The order offered to give her back the money on condition that she retracted all the calumnies she had uttered. It was then that letter which was read at the meeting at Eastbourne was written."

She means the letter, referred to above,—as written by her sister's solicitors—to Messrs. Leathley and

Willes, and containing the draft she was prepared to countersign.

"That is the letter. I know it is genuine because I was present when Mr. Ford, the lawyer who removed her from the convent, wrote it."

"How then do you think that it comes about that Miss Golding still goes about making these charges against the convents?"

"She is my sister," replied Madame de Meilhac, "and I cannot think of her going about telling what she knows to be untrue. My own opinion is that her brain is over excited. She may imagine that there is some ground for the statements she makes, but I rather believe that she has been wrought upon by these people of the Protestant Alliance till she is willing to utter any words they put into her mouth."

"I have not," said Madame, in conclusion, "told you this to defend the system of convents, nor to aid the Catholics, but only because I know there is no foundation for the statements, and my regard for the truth makes me anxious to undo, as far as possible, whatever evil or injustice my sister has done."

We can well understand the pain Madame de Meilhac must have felt in giving this testimony against her sister, and we can appreciate the sense of obligation which induced her to give it in spite of the pain. Indeed, we feel for her so much that if it were possible we would forego to use the information she has given us. It may, however, be some consolation to her that we are about to use it not so much against Miss Golding herself, for whom we have already bespoken some consideration, but against the men who have led her into these offences against truth and justice.

Still we must notice very briefly the points on which Madame de Meilhac's information confirms our own conclusions about her sister's statements. Madame de Meilhac declares that she had often seen her at the convent, walked with her alone in the town, thereby giving her an easy opportunity of manifesting her feelings without fear of discovery, and that, nevertheless, the impression produced throughout was in agreement with the tenour of Miss Golding's letters from which we have argued. Madame de Meilhac tells us also that, although, as she explained afterwards, her sister did on her first arrival in England "tell me about the poison and immorality," she herself had never be-

lieved this part of her story to be anything more than imagination, and that she had even been present on an occasion when her sister had assured the reporter of the *Eastern Morning News* that she had never witnessed either immorality or poisoning; and this testimony is quite in accordance with a letter now before us, written by Madame de Meilhac to the Mother General under the date Sept. 8th, 1891, in which she says: "We are very grieved to see the papers make so many mistakes; for we are none of us in a bad spirit with you."

Now about the light this interview throws on the methods of Mr. Littlleton and his friends. On this point Madame de Meilhac's opinion is very manifest; namely, that her sister would not have done "the evil and injustice" she has been doing by her lectures unless the Protestant Alliance had obtained a power over her by promising to get the money she claimed from the Congregation, and that "she has been wrought upon by these people of the Protestant Alliance till she is willing to utter any words they put into her mouth."

Madame de Meilhac's words appearing in the *Bournemouth Observer*, the people of Bournemouth were naturally curious to know what reply Mr. Littleton would make to so serious a charge. They knew they could not have long to wait, for his fresh meeting at Bournemouth was already announced for Nov. 11th, and he could not hold it without dealing with the incident.

This was the meeting at which Miss Golding produced and read her *Reply*. This *Reply* had an appendix with the heading, "The Roman Catholic Report of the denial by Miss Golding's sister proved to be an invention." Reading from this appendix Mr. Littleton explained that as soon as he saw in the papers the extraordinary account of an alleged interview with Madame de Meilhac, he immediately went to Hull himself, and "in the presence of a lady of position, well known in Hull, saw Madame de Meilhac." The result, he tells us, was the following written declaration by her, signed in the presence of the lady referred to, whose signature as witness was also attached. All this explanation is taken from the Appendix to Miss Gold-

ing's *Reply*, which also gives the text of the declaration as follows:

HULL,

Nov. 3rd, 1893.

To MR. LITTLETON,

DEAR SIR,—I wish to state that the only thing I desired to say to the *Hull* and *Catholic News* reporter is that I felt hurt at it being supposed I was not willing to give my sister a home, at which I felt nearly broken-hearted. But I was almost beside myself with other troubles when the reporter was writing, and hardly knew what I was doing.

I crossed out with my own hand the most important passages in the report, which I was astonished to find he had written—especially those about poisoning and immorality. I have no knowledge of the real life of nuns, as they did not mix openly or unreservedly with me when I was at the convent, and are not allowed to. The mysterious force of the "vow" (which was unexpired) was what forced my sister to part from me on the boat.

I strongly think that convents should be inspected.

I believe all my sister says about her experiences and convents, and shall be most proud of her if she proves helpful by her arduous labours in bringing about their inspection.

I love her sincerely, and wish her every success in her anxious work, which I hope the public will support.

(Signed)

F. C. DE MEILHAC.

*Witness** ————————

(* This lady's name, signed in the original, is omitted, to prevent her being subjected to highly probable annoyance, but in case of absolute necessity can be given.)

We understand that Miss Golding's supporters considered this declaration a satisfactory vindication of her story and exposure of Popish fraud. Probably this was not the general view among the more sensible classes, and it was somewhat amusing to those who knew that both Father Cooney and the Editor of the *Bournemouth Observer* had independently written to Madame de Meilhac, as soon as the account of the interview first appeared, in order to ascertain how far she accepted it. Each got back a letter recognizing the account as correct, with the exception of certain phrases, and enclosing the cutting of the *Hull Catholic Herald* with pencil revisions in her own hand. It is from this amended version that we have quoted, and we have the sister's letter of revision

before us as we write. That is the reason why one clause is marked above as omitted. It was clear, then, there was some unpleasant mystery connected with the origin of the "Declaration" Mr. Littleton had read. Madame de Meilhac could certainly not have "hardly known what she was doing" when she wrote these two letters to Bournemouth, and enclosed her careful pencil revisions. The very next week the mystery was solved. In its issue of Nov. 25th, the *Bournemouth Observer* printed the following paragraph:—

We have since received the following letters from Miss Golding's sister and her husband on the subject:—

To the Editor of the Bournemouth Observer.

Sir,—From the great trouble I am suffering, I am anxious publicly to state how I signed the letter Mr. Littleton wrote.

My sister (Miss Golding) being in great distress about the report in the *Catholic Herald*, coming partly from me, sent Mr. Littleton with a letter of introduction to a friend of mine, asking them to send for me. As my husband was sleeping at the time the message came, I went; but I did not know who it was who wanted me. I was, however, introduced to Mr. Littleton, and he told me of the state my sister was in, and that when he had heard all was right he must send off a telegram directly, as he was afraid she might commit suicide. Any one can imagine what fearful anxiety I was in. Then I twice asked him to see my husband; but he refused, saying he wished (if possible) to return the same day, but that he might come again.

I have not ceased to regret this way of procedure, as I dislike deceit in any form or shape. Of course my husband knew nothing of the interview till he received the pamphlet you sent: "Reply of Miss Golding." With regard to what Mr. Littleton says about the *Herald* report being an *invention*, I can certainly say it is not so, though the reporter did *not cross out* the passages we marked. The best copy is the one you printed in the *Observer*, Nov. 4th inst.

I have no wish to be mixed up in the public life of my sister, which has been nothing but a source of grief and trouble to my husband and myself ever since she left us.—Yours truly.

F. C. de Meilhac.

Sir,—I quite endorse the above letter, but I cannot do it without expressing publicly my utmost contempt for Mr. Edward Littleton, who came to Hull, on behalf of Miss Golding, and saw my wife privately, in some one else's house, and took advantage of her weakness, and played upon her best feelings to obtain from her a retractation of the truth she had said before (and that in the absence of myself), and refused to come and see me when he was asked several times to do so.

I leave the public to judge his conduct. Mr. Littleton may call that a clever piece of policy, and the act of a gentleman! As for myself, I cannot find words in which to express my indignation and contempt.

He said to my wife he would call again; I do hope he does, and that I shall know about it, and then have an opportunity to receive him as he so richly deserves.

With sincere thanks for the printing of this in your esteemed paper, believe me, yours truly,

F. DE MEILHAC.

In a further communication from Mons. de Meilhac, he states that the letter in question was "both composed and written by Mr Littleton himself;" Madame de Meilhac being asked to append her signature to it.

After such an indictment against his personal honour, one would have expected of Mr. Littleton, had he been able to give it, a clear counter-statement. But it is now whilst we are writing, four months since these letters from the de Meilhacs appeared, and all Mr. Littleton has done has been from time to time to throw out dark hints to the effect that he has something up his sleeve about the de Meilhacs, but generously forbears to bring it down until they give him leave. As in the *Bournemouth Observer* for January 17th, 1894. Madame de Meilhac challenges him to produce it, he need not forbear any longer.

Considering the circumstances under which the declaration was extracted from Madame de Meilhac, no wonder the "lady of position" was unwilling to give her name. It was demanded, however, at the Bournemouth meeting of Nov. 11th, by a Catholic present, and, after some resistance, given. It turned out to be that of a Mrs. McLachlan, of 9, Stoney Street, Hull. By a Hull correspondent we are informed that the precise "position" of this lady is that of wife to a solicitor's clerk. If so, that is a most respectable position, and in every way to her credit: still it needs mention because of the further light it sheds on Mr. Littleton's ideas of candour. By a "lady of position" we naturally understand, and no doubt he meant us to understand, one who, by reason of her prominent position in Hull, could not afford, however much she

might desire, to take part in any dishonourable transaction.

Probably, after all this light shed on his methods, few will doubt what to think of Mr Littleton himself. There is, however, a further and serious consideration, as to whether others, and to what extent, are compromised along with him.

Mr. Littleton has several times reminded us that he is acting, not as Miss Golding's private agent, but as the agent of the North Sussex Protestant Parliamentary Council, a Council of which Mr. B. Nicholson, his chairman at the November Bournemouth meeting, is the parliamentary candidate. This association is, therefore, clearly responsible for what has happened. We should like also to know to what extent the Protestant Alliance can disclaim responsibility. According to Madame de Meilhac, at all events, it was the Protestant Alliance, which, through Mr. Mark Knowles, first approached Miss Golding, and drew her away from her sister to embark on her career as an anti-convent lecturer: and certainly this Mr. Mark Knowles, who also appeared for her as counsel in her suit against the Highgate Convent, was at that time a prominent member of their Managing Committee. In company too with ex-nun Edith O'Gorman, ex-priest Connellan, and other similar lights, she has been set down in their announcements as ready to give lectures on application. Mr. A. H. Guinness, the Secretary of this Alliance, advocates her case in one of its publications; and is not Mr. Kensit, the publisher of Mr. Littleton's pamphlet, *Are the Rescued Nun's statements true?** a publisher in co-operation with this Alliance?

In view of these facts it may be asked: Who are the leading lights of the Alliance? Among them we must include Colonel Sandys, M.P., its former, and the Hon. P. Carteret Hill, its present Chairman of Committee; Mr. A. H. Guinness, already mentioned, its Secretary; Mr. W. Walsh (Editor of the *Protestant*

* Judging from the cost of this work—6d. for 48 pp. of well-spaced print—it would appear that its extensive circulation is neither expected nor desired.

Observer), and Mr. C. H. Collette, its zealous lecturers, the latter a veteran in dishonest controversy. Lieut.-General Sir Robert Phayre, K.C.B., and Surgeon-General Partridge are likewise to be named as among its prominent members and zealous supporters. It is not for us to apportion out the degrees of responsibility between these persons. Perhaps when they drop Miss Golding, and begin to quarrel among themselves, we may obtain some further information on the subject. Otherwise we must wait until an inspection, more needed than convent inspection, has cast light upon the dark secrets of their committee-rooms.

Meanwhile there is another scandalous feature in the Golding campaign, for which those who have promoted and conducted it must bear the guilt. Madame de Meilhac's view about her sister is clearly correct. "Her brain is excited," is the phrase which, with sisterly delicacy, she applies to her. But it is very clear that she is hysterical, and probably subject to delusions. What a person so affected requires, is, above all things, rest and quiet. And yet, for their own purposes, these people have encouraged her delusions, fed her with horrors, wrought her into a perfect fever of excitement, and rushed her up and down the country. Any respectable doctor in the land will tell them that it is a wicked thing to have done. At Bournemouth the effects of this treatment were, we are told, painfully visible. She seemed dazed, and as though in a dream. There was a scared and frightened look on her face, especially when she turned towards Mr. Littleton; so we have been told by persons present. And when Father Cooney was trying to get from her the names of the convents where the enormities were alleged to have taken place, it took her a full quarter of an hour to give them; not because she was inventing them (for all, save two, were places where she had undoubtedly lived), but because even this slight effort of thought told hardly on her overwrought brain.

It is evident, too, from their own admissions, how these people have been tampering with her conscience. In his tract, above referred to, Mr. Littleton tells us that the Mrs

Arbuthnot, with whom Miss Golding stayed for some time after she had been drawn away from her brother-in-law's roof, stated at an Eastbourne meeting in October 1893, that "whilst staying with her (Mrs. Arbuthnot) Miss Golding more than once came down in the morning and said that she felt so miserable, having left her vows unfulfilled, that she felt that she must even now return to the convent to fulfil them, at whatever cost." Miss Cusack also, whom Mr. Littleton had the rashness to invoke as confessing to the same experiences as Miss Golding's, and who wrote to the *Bournemouth Observer* of Nov. 8th to protest, says in reference to this statement of Mrs. Arbuthnot's, that she has "heard the same things said by others, as to Miss Golding's feelings and desires." Mr. Littleton, in the pamphlet referred to, speaks of the fact mentioned by Mrs. Arbuthnot as a remarkable instance of "the mysterious power of vows over the mind." In the same spirit of perplexity, we can imagine the "citizen of that country" to whom the prodigal son joined himself, and "who sent him to feed swine," marvelling at the "mysterious power" which the memory of his father's house continued to exercise over the youth so happily rescued from its oppressive discipline. But plainer people will recognize in Miss Golding's case as well as in the prodigal's, the power of the voice of conscience, contrasting the solid happiness of a former life of sincerity and truth with the internal misery of a life of sinful falsehood. Poor woman! It is revealed to us by these acknowledgments how, in her heart of hearts, she has longed to retrace her steps and be "rescued" from these people who have bound her with their chains, and are holding them tight around her. And yet these are they who lift up their hands in pious sadness, lamenting that priests and nuns can be so depraved as to think that "the end justifies the means."

On the part of the Catholics in England, we must return thanks to the good Sisters of La Sainte Union, for the trouble and expense they have so willingly undergone in connection with this business. It was

not necessary for the vindication of their own character in the eyes of those who knew them: but it has enabled us to expose the malpractices of a certain aggressive class of slanderers of God's Church, in a way which will not be without its effect on many an honest English mind.

POSTSCRIPT TO SECOND EDITION.—On receiving this tract, Mr. C. H. Collette wrote at once to protest that we ought not to have connected the name of the Protestant Alliance with that of Miss Golding. Here, however, are the exact words of the announcements found among the notices (not the advertisements) of the *Monthly Letter* of the Alliance for March, 1893: "Arrangements can be made for lectures and addresses by Miss Cusack (the Nun of Kenmare), Mrs. Auffray (the Escaped Nun), Miss Golding (the Rescued Nun), Rev. Alexander Rogers (Lantern Lecturer), C. H. Collette, Esq., and others." A similar announcement in which Miss Golding's name continues to appear (not however Miss Cusack's), is found in the *Monthly Letter* as late as November of last year. These two publications likewise contain (again among the notices, not the advertisements) announcements of twenty-one lectures by Miss Golding, apparently thus arranged for. We thought these facts sufficiently connected the Alliance with Miss Golding. Mr. Collette thinks otherwise, and his explanation is so remarkable that it ought to be made public. He writes to us in the letter mentioned: "We [*i.e.*, the Alliance], keep a register of names and addresses of those who desire to give lectures. On application, this list is sent, and the parties applying make their own choice, and their own arrangement independent of the P. A. . . . And we are in no way responsible for their statements. Their names with many others are entered in our report as having given lectures." Surely this mode of defence cannot be very acceptable to the Alliance. Presumably, they know that the main feature in Miss Golding's lectures is a wholesale charge of poisoning against the nuns with whom she formerly lived. Is it upright conduct, we put it to our readers, for a society to facilitate the dissemination of such serious charges, without having first, under a deep sense of responsibility, made searching inquiry into their truthfulness? And yet, Mr. Collette, although he disclaims the right to speak in the name of the Alliance, can describe himself as "an active member of our Committee, conversant with all its proceedings." Possibly they would plead inability to advert to all that appears in their *Monthly Letters*. But then it seems to us they should admonish their Secretary. In any case, it is all very perplexing.

One or two unimportant corrections are made in this edition.

S. F. S.

POSTSCRIPT TO THIRD EDITION.—Since the second edition of this tract appeared, much has happened to confirm what it endeavours to prove. In particular, the 'Escaped Nun,' Mrs. Edith O'Gorman Auffray, has written two furious letters to the *Surrey Mirror* (Feb. 17 and Mar. 3, 1894), denouncing Miss Golding's story as a deliberate falsehood. Among other things of interest which Mrs. Auffray mentions, one is that Miss Golding, whilst staying with her, in the spring of 1892, wrote out in manuscript her convent experiences, and that "she had not then invented the deliberate falsehoods about murders, poisonings, and gross immoralities in convents." Mrs. Auffray also says: "I know that the Protestant Alliance, as a Society, refused to have anything to do with her or to countenance or support her in any way, since [note this word 'since'] she deviated from her first simple story." Now this is most interesting. We have pointed out the extent to which the Protestant Alliance has by its past action made itself responsible for Miss Golding's charges against the nuns. As we have now positive evidence that they recognise these charges to be false, it is their clear duty to speak out. Mrs. Auffray says, in defence of her conduct in writing to the *Surrey Mirror* (*ibid.* Mar. 3), "It would be *very wrong to remain silent* under such misrepresentations for the sake of the cause dear to me." Her sentiment is sound, though we have our strong doubts whether the much more vulgar motive of personal jealousy has not been the real motive guiding her pen. But if it is "*very wrong*" for her to remain silent, much more must it be "*very wrong*" for the Managing Committee of the Protestant Alliance to remain silent. For they are more committed to Miss Golding than Mrs. Auffray is, and they pose as a Society to which Protestants of their way of thinking may look up for guidance. And if the Managing Committee as a whole is bound to speak out, much more are three of its members bound, namely, General Sir Robert Phayre, K.C.B., Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge, and the Rev. Lancelot Holland; for they, with Mr. B. Nicholson, form the Conventual Inquiry Society (see *Convents, Accumulative Evidence*, Kensit); and Mr. Littleton's campaign professes to be undertaken precisely in order to further the ends that Society has in view. Indeed, we strongly suspect, it is they under whose auspices the Golding lectures were undertaken.

As Miss Golding has had the hardihood to say that the letter quoted as hers on page 21 is a forgery, although we imagine few will have believed in her disclaimer, it may be of interest to say that we received this with other letters of hers from the Mother General through the Superior at Highgate. In this edition we give a portion of it in *fac-simile* (No. 3), and along with it *fac-similes* of a portion of that quoted in p. 22, received in the same way (No. 4), and of two other letters written at the same time as No. 3. These (Nos. 1 and 2) have since fallen into our hands through an independent channel, and are valuable as exhibiting her handwriting contemporaneously with No. 3. No. 1 is from the letter written secretly in 1873 to her relatives.

N.B.—The Appendix of the two previous editions has been dispensed with to make room for the *fac-similes*, which here follow.

No 1. (Date on envelope May 31st 1873)

I want Julia to come here Convoying as soon as he receives my money come any day but never Thursday when you come ask to see the Superioress and directly she is gone announce your visit

... a hair net false hair spectacles

I am ever

Your devoted Sister

Betty

No 2. (On envelope June 7th 1873)

I dont wish you to go to Convoying either of you as I have explained all my desires to Our Superieur General and she has in her great kindness granted them not more from me than from her own generosity therefore

you will ....
.... Your fondest Sister
Dr Marie Raymonde religieuse de la
Ste Union des Sc.

No 3. (Date on letter June 25th 1873)
.... any money but as Our
Superieure has been so kind
as to allow me to give 15 £
had not the slightest intention
of leaving the Ste Union where
I am very happy ....
your material benediction
Sir
Your child of the Ste Union
Dr Mre Raymonde

No 4 (Date on letter Sept 2nd 1891)
.... que la chose tournera très-
mal pour Votre Congregation
si cette somme ne vient
pas de tout de suite vous

319o1